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William Laurence:
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"Me for Congress"

The Saturday Evening POST

May 5, 1962

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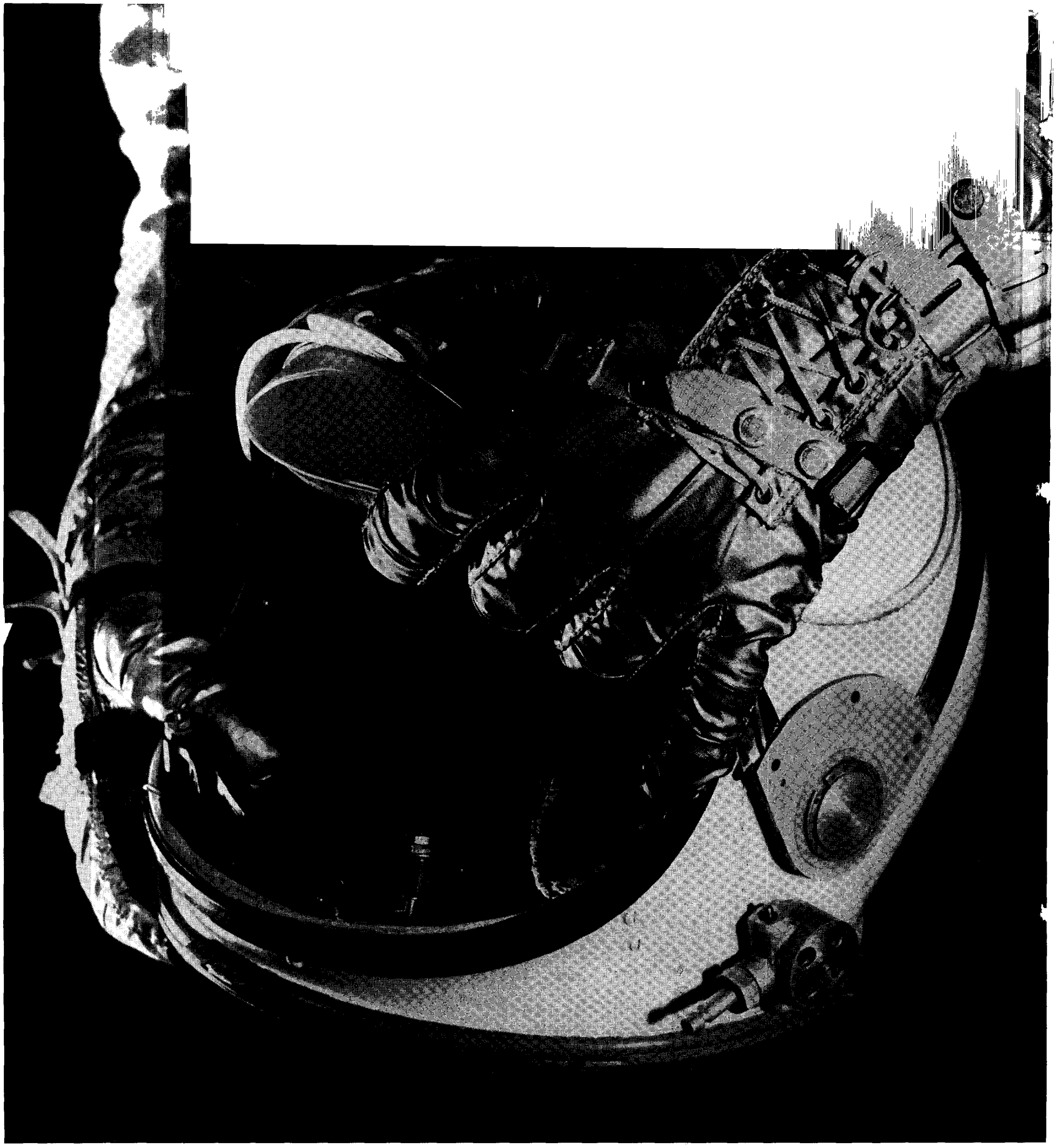

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To Our Readers

Beginning with the issue of June 30, *The Saturday Evening Post* will be published on alternate weeks until the Saturday after Labor Day, September 8, when weekly publication will be resumed. Thus, five issues of *The Post* will be published during ten midsummer weeks—in that period when many of you are away from home visiting or vacationing. In recent years, the last two issues of *The Post* have been combined into one. Henceforth, the first two issues in January also will be combined. This means that *The Post* will be published forty-five times a year. You will find full details of the new plan on page 84 in a statement by The Curtis Publishing Company.

As you know, *The Post* has undergone gradual but considerable change since the magazine was presented in a new format last September. We have retained the essence of the new magazine—vitality, spontaneity, freshness—but we have made some refinements, and from time to time we expect to make others.

Our millions of readers can expect what they have always enjoyed in *The Post:* articles and stories and features and cartoons which are lively and readable, enlightening, controversial and entertaining. Our aim is, as it has been in the past, to be first. First in quality. First in substance. First in responsibility. First in influence.

The Editors

Renowned Bylines. From places as far away as Sydney, Australia, home of **Olaf Ruhen,** and as unusual as Death Valley, U.S.A., where **Jean Valens Bullard** lives, come the distinguished contributors to this issue. **James A. Michener** won the 1948 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. **William L. Laurence** bagged a Pulitzer in 1937 and again in 1946 (see page 52). **Robert Graves** wrote 1934's best-selling *I, Claudius* and is the author of more than forty books on widely ranging subjects. He now holds the Chair of Poetry at Oxford University. **Shirley Ann Grau** is the author of two novels as well as a widely acclaimed collection of short stories, *The Black Prince.* Canadian **Margaret Laurence** (no relation to William L.) lived for several years in Africa, setting of her well-received novel *This Side Jordan* and of her story in this issue. **Orville L. Freeman** is U.S. Secretary of Agriculture. **Ernest O. Hauser, Pete Martin** and **Art Seidenbaum** are *Post* editors.

The Cover. The Cle Elum River in central Washington takes its name from the Indian for "swift water." But here and there it widens out into lakes. Such spots draw fishermen from miles around—including, in years past, cover artist **John Clymer,** who grew up in nearby Ellensburg. Even in May, as avalanche lilies push up through receding snows, anglers make tracks for the trout in the lake shown on our cover. Its name? Fish Lake, naturally.

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LETTERS

Fallout Shelters Debated

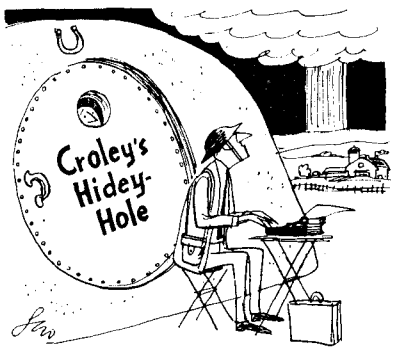
Dear Sirs:

Hanson W. Baldwin voices my opinions exactly in SPEAKING OUT: THE CASE AGAINST FALLOUT SHELTERS [Mar. 31]. I don't consider myself a fatalist in the least. With three small children, whom I'd rather have "dead than Red," I agree with the author that we would do better to aid our schools with $7,000,000,000. Children's minds are more in danger from Communism than their bodies.

MRS. RICHARD HAMELINE
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

To those of us who live in that very large section of the Midwest known as "Tornado Alley," the pros and cons of fallout shelters sound a little silly. Our pioneer ancestors early learned the value of a hidey-hole in case of storm, and statisticians confirm this with the report that "no one who has had warning and sought shelter in a cyclone cellar or tornado cave in time has ever been injured." . . . A tornado has much more potential destructive energy than the mightiest nuclear bomb. . . . Me, I'm going to dig in. I'll stock up with food and water and hope for the best when



the warning comes. And I'll be holding the door open for Mr. Baldwin if he should ever change his mind.

VICTOR A. CROLEY
Green Forest, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

May Hanson Baldwin's tribe increase—we need many of like mind to allay the hysteria in favor of shelters.

MAY RIPLEY
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I have been an admirer of Hanson Baldwin for some years now, but I must admit I was disheartened to read his article. What dismays me is the defeatist attitude voiced by so many of our leading columnists and scientists. As a soldier it is against my instinct to concede defeat until the last ounce of strength is gone. What has happened to the American will to survive, fight and conquer? And why should professional soldiers, sailors and airmen devote their lives to guarding the freedom of a society that seems content to let itself be swept from the pages of history because it is too lazy, complacent or materialistic to make the sacrifice in brains, money and manpower necessary to provide an adequate civil-defense program?

CAPT. EDWARD E. RUSK, U.S.A.
Ft. Benning, Ga.

Arguing J.F.K.'s Strategy

Dear Sirs:

Your article, KENNEDY'S GRAND STRATEGY [by Stewart Alsop, Mar. 31], is another effort to glamorize a young and inexperienced President and minimize his mistakes. . . . His meeting with Khrushchev may have made the President older and wiser, but his resulting action can hardly be called "grand strategy." Mr. Alsop quotes the President as saying: "I don't think most Americans realize the way the situation has changed." The situation has changed very little but, for the sake of all of us, we hope the President has.

HAROLD E. ACHOR, Chief Justice
Supreme Court of Indiana
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the great service you rendered this nation by publishing Stewart Alsop's article. Now we know where we stand, the danger, the long pull and the intelligent leadership we have.

ENOCH M. CLIFTON
Portland, Oreg.

Should Generals Speak Out?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, ON "MUZZLING" THE MILITARY [Mar. 24], sure hit the nail on the head. Even though the whole issue about "muzzling" the military has happily turned out to be little more than a noisy fizzle, it was still necessary to point out the basic dangers of allowing unrestrained meddling in affairs of state. Unless we prefer to live under a dictatorial military state, let's insist that politics stay clear of military pressures.

FR. PAUL KABAT, O.M.I.
Belleville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial was quite correct, but in mentioning General MacArthur I feel you have touched on the exception to the rule. I think MacArthur spoke against the [Truman] Administration's policies because he honestly felt that by doing so he would be able to save thousands of American lives. During the various war-crime trials after World War II, the court continually ruled that "in certain instances it is a crime against humanity to follow orders." I feel the thrust of that ruling is applicable in a case such as MacArthur's. For would it not be a crime against humanity for a person to remain silent when he thought that his silence would allow untold deaths?

EDWARD STINSON
Ross, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I sure see eye to eye with you on your fine editorial.

LT. GEN. FIELD HARRIS, U.S.M.C., Ret.
Versailles, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Your statement about my brother, General Walker, ". . . given an inferior job, he promptly resigned," is false. Eight months or longer after he was punished by being relieved from command of the 24th Division and, after being offered an excellent job in charge of all training for the Pacific Area, he resigned. The civilians in and out of the Pentagon bit off a mouthful, and you are still aping their line.

GEORGE P. WALKER JR.
Center Point, Tex.

Traitor Story Challenged

Dear Sirs:

Stanley P. Lovell's article, CLOAK-AND-DAGGER BEHIND THE SCENES [Mar. 3] contains a fantastic and completely unfounded story concerning the Norwegian underground movement. According to Mr. Lovell's source of information—a leader at a training school for saboteurs in Scotland who spoke to Mr. Lovell in 1943—the Norwegians cut off the traitors' tongues in order to stop the quislings.

I am most anxious to inform your readers that . . . no such things ever happened in occupied Norway. It is true that dangerous traitors had to be liquidated by the Home Front Movement in self-defense. They were shot. Only very few such liquidations took place during five years of occupation.

JENS CHRISTIAN HAUGE
Attorney at Law
Oslo, Norway

● *Author Lovell says, "By the time I wrote my espionage experiences of twenty years ago the Norwegian leader who had told me that story was dead. However, I honestly believed that I was reporting a bona fide account."—ED.*

We Spied, He Says

Dear Sirs:

I believe in freedom of the press. I believe in exposure of graft in politics. I believe in wiretapping to trap racketeers and crooked labor leaders. I don't approve of *The Saturday Evening Post* sending a spy into my home and, without my permission, making a cover picture [Mar. 31, below] of my favorite closet. Artist Dick Sargent missed the

vacuum cleaner—the hose always throws me.

C. H. HANNUM
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

There is only one thing wrong with it. When was a wife ever ready before her husband?

BLANCHE R. STEVENS
Snow Hill, Md.

Divided View On Idaho

Dear Sirs:

I awaited the article on my state [TIMELESS IDAHO, by William L. Worden, Mar. 17] with no small amount of eagerness. After reading it, I have the feeling of a hungry man who, having fixed his lip for a large, juicy steak, has been handed a wilted lettuce sandwich. I have some doubt in my mind as to whether Mr. Worden got any farther from Highway 30 than did the "dog-goned pioneers," or most present-day tourists.

ARTHUR J. BARNES
Lewiston, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

You will, no doubt, get several of the "Dear Sir, You Cur" letters, but I, having lived in Idaho for forty-six of my adult years and, having seen quite a lot of Idaho, must agree with William Worden in about everything he wrote. Don't get me wrong, I still love the place, even after all these years, but it is *not* heaven, after all.

ALFRED D. STEVENS
Twin Falls, Idaho

***Coming...* in next week's Post**

JACKIE KENNEDY

A feminine chat with a close friend about her life as America's First Lady.

NIXON IN CALIFORNIA
Comeback or Washout?

TV'S BEN CASEY
Actor Vince Edwards

also:

ANGOLA: An eyewitness report of a bloody war.
FOOD: Short cuts for gourmet French cooking.

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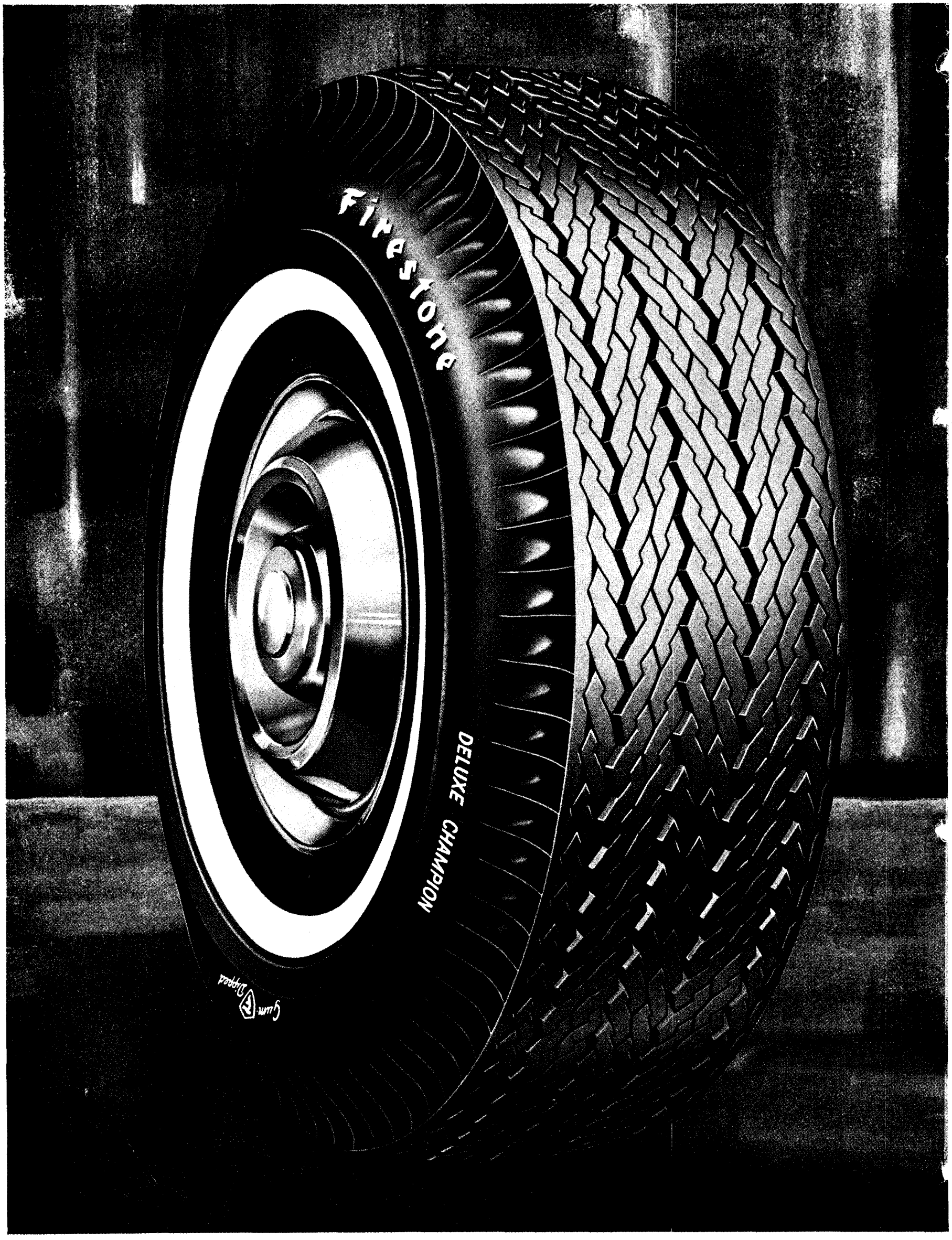

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

Why I Am Running For Congress

By James A. Michener

The author of *Tales of the South Pacific* and *Hawaii* explains his reasons for "getting mixed up in politics."

In the past months I've been insulted on an average of six times a day. And I'm sore about it. It all started when I was nominated by the Democratic Party to run for Congress in Pennsylvania's important Eighth District, comprising historic Bucks County and industrial Lehigh County, which contains the city of Allentown. The Eighth hasn't elected a Democrat for more than a quarter century.

The insult consisted of this question: "Why would a man like you get mixed up in politics?" The question still makes me mad. Of course, friends asking it have intended no insult. In fact, I suppose they're trying to be flattering. When they use the words "a man like you," they mean a private citizen who is making a reasonably decent living and who is under no obligation to any political party.

I fit that description. My normal work as a writer provides me with all the excitement a man needs. This spring, for example, if I hadn't accepted the nomination, I would have been off to Spain with my builder friend, David Peace, of Philadelphia. He wanted to see some bullfights, and I had some research to do on an unfinished novel. After that, there was talk about a Broadway play that some experts were putting together around one of my ideas. And when that was cleared up, there would be location work on the long movie that Fred Zinnemann, who made *From Here to Eternity*, was making out of my novel *Hawaii*. I had a world of work to do and a keen desire to get started.

On the surface I would seem to be the least likely candidate for public office that a major party could find. But three significant factors didn't appear on the surface. (1) I used to teach American history and took the subject very seriously. (2) I have lived in many foreign nations that did not have good government, and I have come to respect self-government as one of the highest attainments of man. (3) As a boy I lived in dire poverty and was rescued by scholarships, fellowships and the generosity of our nation. I owe a debt to America which is constantly in my mind and which I have always been willing to repay, either by volunteering for military service or by helping out in government.

I consider it insulting for any citizen to think that he is above politics. The governing of our nation is one of the most important jobs that any of us can be involved in. Barry Goldwater thinks it more important than running a department store. Averell Harriman preferred it to running railroads. George Romney chooses government over making more automobiles. And Adlai Stevenson considers it more significant than coining money at the law. If I were found worthy to participate in the government of my nation, I would be happy indeed. I would consider the work more important than the writing of another book, more significant than the making of another movie.

The second irritating part of the sentence occurs in the phrase "mixed up in." These words imply that to be involved in politics one must be corrupt, or devious, or stupid. I have not found this to be the case. In both Hawaii and Pennsylvania I have worked with leading politicians of both parties and have been able to do so without sacrificing scruples. I would be proud at any time to be "mixed up with" men like senators Paul Douglas and Jacob Javits or governors Robert Meyner and Mark Hatfield or congressmen Wilbur Mills and John Lindsay. None of the professions in which I have worked has produced men better than these.

Another aspect of the phrase "mixed up in" alludes to nefarious deals which candidates are supposed to make before they win nominations or elections. I know something about this. When I was working in Hawaii, the Democratic Party was so split that its various factions could meet only in the neutral ground of my living room, and I went through hours of trying to arrange "deals" that would be acceptable to both sides and permit us to win the election. (We lost.)

What did these deals consist of? Money, specific jobs, vetoes over legislation, payoffs? Such points were never discussed. Invariably the "deals" came down to this: In the case of victory, each side would be insured fair consideration in the making of appointments. What we argued about were those natural concerns of a political party fighting for survival. I never once heard money, payoffs or jobs for incompetents discussed.

In Bucks County today our Democratic Party is also split wide open. (I always

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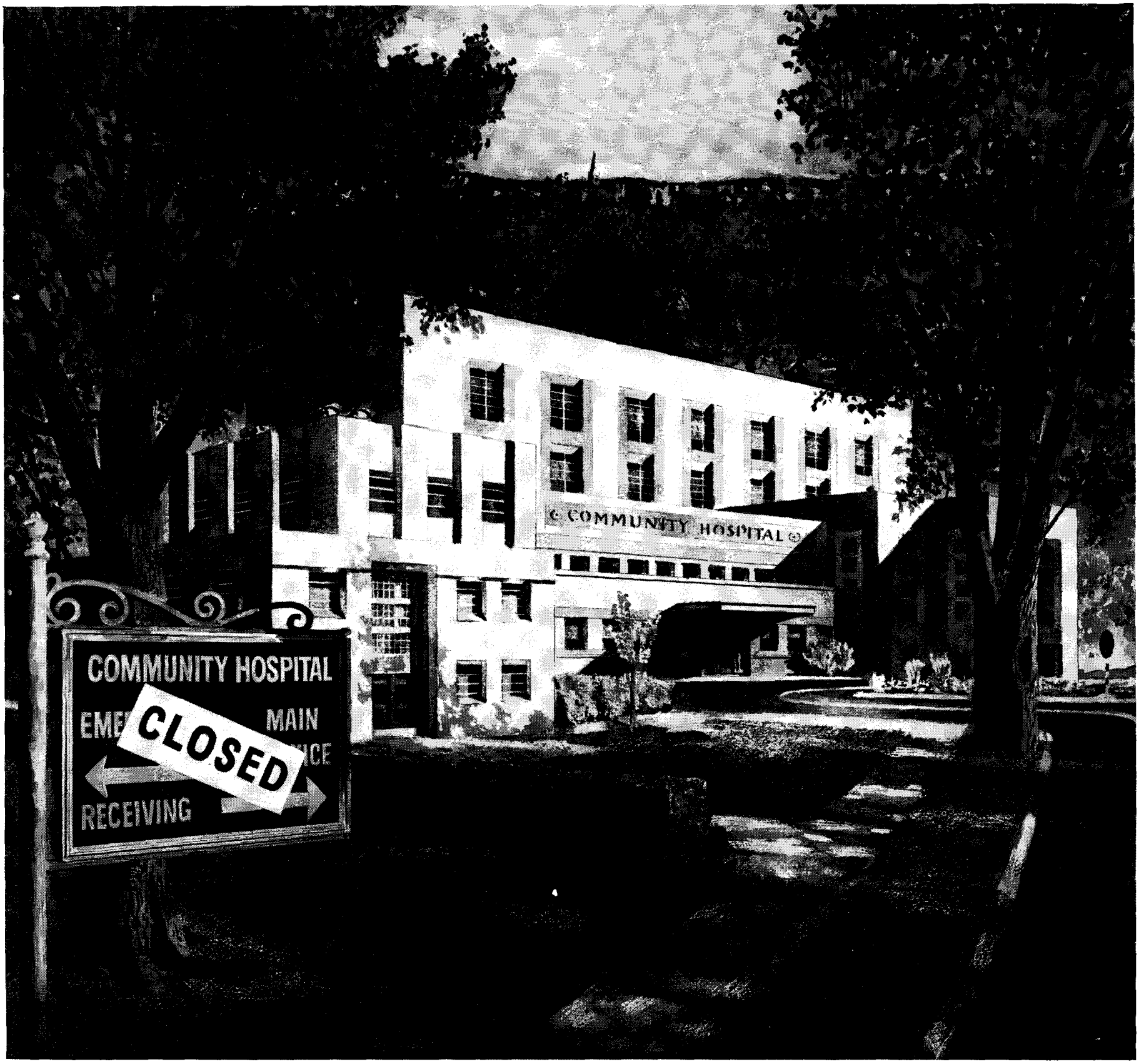

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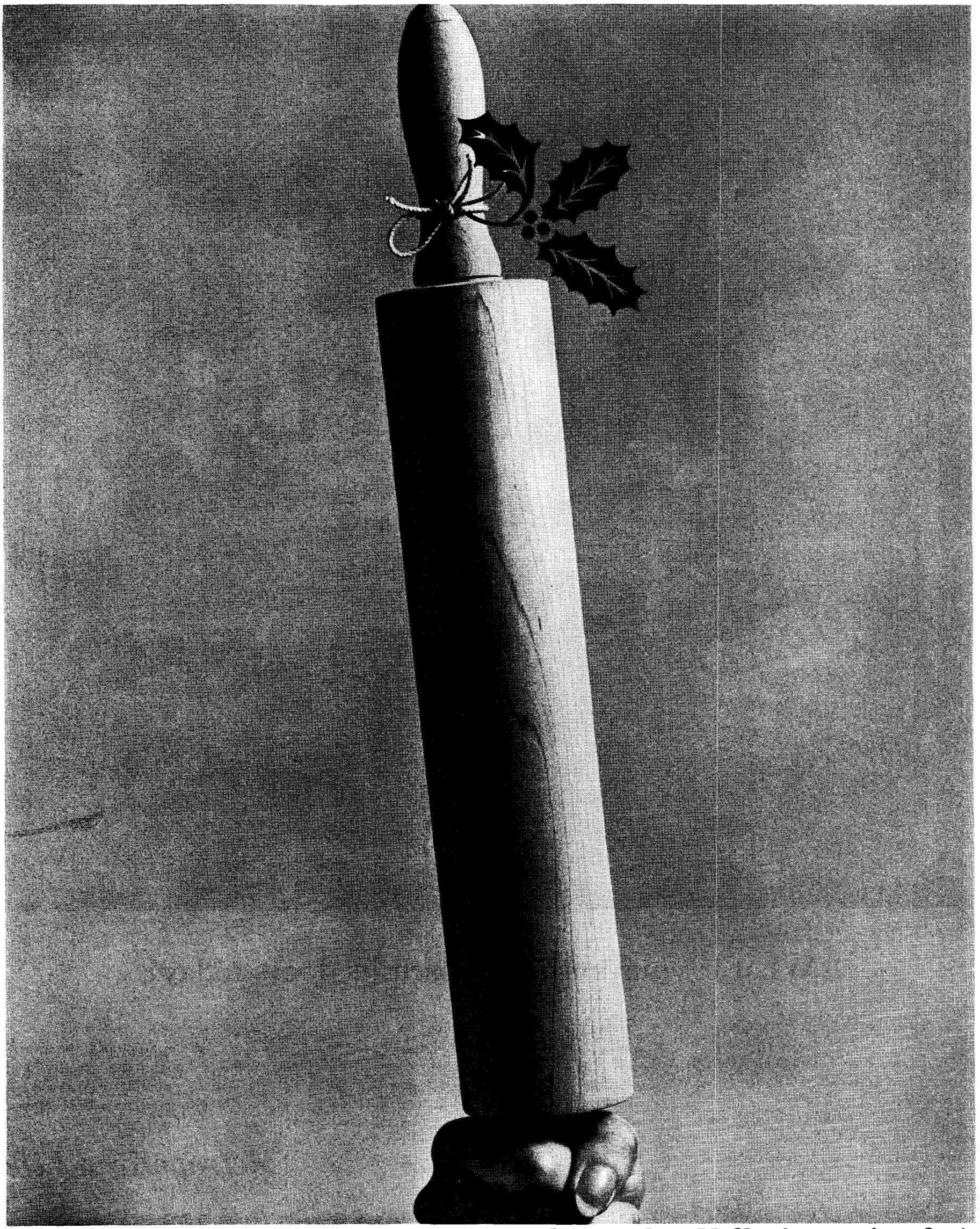

Remember Holly Sugar (or else)

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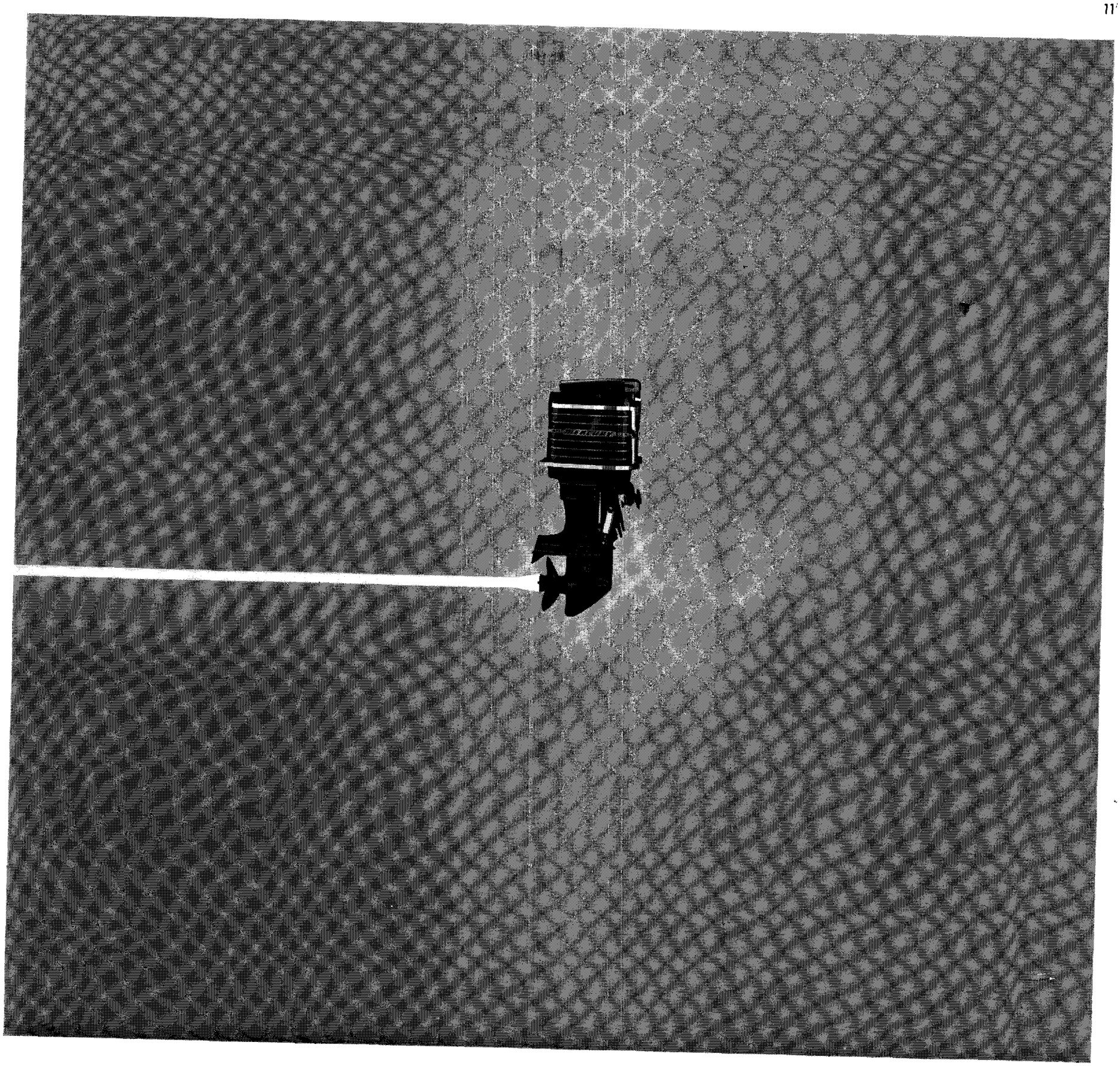

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SPEAKING OUT

seem to choose the tough ones.) I finally got the support of both sides; but before our ticket was finally arranged, we went through three weeks of frustrating midnight meetings in smoke-filled rooms, trying to maneuver one "deal" after another. Finally we organized a kind of truce and produced an honest slate of superior candidates. Graft, jobs, special legislation—these things never came up for discussion. But I watched strong-minded men almost come to blows over matters of abiding principle.

During this time the county Republicans were beating their brains out over the same problems. I was not privy to their discussions, but I seriously doubt that they were cutting up illegal melons or making immoral deals. They were trying to forge an organization that would clobber us in November, and they came up with a pretty strong slate.

While this was going on in the county, at the state level both Democrats and Republicans seemed intent on committing hara-kiri. On the Democratic side, Philadelphia leader Bill Green, who delivered a huge majority for Kennedy in 1960, said he didn't like Richardson Dilworth for governor and was sure Dilworth couldn't win. (Our side took Dilworth anyway, knowing him to be an appealing man and a great campaigner, and later Green joined in support.)

The Republicans practically tore themselves apart, and President Eisenhower was goaded into characterizing their first proposal—Pennsylvania Superior Court Judge Robert E. Woodside and Congressman James E. Van Zandt—as "a miserable ticket." The Republicans finally settled on the strong ticket of Congressman William W. Scranton for governor and Van Zandt for senator, which the Democrats promptly labeled as "half miserable." Scranton shot back, charging Dilworth with hiding corruption when he was mayor of Philadelphia, and the biennial public brawl was on.

My point is this. Far from being unwilling to "get mixed up in" that kind of politics, I find it both exhilarating and rewarding. The arguments, the night meetings, the conciliation, the hard work, the battling for points on which no honest man should retreat—this is the meat of politics, the traditional system whereby we govern ourselves.

When I was in business, as managing editor in a large book-publishing firm, I enjoyed the same kind of competition there, and I am convinced that many men in many walks of our national life do the same. It is the kind of contest that men ought to be engaged in.

But the major reason why any American citizen—except those of the clergy and military, who have reason for being excused—should be willing to run for office is this: The United States has one of the oldest continuing forms of government on earth today. If you consider all the nations that were in existence in 1789, when our Constitution became effective, you will find that most of them have undergone major constitutional changes. Some, like Great Britain, have managed internal shifts gracefully. But almost all have had to change, while we have prospered under our peculiar and sometimes exasperating system.

Partly we have succeeded because our founding fathers laid down a masterful plan; partly we have continued because men of ability have volunteered to staff that plan. To preserve this miracle of stability and to transmit it to new generations seems to me to be as exalted an undertaking as any citizen could be engaged in. Therefore, if your neighbor astonishes the town by volunteering to run for office, don't, for heaven's sake, ask him, "Why would a man like you get mixed up in politics?" Don't discourage him. You may have another Nelson Rockefeller on your hands. He may be just the tonic your party needs.

Three other questions plague the newcomer. "Do you have to throw away your conscience to become a politician?" I have always supposed that men like Paul Douglas and George Romney became politicians *because* they had deep inner convictions. They enter the race to further those convictions, not bury them.

"What will you do if the opposition starts slinging mud?" This problem always worries nonpoliticians more than it does the professionals. As Lyndon Johnson said when majority leader of the Senate, "No man who is afraid of standing near the fire has a right to be in the Senate." I'm running for one of the 435 most important jobs in the United States, and the opposition has a right to belt me with every fact they can turn up. They won't say anything worse than book reviewers have said in the past. My opponent, who is the incumbent, is a distinguished lawyer who was a fine district attorney, and he didn't get where he is by "slinging mud." He happens to be more conservative in politics than I, and that's about the difference between us. For my part, I campaigned strongly for Sen. John F. Kennedy, without finding it necessary to attack President Eisenhower or Vice President Nixon, and I certainly have no intention of "slinging mud."

"Do you think that you or anybody else could accomplish much in Washington?" The history of any political body consists pretty much of what individuals have been able to accomplish. If a state sends mental and moral zombies to Congress, little will be accomplished. If another state sends good men, their influence will be multiplied throughout the nation. If I am elected to Congress, I will probably accomplish more there than I would in equal time as a novelist.

Because of my own special situation I get hammered by one additional question: "Since your opponent won in 1960 by more than 26,000 votes out of a total of 216,000, how do you find the nerve to run against him?" These figures don't scare me a bit. I've operated against much worse odds in my lifetime. Pennsylvania is a state that tends to elect the man it wants. In 1956 it chose Eisenhower by a staggering majority, but on the same ballot elected a Democrat, Joe Clark, to the Senate. In 1958 the state chose a Democratic governor, David Lawrence, but in the same vote elected a Republican senator, Hugh Scott. If enough voters in the Pennsylvania Eighth want me to be their congressman, they'll elect me.

The only way in which supposedly impregnable majorities are reduced is for somebody to challenge them and win the voters over to his side. The history of our nation is replete with men and women who have won against staggering odds. Young men across our nation—Republicans and Democrats alike—who are reluctant to run for office because of iron-clad majorities against them must not be scared off from running on that account. After all, the Republican Party didn't really get going until 1856. Four years later its gawky congressman, Abe Lincoln, won the Presidency. THE END

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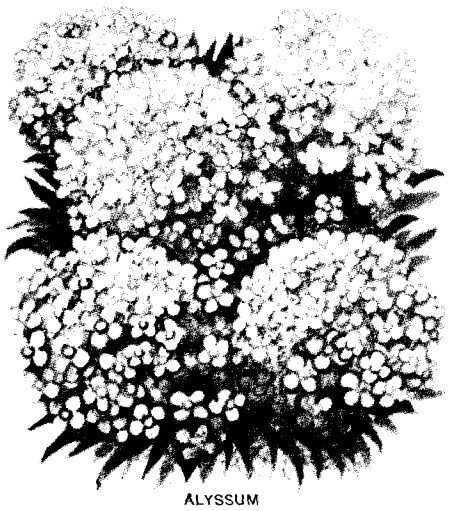
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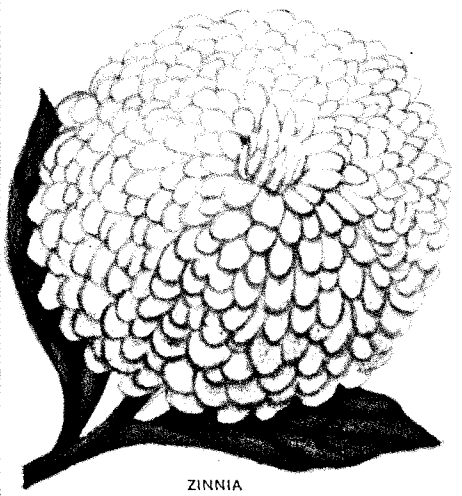
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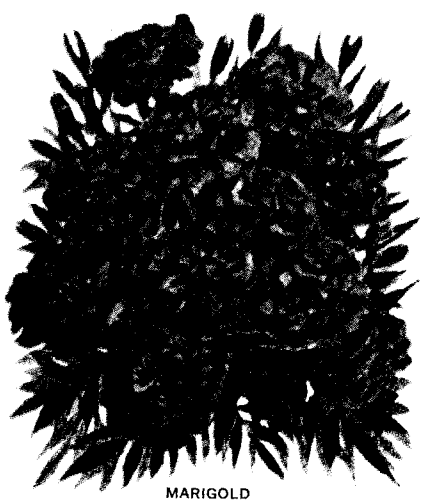
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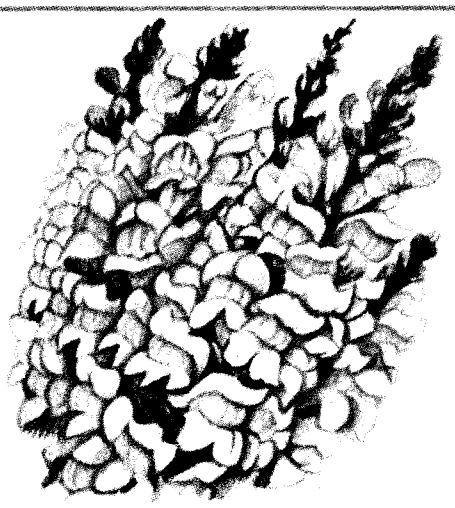
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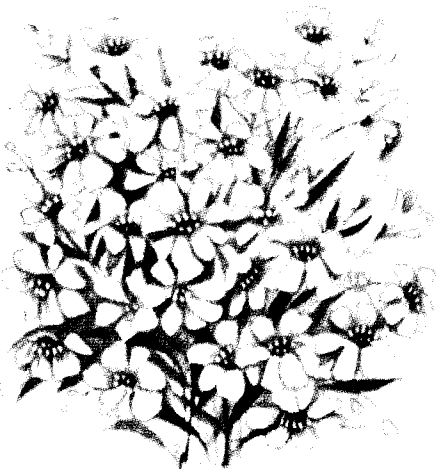
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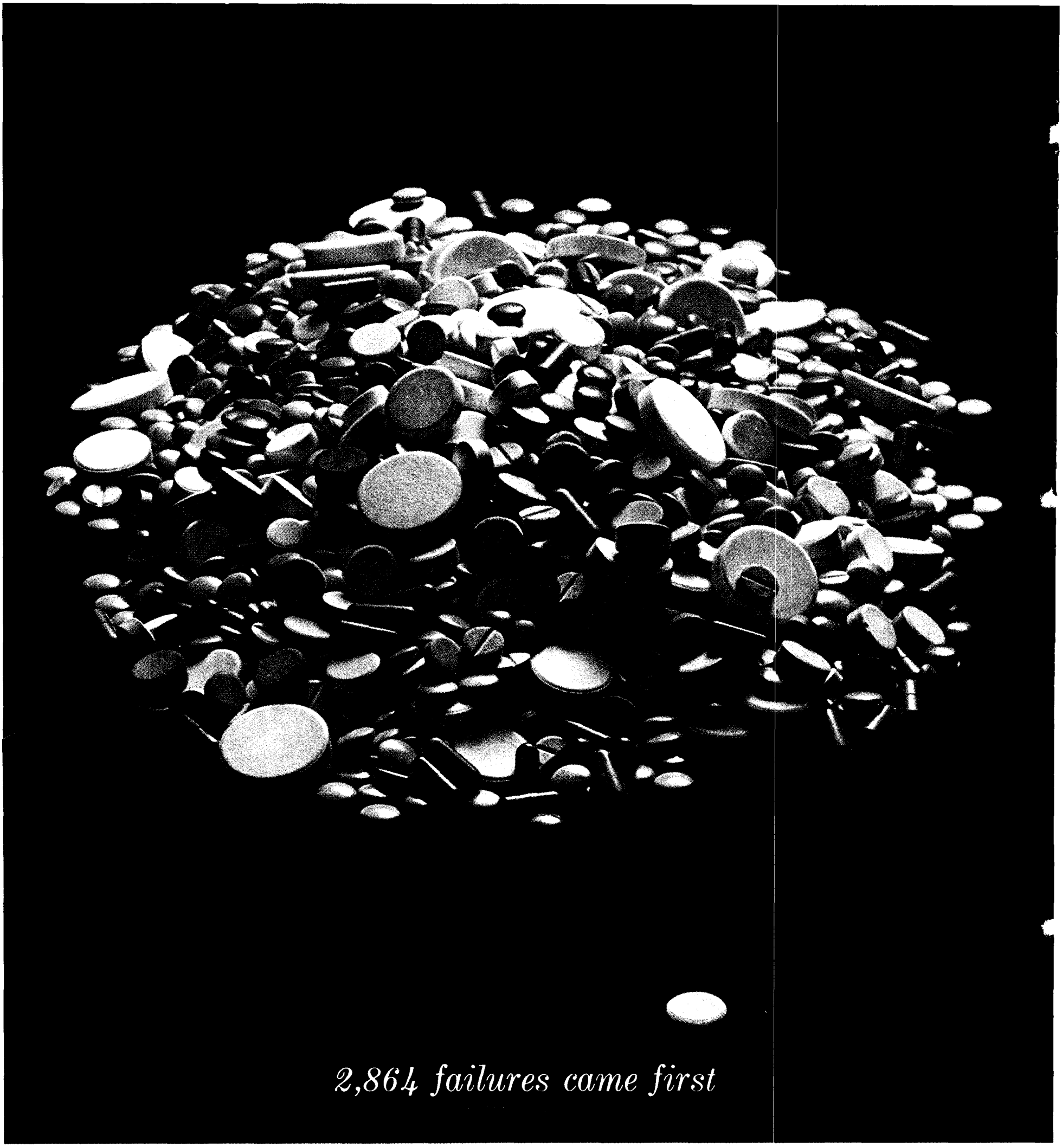

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The Saturday Evening POST
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WHAT NEXT FOR FRANCE?

President de Gaulle, now seventy-one, is a fragile bulwark between right-wing terrorists and a heavily Communist electorate. A *Post* editor's report from a nation precariously balanced at the brink of civil war.

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

PARIS.

Tourists making the rounds of Paris's celebrated landmarks this summer will find them well in hand. The Arch of Triumph now houses, in its upper tier, an operational headquarters of the police. The Opera has turned part of its cavernous interior into a command post. Anti-aircraft guns grace the noble rooftops on Place de la Concorde. The Eiffel Tower is guarded by armed men and guns.

In front of Christian Dior's fashion house a gorgeous blonde parking her car is asked by a patrol to show her identity papers. At a busy intersection six men with Tommy guns stop all cars, peer into luggage compartments, ask for papers and politely wave the drivers on. Plainclothesmen, their "casual" appearance a dead giveaway, loiter at windy corners.

Whether these heavy-handed precautions are necessary is hard to say. But President of the Republic Charles de Gaulle evidently is not taking any chances. Occupied with the arduous task of disengaging France from her Algerian realm, he is determined to keep things from popping in the French capital.

De Gaulle has made enormous strides since he returned to power four years ago. The cease-fire agreement between France and the Algerian nationalists, signed on March eighteenth after long-drawn-out negotiations, officially put an end to more than seven years of fighting that had cost an estimated 17,000 French and 150,000 Algerian lives. The great North African domain soon will determine its own destiny, and no one doubts that independence will be the Algerian people's choice.

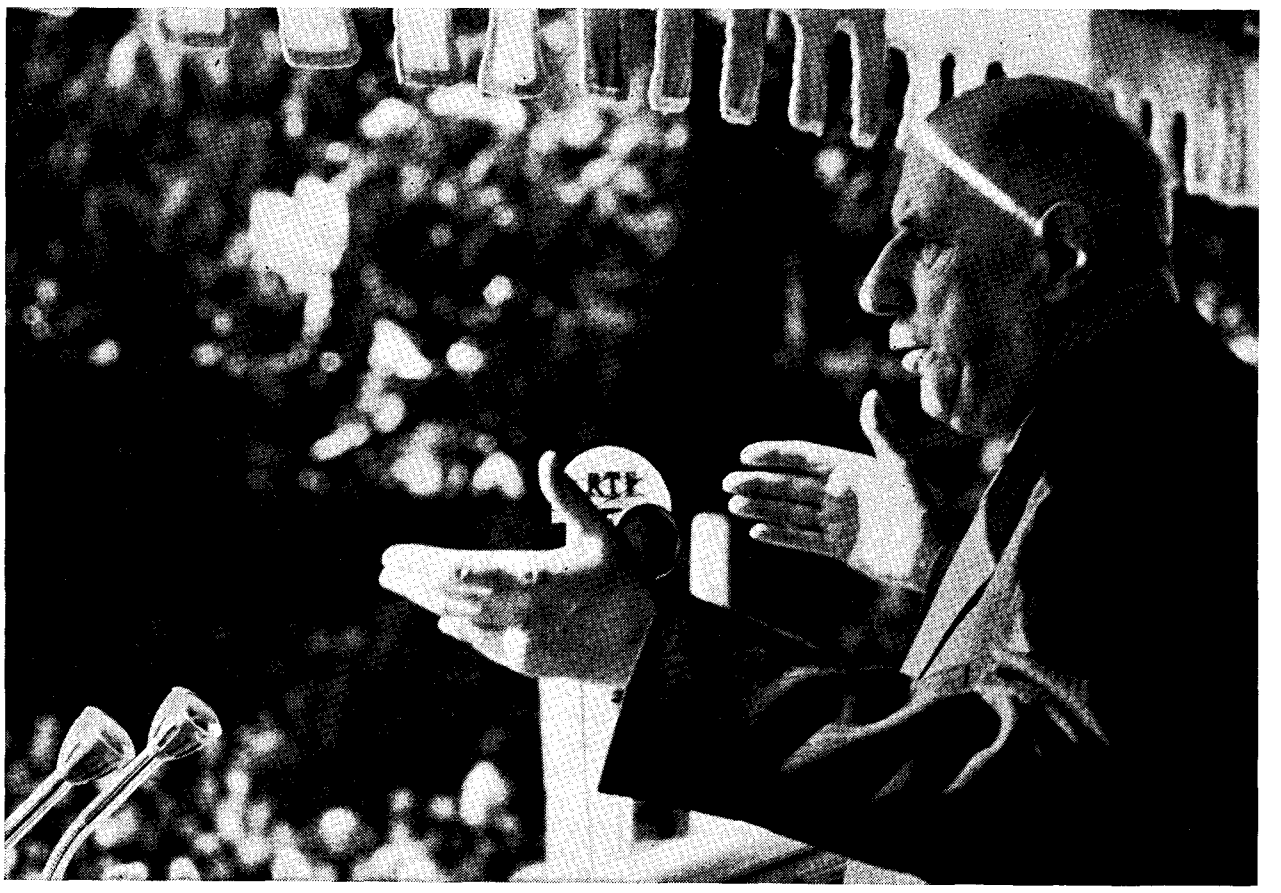
French voters, in the April eighth referendum, gave de Gaulle the massive endorsement of his Algerian policy for which he had asked. But the step from war to peace is not an easy one. Many of Algeria's European settlers, loath to see the French tricolor come down, have sworn to fight and die rather than accept minority status in an Arab country. Their plight is championed—both in Algeria and in France itself—by the clandestine and illegal O.A.S., the Secret Army Organization. The next few months will tell whether this terrorist, subversive group can muster enough strength to sabotage the peace and keep France in a state of turmoil.

While the O.A.S. has a firm footing among French settlers in Algeria, its influence in France itself is not easy to assess. Parisians meeting one another socially may start the conversation on a sniffing note: "Between ourselves, what do *you* think of them?" Only when François calls "them"—the O.A.S.—"assassins" will Jacques, with obvious relief, top that with terms like "criminals" and "cowards."

Still, some of your friends may surprise you. "I know we are not numerous in France," a middle-aged French doctor whom I have known for years explained to me. "But don't forget that terror can make up for mass support. It was a handful of terrorists that got rid of the czar in 1917. Terror won the war against us in North Africa. Now we are using terror to get rid of de Gaulle."

I asked how the nation might "get rid" of President de Gaulle. My friend replied after reflection that he would like to see him tried by a tribunal and guillotined.

At a lunch I had with several unabashed sympathizers of the O.A.S.—a prominent professor, a journalist, a publisher, two or three businessmen—words like "betrayal" and "perjury" were flying thick and heavy every time



De Gaulle on a speaking tour of the French provinces. Although his policy of self-determination for Algeria has won overwhelming endorsement by the French people, the Secret Army Organization (O.A.S.) vows to thwart de Gaulle's policy by sabotage and terrorism.

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"The Secret Army, if it wants its conspiracy to succeed, must try to capture Paris."

de Gaulle was mentioned. "It's our side," one of them said, "that brought de Gaulle to power. He came in after the Algerian putsch of May, 1958, on the solemn promise to keep Algeria French. Since then, every time he's opened his mouth he has moved farther away from his pledge. First it was a 'French solution' of the problem, then 'self-determination,' then an 'Algerian Algeria,' then 'disengagement,' and now it's a 'free, sovereign state'! He has betrayed French destiny. He has betrayed the million Frenchmen in Algeria who've been there for two, three or four generations and who now have to emigrate or settle for the status of a pushed-around minority. He has not been ashamed to negotiate with Moslem rebels who have slit Frenchmen's throats. And he'll pay for it!"

Since the beginning of this year the O.A.S. has set off, in the Paris area alone, an average of two bombs a day, killing or maiming innocent civilians and causing great material damage. Although everything from hand grenades to Molotov cocktails has been used by the terrorist commandos, their favorite weapon is the "plastic" bomb. First popularized, if that is the word, during World War II when our troops in the Pacific employed it to blast Japanese positions, the malleable explosive has since been adopted by such professionals as the hatchetmen of the Sicilian Mafia. The sand-colored, rather heavy substance—a mixture of TNT and cyclonite—is a relatively "safe" explosive. A jolt, even an open flame, won't set it off. Before current controls went into effect, Frenchmen could buy it at the nearest garden-supply house—a plastic charge is just the thing for a stubborn tree trunk. Today most of the plastic used by the O.A.S. is stolen from French Army depots. There has been at least one major theft at an American base in France.

The sticks—called "loaves" by Frenchmen—are easily transported, and their puttylike quality permits shaping them into any form desired. The customary method is to put a hole into the mass and insert a detonator linked to a slow fuse. The charge is placed into a shoe box or a briefcase and left at the intended victim's doorstep, a cigarette serving to light the fuse. By the time the thing goes off, the hero is several subway stops away.

Although the crime is punishable by death, no *plastiqueur* thus far has paid the supreme penalty. Material damages, under a recent law, are compensated by the government.

Who are these "master blackmailers of terrorism," as de Gaulle has called them? The Secret Army, on the whole, is really secret. Only its general staff is known, consisting as it does of several former generals and colonels under sentence of death for their participation in the April, 1961, Algiers revolt. The leader, ex-General Raoul Salan, is hiding somewhere in Algeria, apparently immune to capture. His second in command, ex-General Edmond Jouhaud, was seized in Oran five weeks ago. As for its rank and file, the Secret Army is made up largely of military men—many of them deserters—and *pieds-noirs*, or Blackfeet, as the French settlers in Algeria call themselves.

The hard core of the O.A.S. in continental France, observers have concluded, is extremely small. Consisting of perhaps 2000 men, it probably includes members of parliament, professional men and business executives, besides the inevitable former officers and roving *pieds-noirs*. This is a closely knit, well heeled, high-level outfit whose contacts reach into the most strategic corners of French life. It is in constant contact with the boss, its messengers maintaining a lively shuttle between Paris and Algiers.

Around the edges of this inner core hover a large number of adventurers and freebooters. These are the killers. Using fictitious names, always on the move, now growing beards, now wearing colored glasses, they like to operate in bands of three so that one caught can't give away more than two cronies. Some of them have proved themselves hopeless amateurs at their grim business. Two *plastiqueurs* blew themselves up not long ago, trying to light a fuse.

Even the attempt on the life of de Gaulle himself, last September, was carried out by greenhorns. Waiting for the President's car to pass a lonely spot on the highway along which he was motoring to his country home, they tried to set off a large plastic bomb. Fortunately for the intended victim, his would-be murderers bungled the job—probably by inserting the detonator backward. Only a small portion of the charge went off. Stopping his car after passing through a "wall of fire," as eyewitnesses described it later, the president shrugged off as a "bad joke" what might have been the O.A.S.'s decisive coup.

But the O.A.S. is more than direct action. It is primarily a state of mind shared by disparate groups and individuals across the checkerboard of French society. Consider, for instance, the several thousand active or retired officers—many of them aristocrats—who have been reared in the tradition of a glorious past. Exasperated by the series of withdrawals and defeats that have marked France's recent history—Syria, Indo-China, Tunisia, Morocco and now Algeria—they blame de Gaulle for liquidating what only yesterday was the world's second-largest empire. To them, peace in Algeria is "capitulation." This group is intimately linked with France's moneyed upper class from which Marshal Pétain drew much support for his defeatist policy during the German occupation. Unable to forgive de Gaulle for his decision to defy Pétain and carry on the war from London, this still extremely powerful elite sees in the O.A.S. a chance to get even with the renegade at long last.

The O.A.S. has made deep inroads into colleges and high schools. The day after the Algerian cease-fire, a group of high-school students was seen marching along a quiet residential street behind a coffin draped in black. They carried wreaths and banners indicating that they were interring Charles de Gaulle. Some of the plastic-bombers caught red-handed turned out to be youths barely out of their teens.

I visited a heavily guarded Paris gymnasium which served as a detention center for minors sympathetic to the O.A.S. Receiving their callers in the shower room, the boys were unrepentant. Most of them had spent their incarceration reading and debating, and their ideas were a crazy hodgepodge of mysticism and violence, brutality and sentiment. Though strongly anti-Communist, they nevertheless admired Marxian methods; some of them favored a revolution that would wipe out class privilege and set up a collective society under a strongly nationalistic government.

These youngsters, and a group of high-school boys who a few days later allowed me to attend one of their secret meetings, indignantly rejected the charge of being "Fascists." But all of these young Frenchmen were, in fact, the classic raw material of national socialism. Particularly appalling was their disregard for human lives. To them, means justified the end, and if a "traitor" had to be "executed" in the process of achieving the ideal world, too bad for him.

Such then are the angry citizens from whom the O.A.S. draws its support. Although their battle cry is "French Algeria!" I found only a few among them—French settlers or men who had seen military service in North Africa—genuinely concerned with the Algerian problem. The true common denominators of this motley crowd are discontent, confusion and a vague hatred for de Gaulle.

A French conspiracy, if it wants to succeed, must try to capture Paris—the political, industrial, financial and intellectual capital of this almost absurdly centralized republic. Here, where the institutions of the nation have their seat, the country's fate must be decided. Take the Bastille and you have taken France.

The original plan of the conspirators therefore called for a military putsch in Algiers combined with an airborne assault on Paris. Some 3000 determined men, it was believed, could take possession of key ministries—and of the Eiffel Tower with its vital television transmitter—and thus deliver France into insurgent hands. The first phase of this plan was carried out in April, 1961, when General Salan and his associates rose against de Gaulle, but the attack on Paris never got off the ground. Today, with a security force of 31,000 loyal officers and men guarding the capital and with antiaircraft guns installed on the very grounds of the *Elysée Palace*—France's White House—a lightning bolt from the clear sky can be ruled out.

Still, fencing in the Eiffel Tower is one thing, breaking the O.A.S., another. While de Gaulle could order his forces in Algeria "to smash and punish the criminal action of the terrorist bands" across the sea, the only force that can vanquish the conspirators in Paris is the common man. And the common man these days is slow to anger.

Riding the biggest wave of prosperity this country has ever known, the average Parisian is thinking chiefly about television, refrigerators, cars and paid vacations. Algeria to him is far away. Perhaps there are fewer people in the streets than there are normally at this time of the year. But business is good, and there has been no decrease in tourist travel to France—quite the contrary. Paris department stores are jammed with customers. The stock market is flourishing. Young people dance *le twist*. A former pastry cook, Henri Tisot, has achieved sudden fame with his hilarious nightclub imitations of de Gaulle; his record parodying the president's self-determination-for-Algeria speech has sold 500,000 copies.

When the first plastic bombs went off last summer, most Parisians were annoyed at the intrusion; what lay behind the bang was no concern of theirs. The slew of anti-O.A.S. committees which made their appearance during the winter were sponsored largely by intellectuals and various left-wing groups, and lacked mass support. Even the Catholic Church met with no more than a polite response to its repeated condemnations of the terrorists.

Then the O.A.S. itself provided the necessary shock. At one P.M. on February 7, 1962, a plastic

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bomb exploded at the residence of novelist André Malraux, who serves de Gaulle as minister for cultural affairs. It must have been a hefty charge, for I heard the blast all the way across town. Malraux was not at home, but a four-and-a-half-year-old girl, Delphine Renard, whose parents live in the same house, had her face smashed by flying glass and debris and lost the sight of her right eye.

In all the years I have spent in Paris I have not witnessed such cold fury. People could talk of nothing but Delphine. And, as was bound to happen, the extreme Left was ready to cash in on the indignation. A number of political organizations, most of them Red, called for a protest meeting in the heart of Paris's working-class district. The government forbade the demonstration but it was held anyway. Stick-brandishing police, herding the demonstrators down the steps of the Charonne subway station, killed eight, three of them women.

Five days later the labor unions called a general strike while some 300,000 Parisians marched in the funeral procession that took four of the victims to Paris's ancient cemetery, Père-Lachaise. For years the capital had not seen such a river of humanity. If the first demonstration had been a Communist affair, this one was not. Here were the butcher and the baker, the bank clerk and the schoolteacher, together with their wives, shuffling their feet in an immensely dignified parade that lasted the better part of the gray, rainy day. Police were nowhere to be seen, and there was no excitement. But a word here and there, a glance exchanged among the mourners, established the mysterious fluid that turns a mass of individuals into a force.

There was no doubt that this new force, springing straight from the streets of Paris, was a force for peace—a force against the O.A.S. "This sort of thing has got to stop," was what the crowd was saying. Thus, what had started as a funeral became a political event. De Gaulle, still working patiently toward the climax of his peace talks with the Algerians, could safely go ahead and proclaim a cease-fire. And O.A.S. chiefs who might still have hoped that, if they tried a *coup d'état*, the people would stay on the sidelines, now knew otherwise.

As this is written the O.A.S. is being battered by French Army units in Algeria, where it had tried to make a stand in the main cities. The agonizing question of whether French troops would open fire on French citizens has had at least a partial answer. No longer confident that a large segment of the officer corps would make common cause with them when the chips were down, O.A.S. leaders may call off the insurrection. But no one here believes that this would mean the end of the affair.

The O.A.S. is well equipped for a long war of nerves. By switching to guerrilla warfare in Algeria, it may attempt to keep that country in a state of turbulence, aiming to prevent the establishment of a new nation. At the same time the O.A.S. may be expected to make a bid for new adherents in France by turning itself into a political movement.

Waiting for the 71-year-old de Gaulle to leave the scene, the bitter and determined leaders of the Secret Army look forward to stepping into the vacuum and at long last imposing their will on the French people. THE END

Paris: a victim of the bloody February riots. Protesting a violent wave of O.A.S. bombings, thousands of left-wing demonstrators clashed with police. Eight died.

Republican Security Guards halt Paris traffic to check identity papers in a search for Secret Army commandos. In Paris right-wing terrorists have exploded an average of two bombs every day since the beginning of the year. The city resembles an armed camp.

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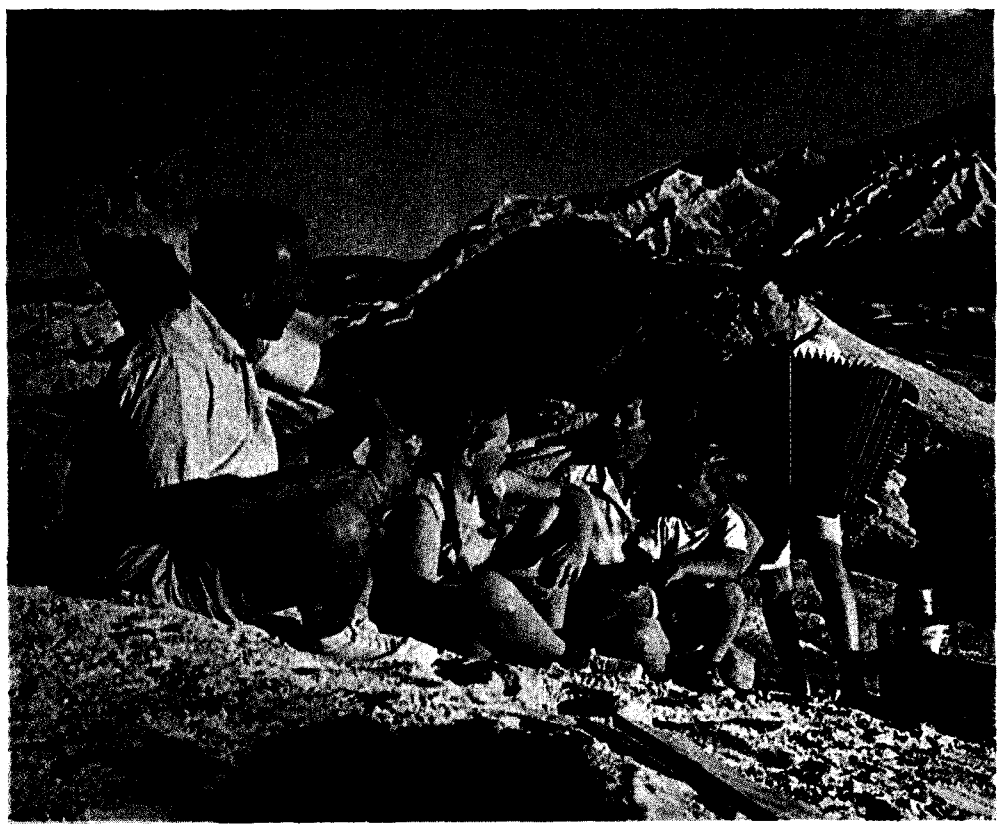
WE LIVE IN DEATH VALLEY

By JEAN VALENS BULLARD



The Bullards—Jan (upper left), Bill, Wendy, author Jean, Kent and Billy—escape the interminable heat of the lower valley on a hilltop picnic.

It was early April when I got my first forbidding glimpse of Death Valley. My family and I were driving toward our new home—and my husband Bill's new assignment as Chief Park Naturalist for Death Valley National Monument. With us on the trip from California's Yosemite National Park, where Bill had been a park naturalist, were our children: Wendy, seven; Billy, six; Jan, two; and Kent, one. As the desert sun dipped low and sent long shadows toward the east, I was painfully aware that Death Valley had been appropriately named.

Not a living creature stirred. Not a car was in sight. Not a solitary songbird broke the stillness of the oncoming night. To the north of the blacktop highway lay miles of shadowy sand dunes. To the south, bleak, gray-white salt flats extended as far as the eye could see. Compared with the lush green meadows and sparkling waterfalls surrounding the home we had left in Yosemite, Death Valley seemed like a crater on the moon.

An hour after dark we turned off the main highway onto a side road that led to the National Park Service residential area. We traveled a half mile up a small side canyon and turned a bend. Around a loop of the dirt road were scattered eighteen houses for year-round NPS employees. *Neighbors*, I thought gratefully.

Fred Binnewies, the area superintendent, came over to the car to greet us. "Sorry the new houses aren't built yet," he said. I glanced toward the shabby temporary buildings illuminated by our headlights. My heart sank. "But they'll be ready by fall," he added.

That night after we unpacked, I lay for a long while listening to the oppressive silence of the desert. Once, before I fell into a fitful sleep, I had a homesick yearning to see the white-bloomed dogwood tree outside our former home in Yosemite, which seemed a million miles away.

Death Valley National Monument, encompassing Death Valley itself and the Panamint, Cottonwood, Grapevine, Funeral and Black mountains, is a National Park Service area of almost 3000 square miles—nearly as large as Yellowstone Park. Almost all of the monument is located in California. A small portion of its northeast corner spills over into Nevada. It has not been designated a national park, because mining is still permitted within its boundaries. As you enter the valley at Towne's Pass, the ground slopes more than 5000 feet to the valley floor—which goes to 282 feet below sea level. The area is not all flat, as I had imagined. The valley is extremely rocky. Surrounding it are rolling foothills and high mountains. Three ranger stations are scattered throughout the valley. Bill is stationed at the old Park Headquarters. As chief park naturalist, he is head of Death Valley's new $800,000 visitor center and museum.

A park naturalist's wife tells what it is like to rear a family in the desert.

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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A week after we moved to Death Valley we saw our first rattlesnake—a small sidewinder Bill had caught to show to the children. He called me out to our garbage can, on which he had printed in bold letters: LIVE RATTLESNAKE—KEEP OUT.

"Go ahead and open the lid," Bill told me. "He can't strike that high."

The children were bug-eyed. Slowly they edged forward and peered into the can. Only Kent, our youngest, failed to succumb to curiosity. In the bottom of the can, a light brown fifteen-inch snake writhed furiously, his tongue darting in and out, and his horned head swaying from side to side. His rattles made a "shzzzzz" sound.

"Listen to that rattle, kids," Bill said. "And don't *ever* forget it. If you ever hear that sound when you're out playing, *run*." It was the first of many lessons we had to teach our children, for our new home in the desert had no telephone and was more than 100 miles from the nearest doctor.

The school our children attend is located four miles from our home, at Furnace Creek Ranch. The school is an old wooden building with a corrugated metal roof shaded by tamarisk trees. Most of the students are children of Park Service employees. "There are nine girls and six boys, counting Billy and me," Wendy told us when she returned from her first day at school. "And three of them are *real Indians*."

School lets out in May, when temperatures in Death Valley soar to the mid-120's. (The hottest temperature ever recorded in Death Valley was 134 degrees. Ground temperatures often reach 185.) We soon learned that heat and methods to live in it would become the primary concerns of our existence.

As much as it is a problem, Death Valley's withering heat provides us with an occasional laugh. We had been in our new home only one day when Billy ran into the kitchen and said, "Daddy, mommy, come quick! The toilet bowl is smoking." We followed him into the bathroom. Sure enough, steam was rising from the commode. Holding back a laugh, Bill told us that the bowl would "smoke" every time we flushed it twice in succession. The water in the tank requires time to cool to room temperature.

Later we discovered that the water from our cold-water faucets was too hot for a child's shower, so we bathed the kids in a tub filled with water that had cooled.

It was so hot in June that I hard-boiled eggs by burying them in the children's sandbox. I made tea—which we drank iced—by placing tea bags in a jar of water set out in the sun.

That first summer in Death Valley was an ordeal. The worst aspect of it was the temporary house we had to live in. It was riddled with holes, for one thing. And small wild creatures were continuously entering through the holes to escape the

Self-sufficiency is the desert housewife's main stock-in-trade. A minor annoyance: distance to the corner store (140 miles).

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punishing sun. Soon I imagined I was running a hotel for scorpions, lizards and pack rats.

Our tiny one-bedroom house was made livable by an evaporative cooler. The house seemed even smaller than it was, because all four children had to play inside most of the day. It was difficult to keep them occupied. On our monthly trip to Las Vegas—140 miles away—I stocked up on crayons, paints and construction paper for them. Gradually we fell into a pattern in which all the children took long afternoon naps and stayed up until eleven P.M. Evenings were cooler, and the children played outside after sunset.

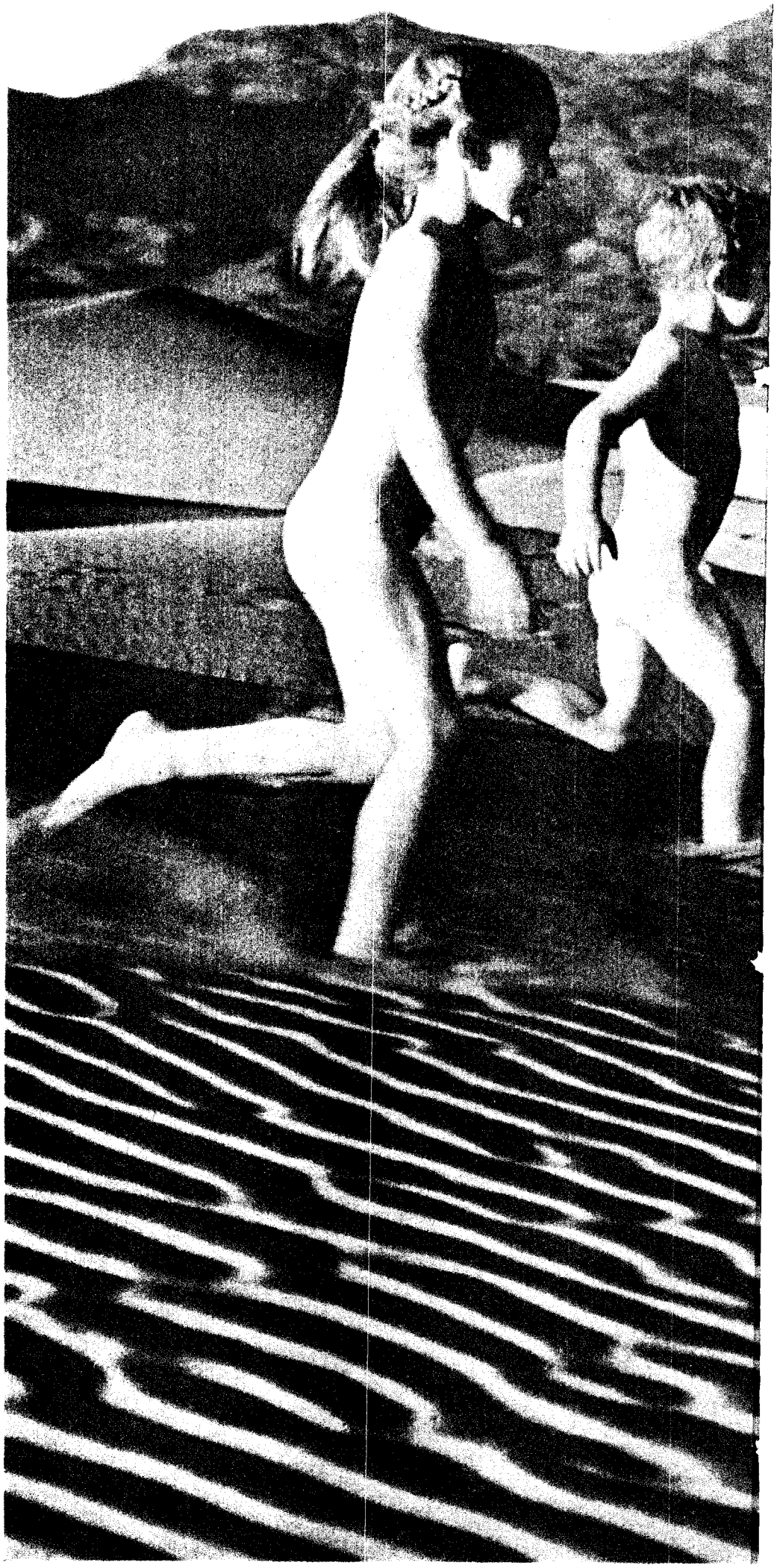
It is a great relief when the summer sun goes down in Death Valley and the temperature drops twenty or more degrees. But it doesn't exactly get chilly. Death Valley has some summer nights when the lowest temperature is 100 degrees.

We frequently join our neighbors after sunset at the NPS employees' pool a mile from our house. Lolling in the water after an unmercifully hot day, we often get the feeling that we've been transported to a South Sea island.

Another way we escape the interminable summer heat is by taking the children on weekend camping trips into the surrounding mountains. Often we strike out from a campsite to explore one of many ghost towns in the Panamint Mountains on the western side of the valley. On one such expedition we poked about in Panamint City, once a boom town infested with outlaws. More than a million dollars' worth of silver was mined there during the turbulent years from 1873 to 1877. The skeletons of stone buildings and miners' shacks still stand in town. As we walked along Panamint's hushed main street, we could almost hear the sounds of a player piano and rowdy voices coming from the crumbling saloons. On "Maiden Lane" little Jan found a battered high-buttoned shoe. It brought to mind an old newspaper account Bill and I had read about ten "maidens" and 700 men who had been snowed in at Panamint City during the winter of 1874.

Daytime driving in Death Valley during July or August is torture, unless you have an air-conditioned car. We don't. When we are driving, the air coming in through the vents feels like a draft from a blast furnace. But to close the vents would be unimaginable. We place wet washcloths on our heads to avoid flushed faces and exhaustion from the heat. We soon learned to leave for weekend trips after ten P.M. Friday and return after midnight Sunday.

During summer in Death Valley a home freezer is an absolute necessity. And carting a month's supply of groceries across 140 miles of desert requires ingenuity. We pack our provisions in dry ice and then wrap them in army blankets. The heat limits our menu, but we have grown used to it. The children drink powdered



For Jan and Kent the desert is a vast sandpile. The children take naps during the afternoon heat and play outside at sundown.

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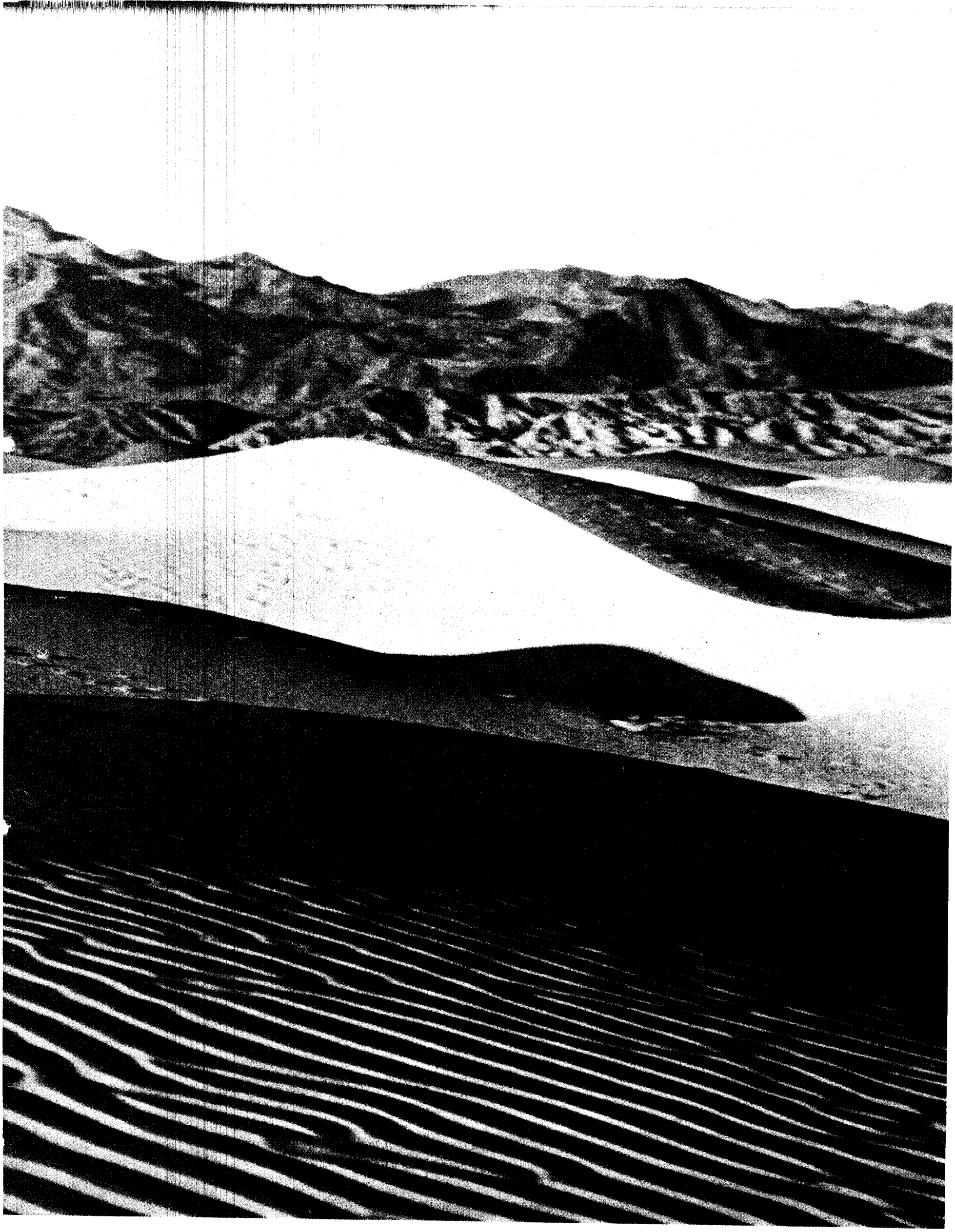

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milk, which is easy to transport, store and prepare. We freeze most of our meats, vegetables, and baked goods. Unfortunately we can't have much fresh fruit. We try to make up for the lack of it with frozen fruits and juices, but there is just so much room in a fifteen-cubic-foot freezer.

Several times a year rain falls in Death Valley. There are brief sprinkles of rain during spring and fall, but the yearly average in the valley is a scant 1.6 inches. A steady downpour signals a time of merriment for the children in Death Valley. Barefooted, they scamper outdoors, singing and cavorting. But heavy rain also signals danger. In Death Valley, rainstorms mean flash floods and washouts. Tourists are stranded. Sand and rocks spill out of canyons, blocking our three major highways. Road surfaces buckle, tear and are washed away, leaving gullies three feet deep. After one rainstorm we were isolated for two days while a road crew bulldozed debris from a highway near our home.

Death Valley's infrequent heavy rains have the power to give as well as destroy life. After a rainstorm, wild-flower seeds, sometimes dormant for a decade, grow and burst into bloom. Vast areas of the desert are blanketed in yellow sunflowers, white gravel ghosts, primroses, poppies and lavender sand verbenas.

The land is rich in offbeat beauty and unusual living things, despite its initial impression of sterility. Fortunately an inherent interest in nature accelerated our family's rapid adaptation to the desert environment.

"Daddy, what are the little funnel-shaped holes in the dirt behind our house?" young Billy asked one day.

"Doodlebugs trap other insects in those holes," my husband explained. Taking Billy outside, he dropped a grain of sand into an inch-deep depression. At the bottom of the cavity an ant lion, or doodlebug, scrambled toward the grain of sand and then, disappointed, buried itself again.

Preserving wildlife is a major facet of my husband's job as Chief Park Naturalist in Death Valley. All animals on NPS tracts are protected unless they are harming people. For this reason, our children are not allowed to have dogs or cats, for such pets disturb the natural wildlife in the area. But frequently Bill brings home a temporary "pet," such as a desert tortoise or a chuckwalla—a homely-looking, one-and-a-half-foot lizard—to be studied or photographed for the museum. Wounded birds and animals also visit with us until they are well enough to fend for themselves.

Among our favorite creatures are the antelope ground squirrels that jump boldly onto our picnic table while we are eating. They resemble striped chipmunks.

One evening we heard a squeak emanating from under a rock near our house. We thought it was a baby mouse. But when Bill carefully lifted the rock, we saw that it was a banded gecko. He was pale tan and had brown bands of color on his back and tail. Some zoologists believe this three-inch cousin to the salamander is the only lizard with a voice.

An astounding variety of birds have been observed in Death Valley. Of the 280 species listed, we have seen ducks, geese, herons, egrets, quail, owls, sparrows, meadowlarks, warblers, flycatchers, hawks, ravens and killdeer.

Few people ever see bighorn sheep in their natural habitat. But we have observed them at a remote spring in the hills. On one occasion we saw a majestic ram, two short-horned ewes and a lamb pick their way deftly down the steep trail leading to the spring.

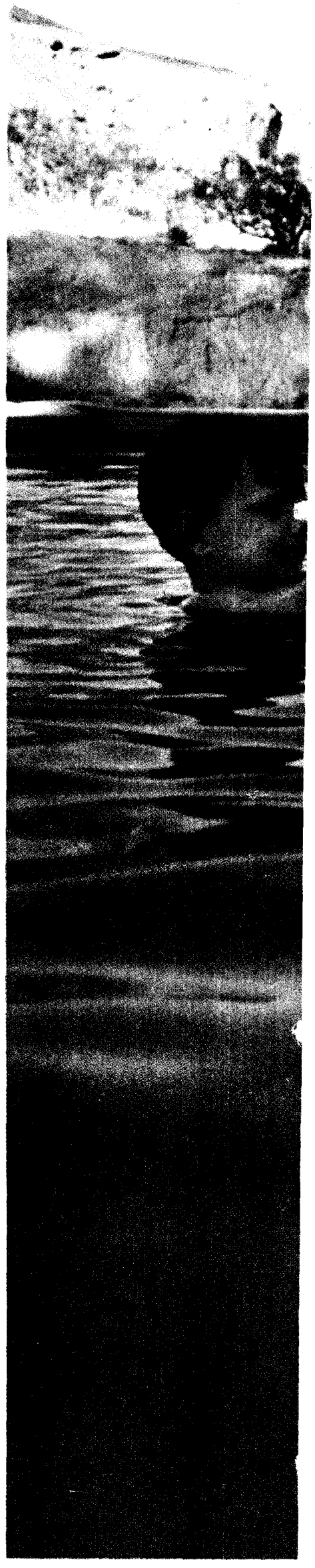
Most people would find it incredible that fish live in Death Valley, but they do. Cyprinodontes, or desert pup fish, live in two saline streams and two isolated springs here. These inch-long piscatorial antiques vary in color from blue-gray to brown. The species has lived in Death Valley since the Ice Age. Desert pup fish are biological proof that a great lake once covered the floor of Death Valley, as geologists maintain. When the ancient lake dried up, the fish were isolated in bodies of water seventy miles apart. They exist today, somewhat modified by evolution, in perhaps the most limited environment of any animal in the world.

Daily contact with the wonders of nature—even in a stark, seemingly lifeless place like Death Valley—develops a sense of awe and thanksgiving. Our family's first Thanksgiving Day in Death Valley was doubly rewarding, for on that day we moved into our new three-bedroom ranch-style house. I cooked a turkey at our old place, and we ate it on the patio of our new home. My life has been easier since then—never so comfortable that I am bored, but easier.

We have been living in our new home more than three years now. The windows of our spacious living room look out onto a green front lawn and a 100-mile view of the valley. Dominating the view is snow-capped Telescope Peak.

Bill and I once climbed this 11,049-foot mountain together. From its summit we gazed down on Death Valley—a white serpent twisting 140 miles through the mountains. Death Valley looked like the one place in the world the hand of God had missed.

But Bill and I know this is not so. For we have seen beauty and life hidden amid the mountains, canyons and cliffs—brilliant desert sunsets, vivid desert blossoms. Here, beneath the stillness of a star-shot sky, we have sensed the immenseness of the universe and the subtle weaving that holds it together—here, in Death Valley, where every sprig of green is a miracle. THE END



When the Bullards can cool off in the park employees' pool, the author says, "It's as if we've been flown to a South Sea isle."

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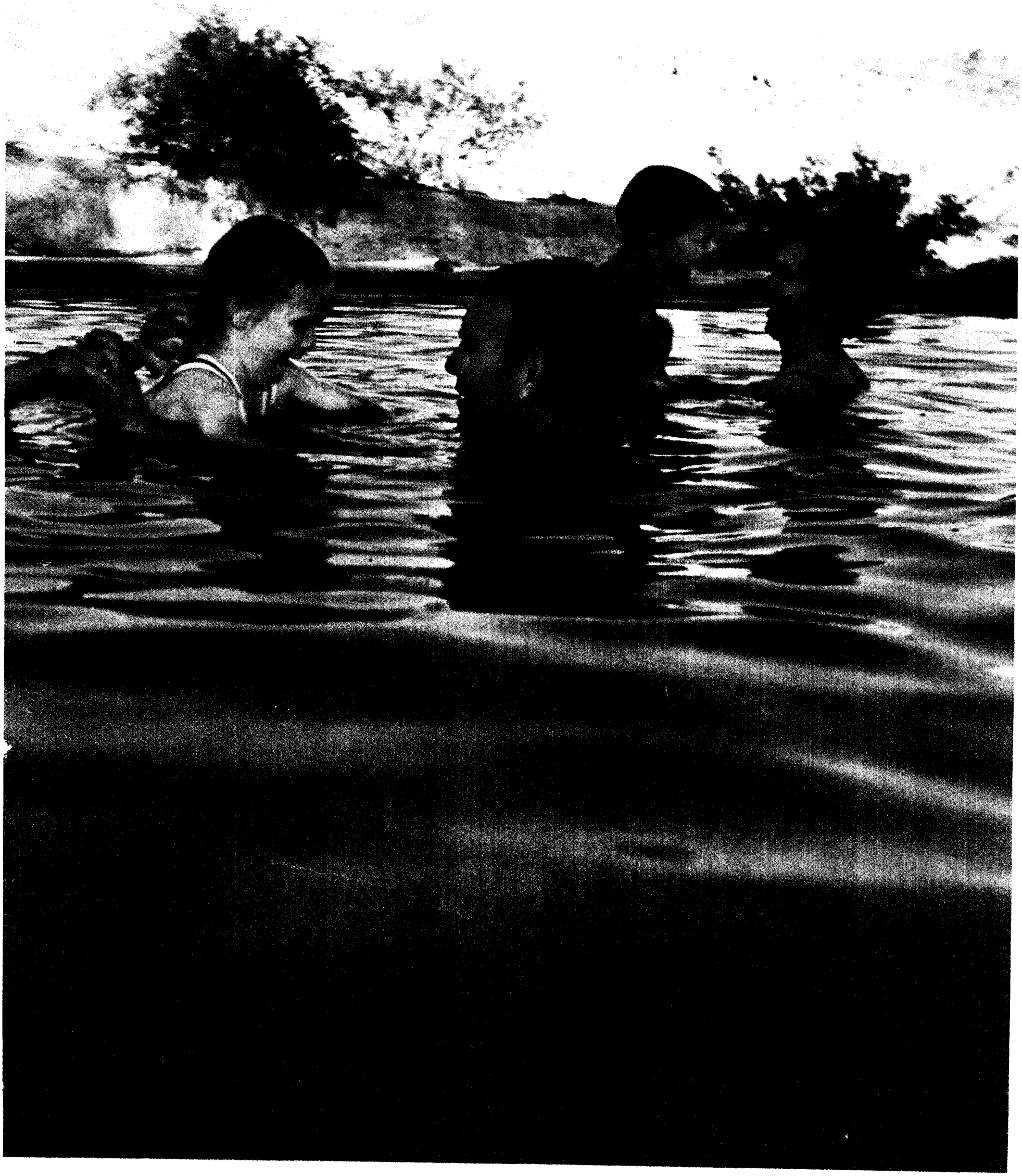

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THE SPELL OF THE DISTANT DRUM

From the depths of the jungle he came, following

His mother was warmth and coolness. Warmth at daybreak when the children, sleeping like clustered toads in the dank hut corner, wakened hungry and straggled outside to find always that she was up before they were and had the cocoyam cooking in the black iron pot. Warmth when the rain came at night, when the thunder howled its unknowable threats, and the children shivered with chill and fear. Coolness in the heat of the day, when Adamo's legs so often were tired from trying to keep up with the older ones—cool shadow in her arms and her vast body bending over him. Before Adamo knew anything, he knew this—his mother's sun and shade and comfort.

She gathered firewood, and the children beside her gleaned twigs. When she went to hoe the cassava patch, Adamo and the others learned to walk through the fern-thick forest lightly, slipping around the thorns that would tear flesh, placing their feet so. She showed her young how to remain motionless in the snake's presence—not the tight containment of panic, for a brittle branch may snap, but a silent infolding of muscles like a leaf bud.

Afternoons the girls stayed with their mother to tend the fire and pound the dried yam in the big wooden bowls. But Adamo and his brothers swam in the tepid, slime-edged river or climbed the nut palms at the edge of the sacred grove or watched Ofei the blacksmith working at his smoky forge, turning a new machete.

The days flowed slowly as the river, and when Adamo was no longer a young child, his father taught him what he must know to wrench existence from the forest and yet not turn to vengeance the spirit that animated all things—the tree he felled, the plant he harvested, the antelope whose life he must take to feed his own. The forbidden acts and words were many, and the words and acts of appeasement were many, but Adamo dared not forget, for an offender endangered not only himself but the entire village, and that was the worst any person could do.

"A man is a leaf," Adamo's father would say in his stern and quiet voice. "The leaf grows for a while, then falls, but the tree lives forever. One leaf is nothing. The tree is all."

Regularly, meticulously, the offerings of mashed yam or eggs were made to the gods of river and forest. The invocations entered into Adamo, for he would speak one day with the same calm voice as his father's.

"Here is food from our hands. Receive this food and eat. Stand behind us with a good standing. Let the women bear children. Let the yams grow. Let nothing evil befall."

Adamo's father was strong. He knew always what to do. His father and mother had been dead for many years, but they were with him. He heard their guiding voices in the night wind. He poured palm wine on their graves, and they drank. They had never left him. When Adamo's mother and father died, they would not leave him either.

Sometimes it was not enough, and the feared thing happened. Adamo's youngest sister was taken by the crocodile. When the mother turned at the cry, she saw only the blood swirling like flames on the water. Adamo's brother Kwadwo died of a fever, although his wrists and forehead had been bound with costly medicinal charms from Yao, the fetish priest.

These deaths they mourned, each with a terrible stone in the heart, always wondering who had been the one to cause by some offense such retribution.

So Adamo learned fear, but the fears were not the greater part. As long as the laws were kept, the palms and dark river and red earth were to Adamo like his own brothers, who would not forsake him.

When Adamo was fifteen, a sickness struck the village. That it was smallpox meant nothing to him. But because he was the youngest of her four remaining sons, his mother was determined that Adamo must go until the sickness was over. She had a friend in a village not so far away. He did not want to go, but when his father decided that it would be best, Adamo went.

His mother's friend welcomed him into her family. Adamo stayed on and on, at first unquestioning, then with a faint anxiety, finally desperate to return to his home. But always the answer was the same.

"We have heard nothing, Adamo. You are doing good work here—stay."

Sunrise gave way to midday, and midday to sunset. Adamo had no notion that he had lived in this other village for an entire year. But one day when he went to wash himself in the river, he heard his mother's voice. The familiar voice, gentle and persistent, spoke inside his head. "*Adamo—where are you? Adamo—where are we?*"

That night he put his machete and his cloth and the knife his father had given him into a bundle and walked out, without a word, along the bush trail that led to his village.

The thornbushes and liana vines by day were green nets that could snare only an unwatchful traveler, but at night they changed, became formless and yet solid, a heaviness of dark before the eyes. Anything a pace away

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a path that led straight to doom. By Margaret Laurence

seemed nonexistent, as though the world stopped where the foot fell. Adamo had no light. A man needs a light, not so much against the outer darkness as to be sure that he himself is really there. With his bare feet, Adamo could feel the path. He stumbled over tree roots, slipped on the decay of last year's growth, grasped at branches and found his hands held ferns, insubstantial as spider webs. But although he feared, he never doubted he would reach his village, for his mother's voice was drawing him on. "*Adamo—where are you? Adamo—where are we?*"

When the dawn birds had only begun, he came to the village. The huts were there; the street stood dusty and pale in the daybreak. A few monkeys, crying like children, were perched on the forge of Ofei the blacksmith. The palm branches in the sacred grove lifted and swayed in the faint wind of morning, and beyond the village the brown river moaned as it had done eternally.

That was all—otherwise, silence. Adamo stood silent at the edge of the forest, looking at his village and knowing surely, without thinking it at all, that no one was there.

Then he heard a voice high and quavering as a bird's—an old woman's voice. Soon she came out of one of the huts, walking stooped over, a mud-colored cloth around her waist but none around her breasts, for the parts that had once proclaimed her womanhood and had made milk for her children now hung flat and leathery, not worth covering any more. Adamo recognized her. "Grandmother!" he said, for although she was not his grandmother, it made little difference.

The old woman stopped and peered around, as though she had been momentarily expecting a voice, but now that it had come, she was confused and did not know how to reply. Then she saw him.

"It is . . ." She hesitated. ". . . man or spirit, I cannot tell."

He told her his name, and although she pretended to recognize him, he felt sure she did not. He asked her then about his family, scarcely knowing whether he could believe her, for her mind was light, almost departed. But she answered clearly enough.

"They are gone," she said in the strangely gloating way the old have, as though the whole course of events could have been avoided had the young paid heed. "They are either dead or gone. There was a sickness—a long time ago, I think, although I cannot remember so well. Many, many people died. I do not know who died. There were too many to remember. The others left—they went away. My own family was dead, but the others tried to persuade me to go with them. And I wouldn't go. No, I wouldn't go. 'Go away,' I told them, 'go away and see what happens. I will stay where I belong, here in my village.' So they went. I never thought they would really go. But they did." Now Adamo began to shiver as though a chill had made each of his muscles work against the others. He questioned her patiently, precisely, saying over and over again the names of his mother and his father.

"I am not sure," the old woman said, confused. "I think—wait, that would be Afua, the daughter of Bona Ampadu?"

"That is the woman. My mother."

"I think"—the old woman struggled to remember—"I think she died. She and her husband. And I believe—was it two daughters and four sons?"

"Three sons," Adamo said dully. "If they died, it was three sons. I am the other son."

"At least you have come back," the old woman said pettishly, "not like those cowards who ran away. I told them—but, of course, they would not listen. 'If we die elsewhere,' I said, 'how are the spirits of our ancestors ever to find us? Tell me that,' I said. But they would not listen."

Adamo, staring at her, did not believe. He could not believe that the spirits of all the dead any longer remained in this place, as the old woman hoped. It seemed to him that the living who had gone from the village had taken with them the ancestral spirits, for their own protection. Whether his parents were alive or dead, they were gone—they had somehow been taken away. The village to him now was deserted—more completely than it could have been were it empty only of tangible life. The chain that linked endlessly into the past had been broken.

Adamo stood looking at the huts, at the old woman, seeing nothing. Then he turned and ran through the village until he reached his father's hut. He entered and lay down on the floor, not violently but quietly, like a man settling himself for sleep. He was determined to die because he could not think what else to do. Dead, he might find his people.

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PAINTING BY ARTHUR LIDOV

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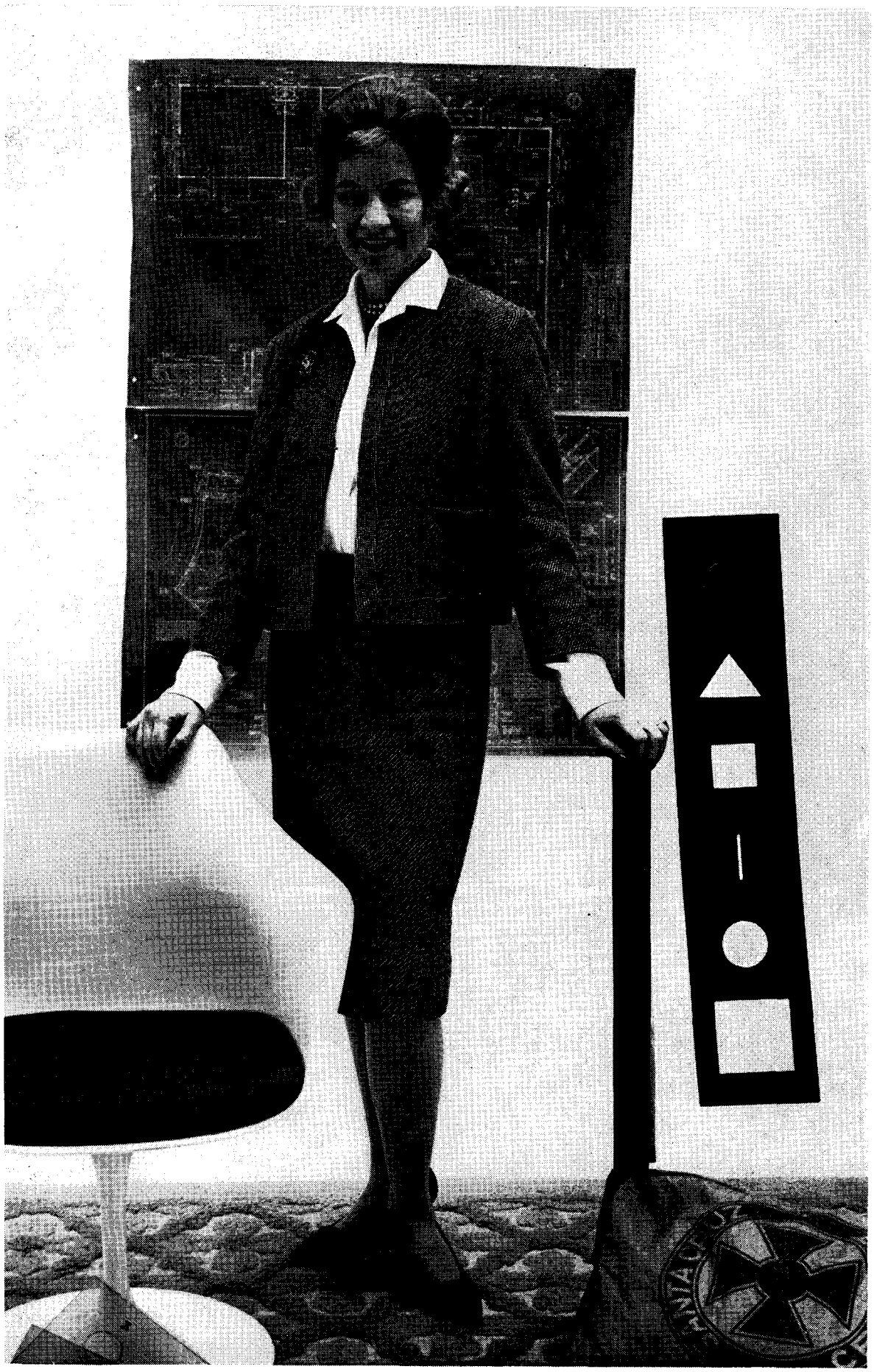
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Building Planner: Blending the ingredients of factories and supermarkets is the forte of industrial designer Beverly Willis, 34. President of Beverly Willis and Associates of San Francisco, she heads a five-man team of specialists which designed last year more than $3,000,000 worth of commercial buildings down to the last detail, including wall colors and the company's letterheads. To expand her services to industrialists, Beverly recently established the architectural firm of Logan and Willis. "Our goal is to provide coordinated design," she says, "using consultants and specialists to pull together all aspects of plant construction at the earliest stage." Tulsa-born daughter of an oil-well driller, Beverly discovered her mechanical interests early: "I practically teethed on drilling bits." In her junior year at the University of Oregon she abandoned her engineering studies and became an artist. "People bought just enough of my work for me to make it to Honolulu." In Hawaii she studied art, designed the Hawaiian Village Hotel's famous Shell Bar (made from seashells), later won a series of commissions for building designs. In 1958 she opened her industrial-designing firm in San Francisco, now lives there with her mother. Her chief sense of accomplishment comes from her buildings, but there's another reward which is strictly feminine: "That," she says, "is in overcoming male wariness about a woman's masterminding the design of their plants." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS

Computer Prodigy: "A highly technical book," claims mathematics marvel David Vetter, 17, "reads just like a novel when you're interested." David became interested in math and science in the seventh grade, began mastering advanced texts. At age 13 he designed and built a computer, using parts from confiscated pinball machines donated by police in his hometown of San Antonio. "I thought I'd enjoy building a computer that could play ticktacktoe," he says in a soft Texas drawl. "So I did. It would never lose." Since then he has designed and built two other computers, is planning a fourth. When he ran into trouble finding parts, he dashed off letters to I.B.M. President Thomas J. Watson Jr., asking help. Watson, impressed, responded with encouragement, the needed parts and an invitation to spend two weeks in New York touring I.B.M.'s research and engineering plants. Accompanied by his mentor, Dr. Joe H. Ward Jr., an Air Force mathematician-psychologist, David made the trip last year. He later won a summer job at the I.B.M. office in San Antonio (one coworker, a technician with a master's degree in math, was astounded at David's intellectual grasp, confessed that David knew more math than he did). "David's got all the talent I've ever run into," says Doctor Ward. "Whatever he does, he'll do well." Next month David graduates from high school at the head of his class, and he's eager to get into college (he will enter M.I.T. this fall). "In college you can think much more freely and express your own views in a way that you can't in high school," he says. "In high school the intelligent person learns absolutely nothing. School is largely extracurricular. If you want to learn, you do it on your own time." He intends to devote most of his studies to the sciences, but refuses to restrict himself to any one subject: "Mainly I want to get educated, genuinely educated." David's insistence on academic freedom ("How can an individual realize his potential unless he's free?") carries over into his social life. He dates, but has quit going steady, explaining, "I've decided that I don't like it. Going steady defeats the real purpose of the American system—to mix, to get around, to be free. And if there's anything I believe in, it's being free." PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT

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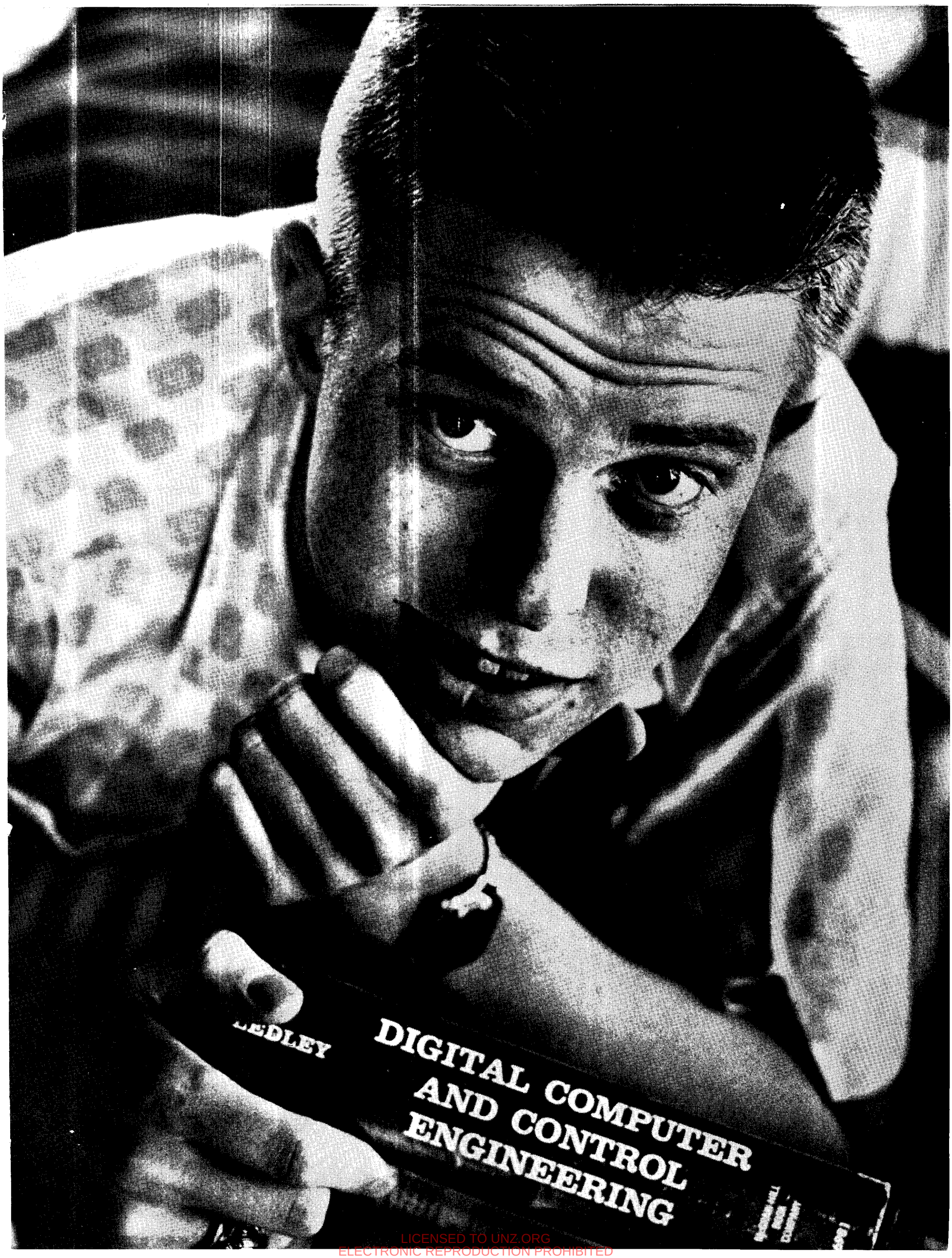

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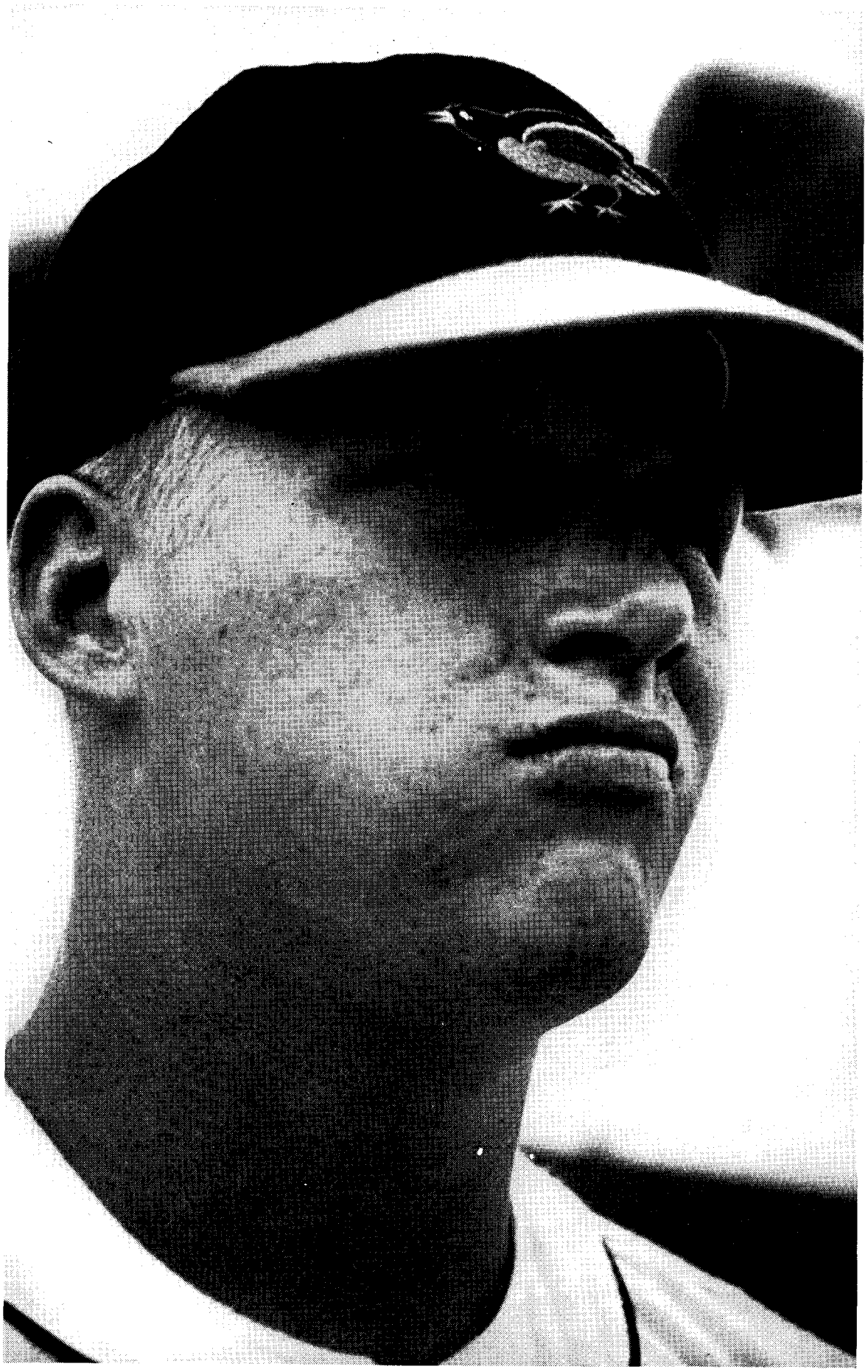
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Agile Actress: (Impersonating a falling star—Hollywood variety—stunt girl Mary Bishop, 22, leaps from a loft.) Mary has doubled for the likes of Shirley MacLaine and Sophia Loren—not because Shirley and Sophia are sissies, but because the show must go on. "Their injury would interrupt production," she says. "Mine wouldn't." Mary also does her stuff in TV shoot-'em-up shows when the script calls for an alluring victim. She has been pumped full of lead in *Laramie*, shoved over a cliff in *Bonanza*, throttled and drowned in *Thriller*. To keep limber for her leaps, rolls and falls, Mary practices yoga. She has a long history of rough-and-tumble activities. As a schoolgirl in San Diego, she defied chronic asthma, practiced horseback riding until she became a rodeo champ. For a year and a half she studied at the University of Arizona, then adventure beckoned. Convinced she wasn't finding out what life was really like, she spent all her ready cash on a bus ticket to Florida, went to work there as a waitress, later as a riding instructor and grapefruit-grove tender. When her urge for independence left her, "I called mamma, and she sent money to come home." A few months later she married rodeo cowboy Gerry Bishop, flew to Europe with him to join a wild-West show. Presently Gerry entered college to get his agricultural-economics degree, and Mary went to work as a wrangler for the herds that thundered through *Cimarron*, then being filmed in Tucson. Her brush with the movies led to acting classes at M-G-M, contracts for stunt work, and a hankering to become a comedienne. "If I were a man," Mary says, "I'd like to be like Buster Keaton, but ladies don't take pratfalls." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK STAGER

Outsize Outfielder: A red-hot rookie of the Baltimore Orioles, John (Boog) Powell, 20, also ranks as a rookie among tobacco chewers. "I only chew about once a week, maybe," says big John (6′4″, 235 pounds), whose thirty-two home runs topped the International League last year. (His .321 batting average was second only to that of Ted Savage, now with the Phillies.) Boog's bent on repeating that kind of performance in the American League. "He doesn't care who's pitching," says Bill Cates, the scout who steered Boog to the Orioles. "He murders them all." Customarily left-handed hitters have trouble with left-handed pitchers. Not Powell. He got three for four off southpaw Warren Spahn on the day Spahn became the first major-leaguer this season to pitch nine innings of exhibition ball. Next day, against the Mets, he sent one of Jay Hook's pitches into outer space. Although many bonus babies have failed to live up to their press notices, the Orioles expect that a maturing Boog will become a mainstay of their batting order. Boog, who hopes to find a home in left field, does not predict that he will be the nemesis of every American League pitcher this season, but he confidently allows as how "I've been ready for the majors since I was eighteen." A native of Lakeland, Fla., Boog was nicknamed "Booger" by his dad, a car salesman, because of the boy's mischievous disposition. The Powells in 1957 moved to Key West, where "Booger" became "Boog," and Boog became the pride of Key West High in football, basketball and baseball (he hit .489 as a senior). He turned down five football scholarships, signed with the Orioles for a $35,000 bonus. Starting at Bluefield, W.Va. (Appalachian League), he was graduated to Fox Cities, Wis. (Three-I League), then to Rochester, N.Y. (International League), where he met his fiancée, Kent State University psychology major Janet Swinton. While the wedding date waits, Boog is concentrating on his work in the ball park. "The only thing," he says, "that I ever really want to do is play baseball." PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEIFER

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ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE HUGHES

THE LOVELIEST DAY

a story by Shirley Ann Grau

Unfamiliar sounds woke Margaret early. For an uncounted time she lay quite still, feeling the weight of daylight on her lids. The sounds went on: steps on the brick path below her window and voices speaking quietly.

She got up, not bothering to open her eyes. (It made getting up easier if she could just slip gradually into wakefulness.) She had lived in this room for all of her twenty-one years, and she knew each inch of space. Without hesitation she walked to the window, brushed aside the curtain and lifted a slat of the blind. A florist van had turned into the service drive.

Of course. The florist was to start very early because he had an enormous amount of work in the back yard alone. She knew all about that. She had studied the sketches carefully. It would all be so lovely—a perfect Italian garden, formal and crisp under the hot, still, Southern night. A magnificent setting for her wedding.

As she watched, an air-conditioning truck drove up. The formal Italian garden the florist was constructing would be completely air conditioned. The florist's van moved, and the truck backed into the service yard and parked. A lone man got out, carrying a flat black bag of tools, and walked off, whistling. That was all. In the late afternoon the truck's full crew would arrive, and they would feed it shovelfuls of ice, and it would squirt out a steady flow of cold air.

The plastic hoses were already there, strung up in the trees. Her mother had spent most of yesterday afternoon nervously checking their positions. "We just can't have them blowing frigid air down everybody's neck the way they did at Aurelie's party." They were properly placed now, ready and waiting, great milky plastic things hanging limp in the trees.

Everything was arranged. She would go down the curving stairway out to the lovely cool Italian garden. Her dress would be shining and white and simple and very expensive. Her hair would be perfectly set, smelling of shampoo and the hot blast of the dryer. She would be spotless and polished and shiny.

Margaret went back to bed and back to sleep. Immediately she dreamed: There were three great balloons, yellow and blue and white; they drifted along slowly, housetop high. She saw them bump into the peaked slate roof of her house, right outside her window. And her father called to her urgently.

She jerked awake. But there was only the sound of soft feet on the gravel.

Easy, old girl, she told herself. *Don't be so silly. Just take a look at the clock.* He couldn't possibly have called; he was never up this early. He would still be fast asleep. She could see him, lying next to her mother in the great heavy mahogany bed that had belonged to her great-grandmother.

He was so handsome, Margaret thought. He would look marvelous tonight. A tall, slender man, who kept his figure with handball and his tan with sailboats. She could see him standing in the garden, see his gray hair shining against the dark sunburned skin. Charming, secure, the perfect gentleman.

She had seen him—hard to remember now—at other times. Face contorted with anger, hair rumpled by flying hands. "No daughter of mine, by Heaven, no daughter of mine!" And her mother's face, quiet and masklike: "We'll have the wedding, and no one will know. No one will ever dare guess that we had the nerve."

Margaret turned in her bed. The room seemed hot. But then the upstairs rooms always were. The old house was quite impossible to air-condition properly.

She pushed down the covering sheet and soon dozed again. Shadows shifted into images. And people kept walking before her eyes.

Mary Sue's house party. How long ago was that? A couple of months. No more, though it seemed forever. The great rambling white house, all its dozens of rooms crowded with noisy people. There had been a wedding then too; only that was over early in the week. Bride and groom were gone. Now there was a party that went on day and night.

It was the soft spring air. She had felt marvelous. Her body stretched and moved lightly, strongly. She felt she could do anything, go anywhere. She quivered with energy.

She had even gone hunting, something she almost never did. The moon was a small sliver high up in a cloud-spattered sky when the small group started out after the hounds, the great pack of hounds with carefully selected voices in a raggedy approximation of a musical scale. Back-country style, they did not hunt on horses. They went on foot, following the bellowing dogs, crashing through underbrush, up razorback ridges and down along their swampy undersides. All around were the smells of leaf mold and chill, of new leaves and bark and the rising night dampness, and now and then when the wind was right, the sharp clear smell of the pack. After an hour or so they gave up the hunt, started a fire, and waited for the two Negro boys who had been following them with bottles of whisky. While the fire-disturbed birds squawked, they drank warm bourbon and listened to the pack work in circles around them.

She was leaning against the thin trunk of a pine, thinking of nothing more than the sharp rough bark against her back and the singing of the whisky in her head, when she noticed him—noticed the enormous luminous eyes that stared at her. The light caught and reflected them, mirrorlike. They watched quietly for a minute or two—an endless time—and then moved away.

In the still darkness of just before daylight the hunt broke up. Drunk and tired, they straggled toward home, taking the most direct route, cutting over the plowed fields. She stopped once and touched her hand to the earth and was surprised by its warmth. It seemed to throb beneath her fingers.

(Continued on Page 68)

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AMERICA'S MIRACULOUS HARVEST

The Secretary of Agriculture tells of the dynamic advances which enable our farmers to produce more food than we can use, while the Communist nations fight to stave off famine.

By ORVILLE L. FREEMAN

Fairbury, Illinois: Howard Fugate and his daughter Ellen. Their family farm, says the author, typifies a century's progress in U.S. agriculture.

Photographs by Arthur Shay

His saddle—a heavy, weathered brute of a seat—hangs in the repair shed above the welding gear. Nearby are a gasoline-powered chain saw and a hydraulic tractor cylinder waiting for overhaul. Every second a tiny bulb flashes atop the electric-fence transformer, and in this intermittent light the saddle seems more ancient than it is. It belongs there, yet it does not—not with such companions.

It was on that saddle, in the summer of 1854, that Will Fugate—then a young man—rode West out of the hardwood forests of Indiana, across the state of Illinois and into Missouri, looking for new land to farm. Disliking Missouri, he turned back into Illinois, riding through head-high bluestem grass. When he reached Livingston County, he was pleased with what he saw: flat land, with only the whisper of a roll. Some was swampy, and most was malaria-infested, but it had never been seeded by man; it was rich land, and it would feed his family.

Will Fugate settled there and bought near the town of Fairbury the first few acres of a farm that was destined to grow larger and feed the Fugate family for five generations.

Today, 108 years later, the only visible reminders of Will Fugate and his day are his descendants, his saddle and his farm. Only the saddle is unchanged. The Fugates of today—there are three generations of them in Fairbury—are different Americans; the Fugate land is so changed that Old Will would not know it. In his time a man and a team of horses could plow only an acre and half in a day. Will walked behind his John Deere steel plow—although he'd heard old farmers claim that "iron plows poison the land and make weeds grow"—and he walked behind the wooden peg-toothed harrow, and he walked the fields sowing his wheat and oats and hay by hand, flinging the seed from a sack slung over his shoulder. In the fall he harvested by hand, cutting the grain with a cradle scythe and threshing it with a flail.

He was a subsistence farmer. He raised his own cattle and pigs and chickens and produced the feed for them. His wife put down the winter food in crocks and barrels and firkins; she made the tallow candles and manufactured soap from kitchen fats and potash. In the fall a cobbler came by to make shoes for the family from hides of their slaughtered cattle.

Like other American farmers, Will Fugate could produce only enough food and fiber to supply himself and three others. And new-born babies of that period could expect to live for only forty-two years.

Today, five generations later, descendants of Will Fugate still farm his land. The family has grown in skill as the family's farm has grown in size. It is typical, now, of the farms of the eastern Illinois corn country, well managed, highly productive and, above all, much loved. In a broader sense, it is typical of the 1,500,000 "commercial" farms throughout the country which produce 87 percent of our total agricultural output and form the economic backbone of our agricultural system.

The modern Fugates buy their eggs and chicken and milk and butter from the nearby supermarket, their shoes in a department store, their farm power from a gasoline tank truck or a utility company. Today a new-born American can expect to live more than seventy years, and one farmer produces enough food and fiber to supply twenty-six Americans. While it took Will Fugate about two hours to produce one bushel of corn, his great-grandson Howard spends about nine minutes at the task. When Will Fugate farmed that land, he was one of 6,000,000 farm workers feeding about 30,000,000 Americans; today blue-eyed Howard Fugate, lean and hard at forty-six, is one of 7,000,000 farm workers feeding more than 185,000,000 Americans. And today's American is better fed, better clothed, taller and healthier than ever before.

The Fugate family has helped write one of the most smashing success stories of the nation. Nowhere else on earth, and never before in history, has the farmer served his people so well as has the American farmer. For us he has abolished one of man's oldest anxieties—the fear of hunger and famine; and to peoples everywhere he has proved that it lies within man's power to banish those specters from the earth.

Millions of us, blessed with an abundance unknown to our forefathers, have forgotten the true meaning of the family prayer: "Thank Thee for our daily bread." The farmer's efficiency is so taken for granted that it is not even news when we produce a bumper yield of corn, as we did again last year.

It was not always this way in America; and it is not this way today in most of the world. Can you imagine the public reaction if corn production had jumped six bushels per acre in the U.S.S.R.? Joyous headlines would have screamed from Kiev to Vladivostok.

In what nation besides ours do people consider it unfortunate to have a good crop year? We not only take our abundance for granted, we have even come to regard it as a burden. We have not yet learned to live with it, manage it and use it well. Let me cite just a few simple figures.

- Today, one hour of farm labor produces four-and-a-half times as much as in 1910. In other words, the American farmer is now four-and-a-half times as efficient as he was fifty years ago.
- In 1940 it took twelve pounds of feed and from twelve to fifteen weeks to raise a three-pound chicken. Today it takes only seven pounds of feed and eight to ten weeks. No wonder that chicken, once a special Sunday meal, is now a commonplace, everyday food.
- In the last ten years alone the population of the nation has grown by 19 percent; but farm production increased 23

Secretary Freeman and Fugate on a tour of the 260-acre farm. Five generations of the Fugate family have tilled this land since it was first planted.

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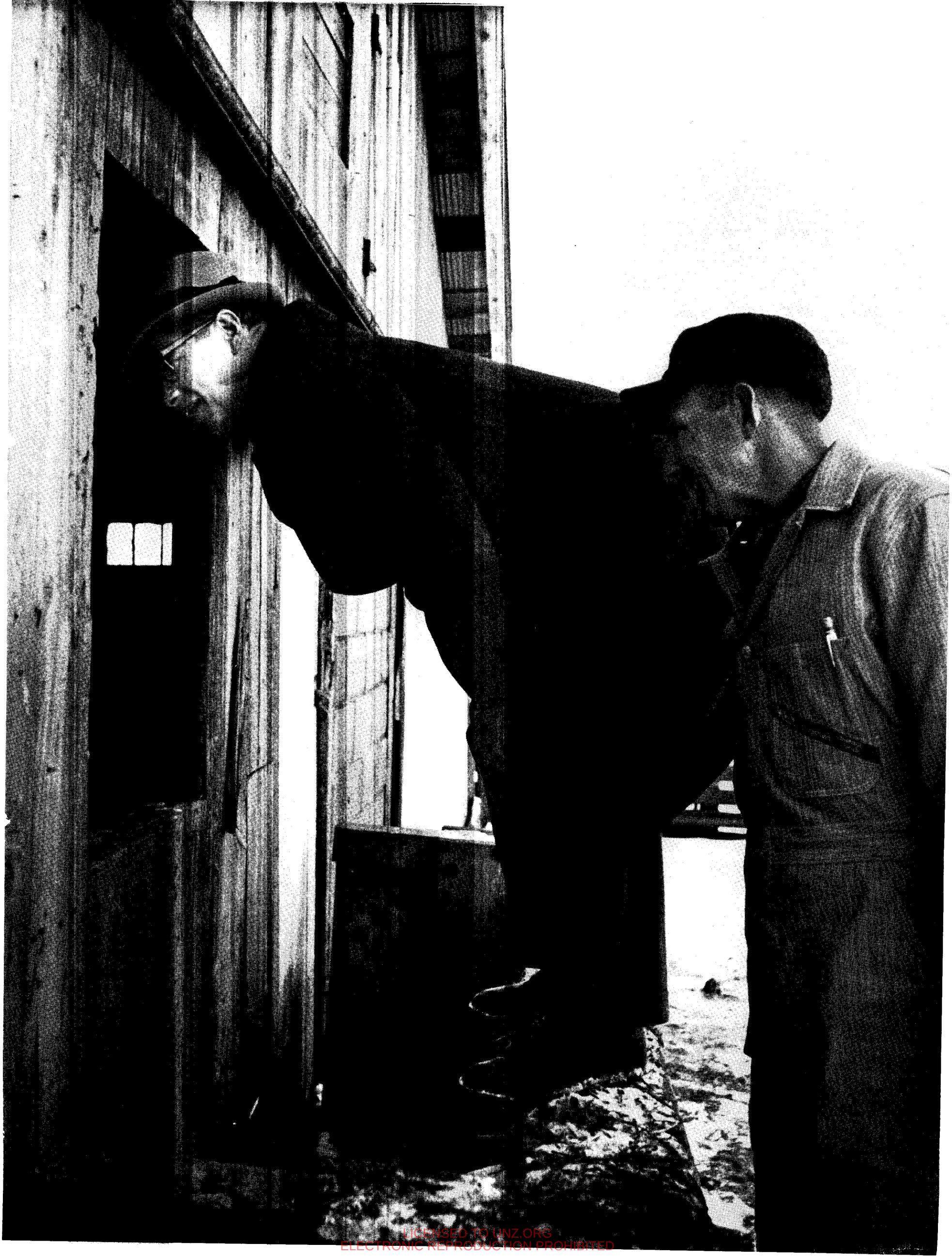

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"Modern farmers use the university and its experiment stations as casually as a city-bred boy uses the subway."

Bill Fugate (tagging a lamb) is an agriculture student at the University of Illinois. His classroom training in new technology pays off in improvements for his father's farm.

HARVEST percent—and this with 27 percent fewer farm workers and 41,000,000 fewer cropland acres.

● Today your costs of food are actually lower in terms of real wages. Compared to 1929, for example, the American factory worker can trade one hour of work for 83 percent more round steak; 128 percent more milk; 131 percent more oranges; 146 percent more bacon.

From Will Fugate in the 1850's to Howard Fugate in the 1960's, the American farmer has come a long way. In fact, in America agriculture has made greater advances in the last fifty years than it has in all the rest of the history of mankind.

How has this American miracle been accomplished? Some might credit the nation's rich soil and good climate, but this is only a small part of the story. We can explain our success by saying that our farmers have worked hard, using scientific methods and much machinery. But this is oversimplification. It misses the visionary excitement of men who wanted to "make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before" and succeeded.

The story of that miracle begins 100 years ago, during some of the darkest hours of the Civil War. On May 15, 1862, President Lincoln signed an act creating the United States Department of Agriculture. The idea was not new. In 1796 George Washington had recommended the establishment of a national agricultural board, but he had been ignored. Now Lincoln, with a stroke of the pen, constructed the first side of an agricultural triangle that was to alter the nation.

The act instructed the new department "to acquire and to diffuse among the people . . . useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word." Later that year he signed another act—one that was to have as much long-run impact on the nation as the Civil War itself. This was the Morrill Land-Grant College Act, which provided that certain amounts of Federal lands be sold to establish state colleges of "agriculture and the mechanic arts."

Justin S. Morrill, the Vermont congressman who sponsored the act, was worried about the many American farmers, especially new settlers, who were mining the soil of its strength and then, when it was exhausted, were moving on to new land to repeat the process. He wanted to save the nation's natural resources. He also was concerned because Europe was a decade ahead of the United States in establishing agriculture schools.

Today there are sixty-eight colleges and universities which trace their bloodlines to the Land-Grant College Act. However, when first established, the new colleges faced a difficult, pioneering task. They had practically no textbooks, and hardly anyone knew what to teach. Chemistry and botany were just emerging as applied sciences. Even European investigations had hardly touched on crop and livestock production.

So the professors—many of them veterinarians and medical doctors—did what they could with what little they had. They taught such courses as "Agriculture in the Bible" and "Methods of Transport." One early professor of agriculture wrote, "When I ran out of my own knowledge, I went to the library. But I might as well have looked for cranberries in the Rockies as for material for teaching agriculture in that library." This man began to take his students on field trips to nearby farms. Almost all agriculture colleges at that period required students to work on the college farm—plowing, weeding, seeding, hoeing, shoveling manure—doing exactly what they had done at home on the farm.

Obviously no college operated on such a basis could serve its purpose. The agricultural faculties began to talk about the need for scientific agricultural research. They knew that they must have new knowledge to justify their existence. In the decade before the Civil War a few state schools had done some agricultural experimenting, but it was not until 1875 that the first regularly organized agricultural experiment station was established, at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. By 1887 there were seventeen stations in fifteen states, each proving the immediate value of research.

That year Congress passed the Hatch Act, establishing scientific experiment stations in connection with the agricultural schools. Now the land-grant colleges could get off the ground. No more "Agriculture in the Bible." Today, in the more than 500 agricultural research stations of the nation—most of them operated by land-grant colleges—there is continuing research in animals, plants, trees, poultry, fertilizers, the diseases of plants, animals and man, in soils, and genetics; and perhaps most striking, in the mechanical and electrical muscles that have relieved the farmer of so much toil and made him so much more productive.

In its early years the Hatch Act made more of an impression on the Fugate family than on most American farmers. In Urbana, fifty-five miles from Fairbury, the University of Illinois established its experiment station only one year after the Hatch Act made it possible.

Early work in development of hybrid corn was done at this station, as were some of the first experiments in animal nutrition. Fourteen years ago Chloromycetin, one of the antibiotics, was discovered there. Today scientists there are studying the effects of animal fats on human heart disease. Recently the university opened a laboratory to study diseases such as tuberculosis, rabies and undulant fever, which can be communicated to man by animals.

Both Howard Fugate and his late wife Helen were graduated from Illinois University's College of Agriculture. On weekends their son Bill, the great-great grandson of Will Fugate, comes home from the same school, filled with the excitement of new knowledge. He suggests shortcuts and new technology which his father often adopts. The Fugates love their farm and the way of life it makes possible. "They're not making any more land like this," Howard says. Father and son respond to the challenges of modern farming, and both men use the university and its experiment stations as casually as a city-bred boy uses the subway.

On his completely mechanized and electrified 260-acre farm, Howard Fugate plants high-yielding hybrid corn and rust-resistant oats for his hogs and beef cattle. He supplements his farm-grown hog feed with the proper amounts of calcium, zinc, iron and manganese. His young pigs eat a mixture spiked with streptomycin, Aureomycin and procain penicillin; they are healthier than many a human being. He built his farrowing pens—where young pigs are born—from plans designed at his university.

A few years ago some of his young pigs developed crooked legs. He tried to correct this fault by adding more minerals to their diet. This straightened their legs, but gave them a skin rash. He telephoned the animal-husbandry department at his old school and was told he'd thrown the pigs' diet out of balance. The prescription: eleven cents' worth of zinc sulphate per ton of feed.

Today most American farmers are in constant touch with the results of agricultural research. But this was not always so. In 1900 the nation had a well-established Department of Agriculture working closely with an excellent system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations. New knowledge was being discovered faster than ever before, but it was not reaching the farmer. Few farm boys were going to agricultural school, and fewer still were returning to the farms. Much of the knowledge was being bottled up in the universities and experiment stations. Iowa tried to educate its farmers with evangelistic "seed-corn gospel trains," but they became political and were abandoned. There were the Boys' Corn Clubs in the public schools of a dozen states and the Girls' Tomato Clubs of North Carolina. Enthusiastic as these efforts were, they were not enough.

It was a seventy-year-old former college president who finally found an effective method for reaching the American farmer. In 1903, when the boll weevil was wrecking the cotton economy of the South, the USDA sent Dr. Seaman A. Knapp into Texas to show the farmers how to survive under weevil conditions until USDA scientists could find a way to combat the insect.

Dr. Knapp knew that some changes in cultivation, fertilizing and crop rotation could increase overall yields enough to offset cotton losses. But he also knew that he could not preach; he had to demonstrate. He got his opportunity in Terrell, Texas, when Walter Porter, a prominent farmer, agreed to follow Knapp's instructions. To insure Porter against any financial loss that might result from Knapp's new methods, his neighbors raised a $1000 contingency fund. But it was never needed. At harvesttime Porter found that his demonstration farm had made $700 more than it had ever made before.

Word spread fast, and Texas farmers requested other demonstration farms supervised by USDA agents. Thus the county-agricultural-agent system was born. It became nationwide eleven years later when President Wilson signed the Smith-Lever Act authorizing the land-grant colleges and the USDA to cooperate in "practical demonstrations in agriculture and home economics." Now the triad of research, education and extension was complete. Today the American farmer is served by 14,645 state and county extension workers—men and women who are the vital links between the farm and the scientist.

This, then, is how our agriculture became so successful. This is why the average American spends only 20 percent of his take-home pay for food, compared to more than 50 percent for the Russian and 30 percent for the French and English. This is why our American farm workers, less than 7,000,000 of them, produce about 60 percent more than 48,000,000 Russian farmers. The average Russian farmer today is just about as productive as was Old Will Fugate more than 100 years ago. Old Will produced enough food and fiber for himself and three others; the modern Russian farmer produces only enough for himself and three or four others. In these terms, Russian agriculture is about a century behind us.

Recently I was told by one of India's leaders that they were not nearly so im-

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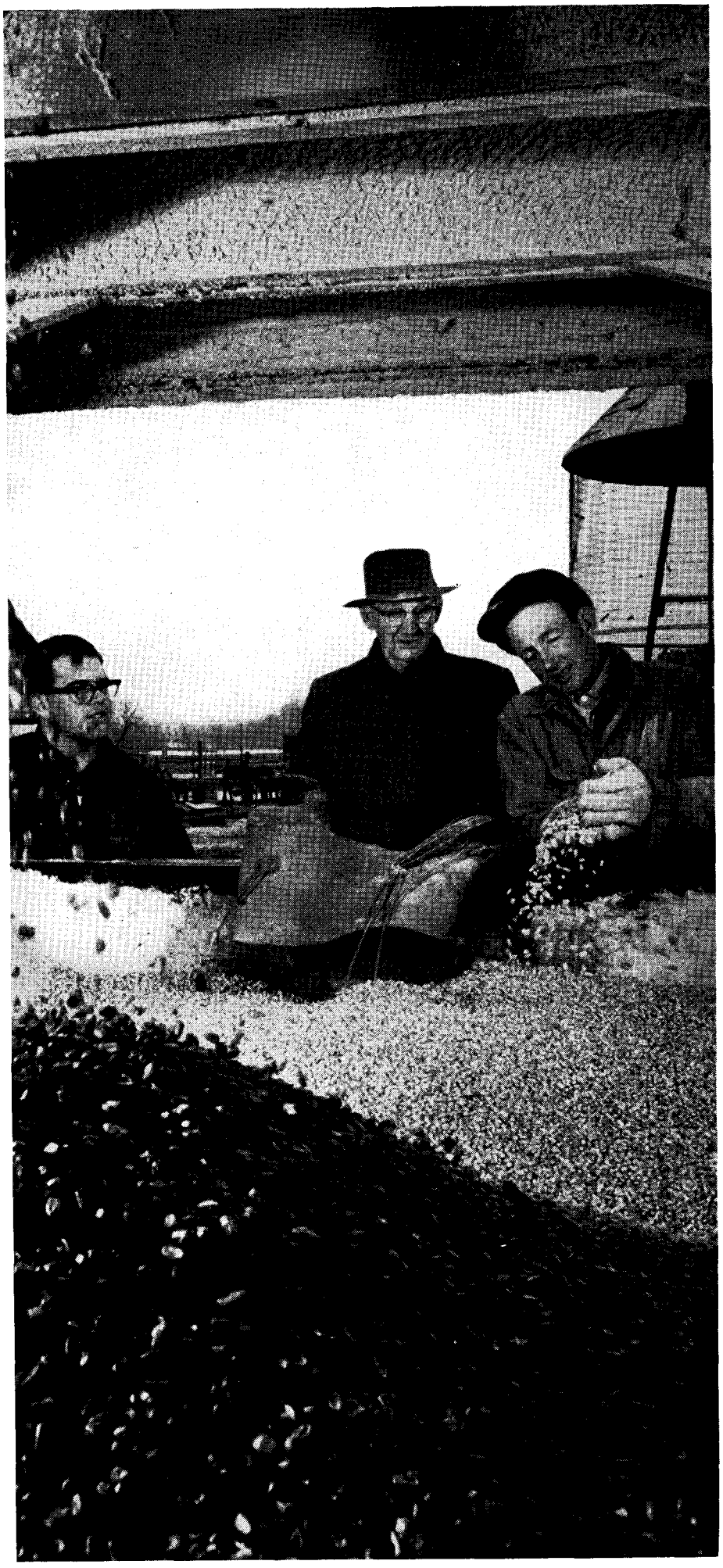

Bill, his grandfather William and his father Howard with the bounty of their harvest. On the feed mixer is a saddle they keep as a family memento. Bill's great-great-grandfather owned it when he settled the land in 1854.

HARVEST pressed with America's ability to produce missiles as they were with our ability to produce more than enough food with only 9 percent of our working force. But American agriculture had done much more than produce quantity; it has made strides in quality and diversity. American agriculture comes into the American home not only through the refrigerator, but also through the medicine cabinet, clothes closet and washing machine.

For example, mass production of penicillin was made possible by discoveries of agricultural scientists; dextran, a blood-plasma extender, is the result of agriculture research, as is a dissolving surgical sponge made from starch. Recent work in immunizing baby chicks against some forms of poultry cancer may aid in the fight against human cancer.

Agriculture's research system is constantly at work keeping farming and farm products up to date, meeting new needs. Recently the USDA tested a wheat wafer developed for stockpiling fallout shelters with ready food. Researchers have "redesigned" crops and livestock. Because the standard turkey was too big for many small families, USDA scientists developed the Beltsville turkey, a smaller, tastier bird with more white meat. Once-tall grain sorghums have been shortened for easy harvesting by combines; cows are being bred to give milk with less rather than more butterfat and more proteins and minerals, to suit modern diets. And sometimes devices coming from the agricultural laboratories find nonagricultural use, as did the aerosol bomb, originally developed to spray insecticides, but now also busy dispensing shaving lather, paint, and furniture polish.

Research—by commerce and industry, by our colleges and by the USDA—has done wonders for us. And some people, realizing this, have suggested that we can solve the "farm problem"—our surpluses—by a sort of research moratorium. "Let's stand still for a while," they say, "and stop trying to learn how to produce more." But this is a shortsighted, if not immoral, view. It denies the principles of innovation and change and searching for better ways to do things that have made America great; it suggests that we should let our agriculture become obsolete; it blindly ignores the need of other less fortunate peoples throughout the world, which our abundance is even now helping to meet; and it disregards the fact that increasing efficiency in farming is our insurance against future needs.

Suppose, for example, it takes you twenty minutes to read this article; by the time you finish it there will be about 111 more Americans to feed than when you began to read. Tomorrow at this time the nation's population will be about 8000 greater, for the United States is growing at the rate of another American every 10.8 seconds. As we are now, we know that our farms can feed us; we know that if all American farmers applied available research and technology to the same extent that the top 25 percent do, our food and fiber production could be doubled. The answer to the problem of oversupply is not to halt scientific progress, but to learn how to manage our immense capacity to produce.

In the foreseeable future, certainly in this decade, our farmers will be able to produce more than we can use or export. This is a fact that must be faced. Unless we can balance supply and demand, we will be plagued continuously with our surpluses, depressed farm prices and a level of farm income far below that of any other segment of our economy. In 1960 the median income of rural farm families was $2875, compared with $5911 for urban families.

I am frequently asked why this problem cannot solve itself. Why not withdraw price supports and other Government programs, and let the marketplace determine which farmers are fit to survive? This kind of reversion to economic jungle law appeals to people who are not prepared to face the realities of such a course. No fewer than four recent studies—two by great universities and two by committees of Congress—agree that the farmer, left to the mercies of the marketplace, would see the price of wheat drop nearly 50 percent, dairy products 17 percent, livestock 25 to 30 percent.

Under such a price squeeze, millions of farmers would be forced to quit. The impact on many small towns would be great. The whole national economy would suffer a heavy blow, for the farm population is a $40,000,000,000 consumer.

Most important of all, I doubt that the family farm, which forms the backbone of our amazingly successful agricultural system, could go through such an economic wringer and survive. It is important that it should survive—not as a nostalgic symbol, but because it is the most efficient unit of agricultural production anyone has yet devised.

The Howard Fugates of America are its family farmers—independent, alert, competent people, some with large farms, some with small ones, but all with the driving pride of personal achievement that has produced in this country the most efficient and productive agriculture the world has ever known. They are the repository of the finest social and cultural values of rural life, the bulwark supporting our towns and villages, a stronghold of individual enterprise in our nation.

I believe our mighty nation owes its farmers, in return for their investment, their skill, and their labor, not a guaranteed income, but a set of conditions under which they will have an opportunity to earn a fair income in freedom, without regimentation, through collective action which they themselves approve.

The most meaningful kind of freedom in the complicated and interdependent society of today is the freedom to cooperate with others, to share in decisions and choices made, to achieve desirable goals that cannot be achieved by independent individual action. Acting alone, the individual farmer cannot affect the market sufficiently to get prices that will give him a fair return. But farmers acting together, with the help of the Government, can affect the market by adjusting their total production to total demand.

There is nothing new or radically different in the idea that Government has a role to play in assuring farmers of the opportunity to make a fair return. Most of the industrial nations of the world—France, the United Kingdom, Canada, Germany, Belgium, Sweden and Italy, for example—assist their farmers through price support and similar programs. The problems of agriculture in an industrialized society are not peculiar to the U.S.A.

I want the glorious story of American agriculture to go on. I do not want to see the individual creativity of Will Fugate or his descendants, or of any other farmer in America, stifled by our failure to forge ahead. With 100 years of magnificent growth behind us, we have only just begun. THE END

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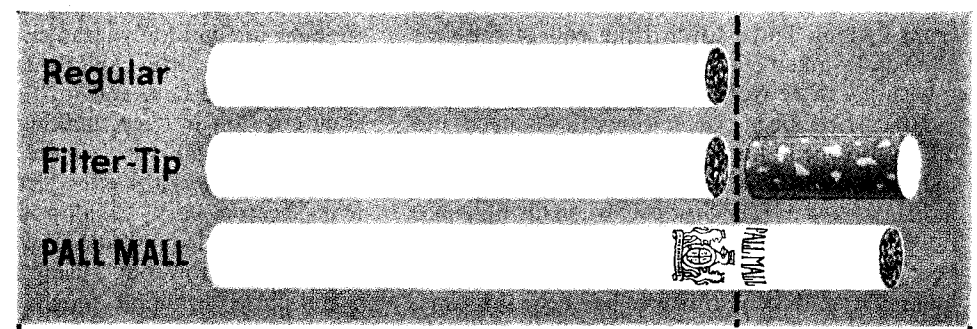

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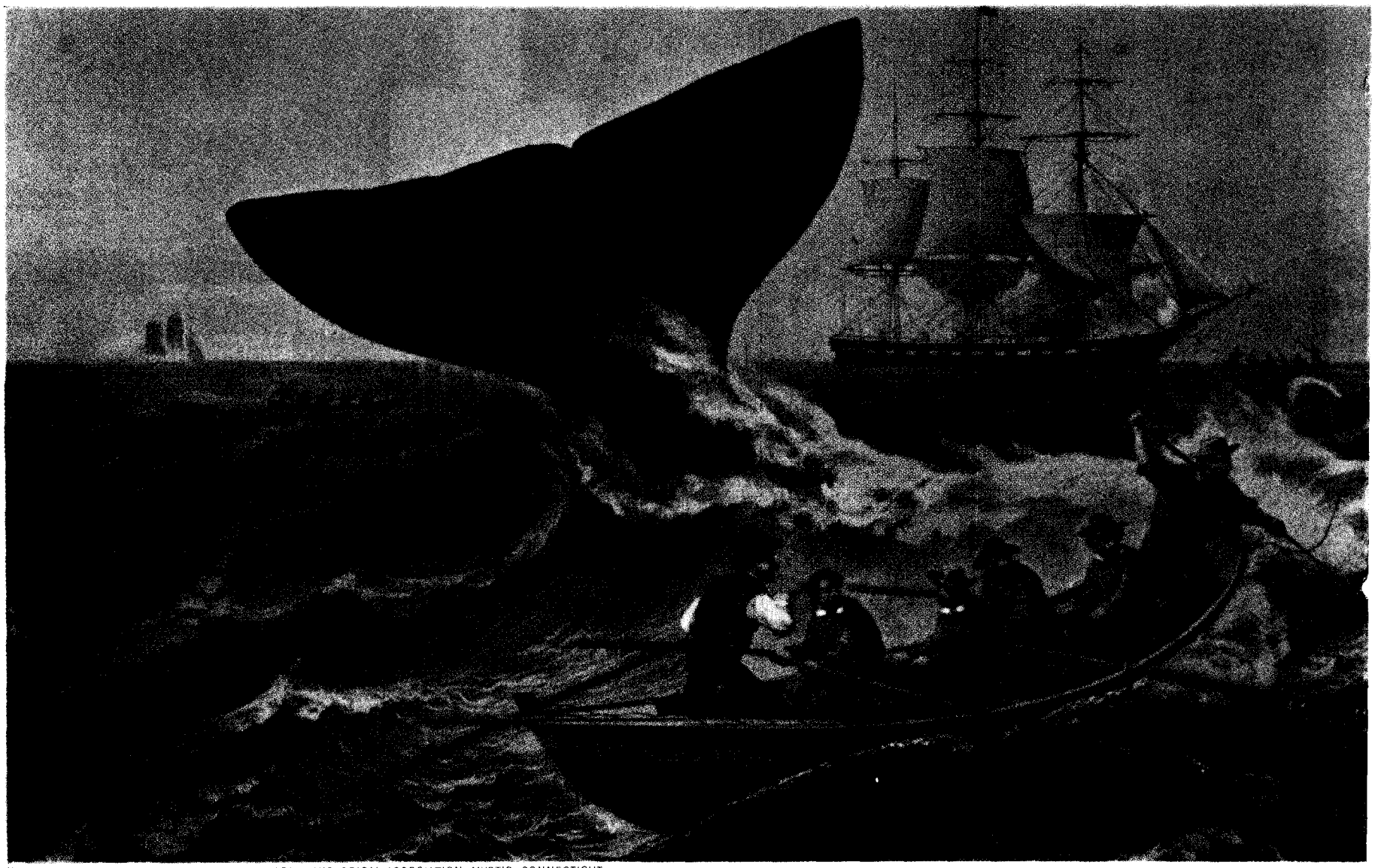

"THE CAPTURE," A LITHOGRAPH FROM THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

Headsman

BY OLAF RUHEN

A lusty tale of the relentless whaling men who pursued the great black Leviathans through the Pacific waters.

Young Bart Jagoe, whaling man, being sick and disgusted of setting his wits against crimping innkeepers and the riffraff of the wharves, being at the same time young and full of hope and confidence and minded to strike deep roots into this new country of Australia, set out from Sydney Town toward the end of the year 1839 and walked 300 miles in what he considered a leisurely three weeks.

He carried all his possessions in his pack and all his fortune in his dreams, and he carried them lightly and sang his way along the track. People at first looked at him curiously when his big voice lifted in a happy roar; for it was a hard, hard year, with no money about and no chance of making it; and the year before had been the same, and the year before that. And if they had only known, a good deal of his confident bearing was feigned; for he could see only a single chance, a slim one at that, of making the start of his fortune. But by and by he came to the end of authorized settlement and thereafter met only with rogues and adventurers for whom hard times were nothing much to contemplate. At 300 miles Bart Jagoe came to Twofold Bay and saw a thing he thought uncommonly strange.

There was a little cape thrust out between the ocean and the bay, and on the sheltered side a snug cove bit in deep, making a haven where a small navy might lie safe in the storms. About the cove a few rough shelters had been contrived from sheets of bark—small houses with chimneys roughly made from trunks of tree ferns, chimneys that smoked now, advertising occupancy.

But these he didn't watch, for his eyes were taken by the sight of high-crooked black fins cutting the water, a school of killer whales racing for the beach. There must have been a dozen of the brutes. For a moment it seemed they aimed to cast themselves in a mass suicide upon the sands, but just outside the point where changing color showed the sudden shallowing of the water they stopped and circled and then leaped high, clear of the water, flopping back upon the surface one by one with thunderclaps of noise.

From the huts beneath him the whaleman's cry went up, "A fall! A fall!"

And in an instant the deserted beach was patterned with movement; gangs of racing men emerged from the huts, some half-dressed, their clothes in their hands, all shouting, all urgent, as lively as any crews he'd seen jump-to aboard the whalers. The boats were ready, waiting, tied in the shallows, set to go. And in less time than a whaler could have luffed up and launched her chasers, their lines had been cast off, and they were away. Two boats were left upon the beach,

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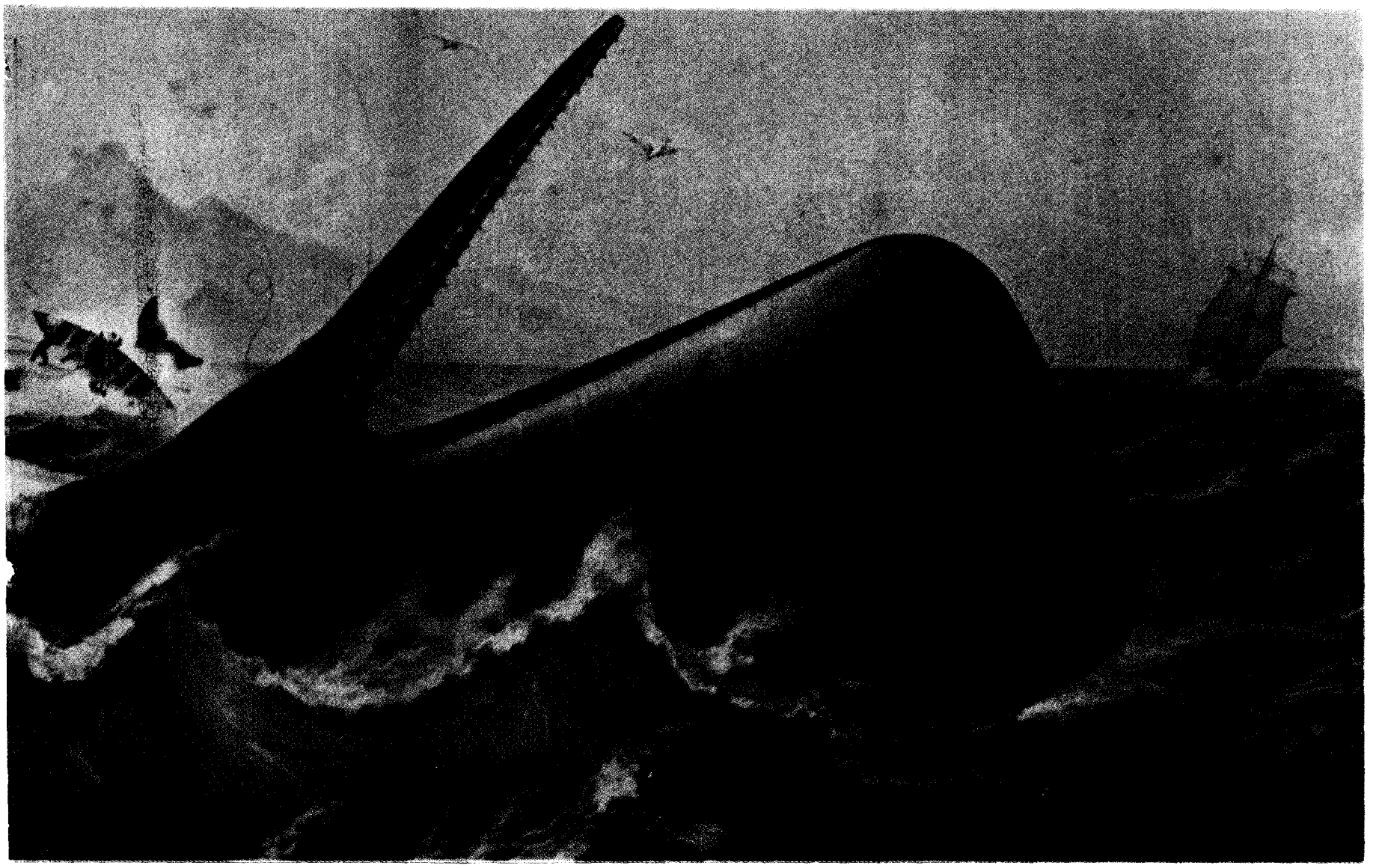

one upon a slipway of green logs, waiting for repair.

As though they had invited an attack deliberately, the killers now abandoned their leaping frolic and sped, in a very straight course, toward the harbor mouth; but not so fast they left the boats behind. They seemed to wait for them indeed, and Bart, his song silenced by his puzzlement, lifted his palm-tree hat and scratched his thick brown hair.

For killers were not legitimate prey for whaling men. Oh, they were nuisance enough at times when a true whale was in tow; ravaging great beasts, ripping and tearing at the carcass; monsters of rapacity, afraid of nothing in the sea, swallowing a sea bear in a couple of bites, snapping up whatever moved, more deadly than any sharks and not even contemptuous of the gay little penguins skipping along the surface.

But to chase these killers brought no profit. They were not worth the fire to boil them down. And it would be a chancy sport, he thought, even for men who chased the sperm.

He followed down the track toward the huts, noting as he did so that another small bevy of boats had now cleared a point farther down the harbor and were setting out in pursuit of the others. Small pickings here, he thought, when killers were a prize, and his heart sank a little, for a venture in bay whaling was his only chance at fortune.

But there were signs in plenty that the big whales had been taken in this bay. The appurtenances of a little industry, he saw now, were set against that part of the cliff which, from its nearness, had previously been out of his sight. A great tree had been mounted here for a mast and stayed and furnished with a gaff that hung over deep water where a whale could be cut in and flensed. There was a capstan behind the mast for lifting blubber blankets; and behind the capstan was a stand of iron try-pots, three pots, the first with a spillway into the second, the second spilling into the third and the ashes of fires beneath them all and the smell of whales hanging over them. A lively brain had worked out the details of this shore depot; the most exacting whaling master could not ask for more.

A shrunken little body of a man had now emerged from the largest hut and pushed a small dinghy into the water. He rowed around inspecting the moorings that had been so hurriedly abandoned, clearing each and setting it ready for a quick pickup when the whaling boats returned.

"Ahoy, there," Bart Jagoe called to him. He looked up, carried on until he had finished his task, rowed to shore and pulled the dinghy up on the sand, grunting an acknowledgment when Bart laid a hand to the other gunwale.

"You know where I can find the skipper?" Bart inquired.

"I do," said the old fellow and waited. His voice was curiously strong, stronger than his frame. He had a pistol stuck in a belt.

"I want to see him. Can he use a good headsman?"

"Bluenose, ain't it?" said the old fellow.

"That's it," Bart answered, unoffended. "From Halifax."

"Can you pull an oar?" the old man asked. He was the skipper, no doubt of that.

"Sure, I can pull an oar. That's how I got to be headsman, but I'm a headsman now."

"I got my headsmen," said the mite. "I got my headsmen and my harpooners. I got my crews full. And I'll bid you good day."

"Good day then, and good fishing," Bart said. "But tell me now. What are you doing laying rope to killers?"

The old man looked up quickly. His clawed hand grasped at Bart's thick elbow. "What did ye see, mate? What did ye see? Was there someone laid an iron on them slick beauties? A boat from round the point, maybe?"

"Why, no, old-timer."

"Then just as well. Them's my pretty sheep dogs, my pretty pied dogs. No one here will touch a killer, mate. Not in these parts." He patted the chased butt of his pistol.

"Dogs, you said?"

"Dogs. You see them come and call my men? My pretty pack of dogs."

Here was a mystery still, and Bart dropped it. "Well, you still need men."

"Today I don't. Tomorrow I might. What difference? I can take the black men from the bush to pull an oar. Aye, and to throw a harpoon. And, if need be, use a lance. Men as good as any and quick to learn."

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Headsman

"I'll leave you then."

There was another chance still, at that other base from which the boats had come around the point. In an hour he found it; another group of bark huts, another mast and derrick; other pots in series, ready for trying the blubber. But he didn't like the man he found here, a big giant of a man, his right arm ending in a hook. His name was Santow, and he dressed with some pretensions, in a frogged coat with brass buttons and a naval cap.

"Headsman, eh?" he asked, considering. He had pig's eyes, small, and ruddy-lashed, and he narrowed them now, looking at Bart Jagoe. "Tell you what I'll do. Can you use a firearm?"

"Better than some."

"I'll lend you one. Wait." He disappeared into a hut and returned with a fine slim weapon Bart could recognize.

"A Kentucky rifle!"

"She's a good'un."

"What d'ye want done with it?"

"You can lie up on the hill at the point and keep an eye on the water. Killers come in, you can get me one. You get me a killer and you can have a harpooner's job. Get me two, make them turn and run, and I'll make you headsman."

Bart was half-minded to take the task. But it puzzled him still. "What's this with killers?" he asked. "What do you get out of them? What use are they?"

"What use?" Santow burst into a stream of profanity. "I'd like to see them dead is all. Oh, there's some give them a good name. They'll keep a watch at sea and bring the boats to whales, dogging them for the sake of the titbits. But most of the time they're whales my lookouts would see anyhow. But there's the offer. Take the rifle or take your leave. And give me a quick answer."

"I'll take my leave," said Bart. Then he walked away in a fury with himself. What was a killer whale here or there? He'd lost the chance of a job, and all that was left was the long walk to Sydney and the long voyage at the end. It would take some thinking about. Though Santow was the wrong skipper, he was a little comforted when he passed the try-pots to note that whales had been worked here, but not many. There was no store of headed barrels, and the station had an unkempt look. Well, he'd come a long way to see the bay whaling; he'd hang around a little.

The harbor was deserted; no sign of boats or whales. He found a central point from which he could watch the entrance, took a line from his pack, baited the hook with the red flesh of a sea animal that lived on the rocks and threw it in. In seconds he felt an agitated tug. He had a two-pound scaled fish he did not know; it looked fine and healthy and was one of a school, as he could see from the companions that followed it briefly to the surface. He lighted a fire and grilled his catch, placing a silver coin in a slot he cut in the meat, for strange fish could be poison. The coin was untarnished when the fish was cooked; he pocketed it and ate his meal with high relish.

In midafternoon Santow's boats returned to the cove. He looked at them curiously; they were seven-oared both of them. The men rowed with no enthusiasm; the headsmen looked despondent where they stood by the steering oars.

It was near dark, and he had caught and roasted two crabs for his evening meal when another boat came into harbor. It was a five-oared boat, one from the first settlement he had seen; but it carried eight men, or eight that he could see. That was a riddle easy to read; the whale had turned on its pursuers, had smashed a boat and killed some crewmen. Bart thought about that for a while. He decided in the end that there was nothing he could do. After it grew dark he sat by his fire awhile, then rolled himself in his single blanket on a patch of white sand.

An hour or two later something woke him, and he sat up. A thick, burly man emerged from the trees, walked directly to the fire, squatted down and warmed his hands before he spoke.

"You the headsman?" he asked.

"Name of Jagoe," Bart said. "Bart Jagoe."

"Mine's Murphy. Cayley sent me. He wants you to come see him."

"Who's Cayley?"

"You spoke to him this morning. A little fellow."

"I'll come."

"Uh-huh. But if you're not a headsman, and a good'un, you might do better to get lost, or Cayley'll have your hide. And if he doesn't, I will. And I might anyhow. It's time I drew a headsman's lay."

There was a little silence. There was a dead man's job to fill; that was plain—and plain, too, that Murphy had had eyes on it.

"What happened this day?" Bart asked.

"Flukes. She breached. We lost a boat. The headsman was underneath her when her tail came down."

"A sperm?"

"No, a right whale only. But a big'un and a bad'un. Old Beaufort was quick with the lance—too quick. He tickled her—nowhere near the life, he was, but she like to have jumped out three fathom clear of the water and came down with Beaufort and the boat beneath the flukes. Me being at the starn, I was clear. She took off on the surface, harpoon and rope —— Oh, I'd laid it true. The killers held her, and the other boat came in and made fast to the line and killed. But she sunk. In shallow water. They buoyed the line, and we'll pick her up again."

"What's this, 'the killers held her'?"

"You'll see, mister. You'll see."

"You had a close call then?"

"That's twice, mister. Twice this season. Comes in threes, they say. Comes the third time, and you're the one to put me there I'll have your ears. But likely Cayley won't have aught to do with ye."

Murphy led the way back to the camp and preceded Bart into one of the huts. The old man he had seen in the morning sat there before a fire.

"Here's your headsman," Murphy said and immediately left.

"Name is?" Cayley asked.

"Bart Jagoe."

"Like he said, you're a headsman. You can use an adz?"

"Fair enough."

"There's a boat on the slip. The loggerhead wants refitting. You'll do it fast; we lost a boat today. You can

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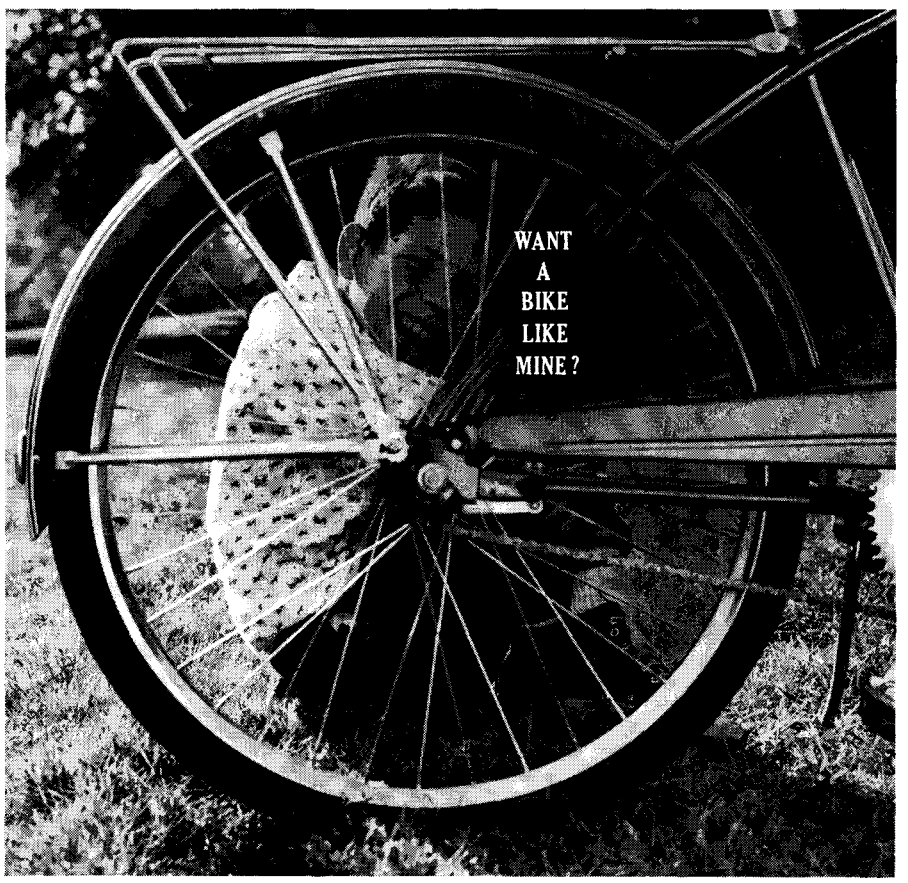

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Headsman

sleep here tonight. Murphy's your boat steerer. You might find him sore."

"Just a minute, cap'n. What's my lay?"

"A sixteenth."

"A twelfth. We're not at sea."

"A sixteenth till I see how good you are. You'll not be all year earning it."

"A sixteenth till the first whale," Bart said. "Then we'll talk."

In the sunny morning the life seemed good to him. He took charge of the repairs to the slipped boat and by noon had launched her, soaking in the new work. He found a rack of lances and made a careful selection of three, grinding their small ovate blades to razor sharpness on a stone not long cut from some local source.

After that he inspected the harpoon heads. They were the boat steerer's responsibility, but he was pleased to see that they had been ground to a finer edge than the lances, that the little slivers of stick that aligned the flanges to the shaft until the cast had struck home were dry and brittle, and that when they were removed the flanges swiveled at a touch. A pile of the disposable shafts nearby had each been smoothed with a drawknife and, when he tried them, their points fastened cleanly and immediately into the harpoon sockets.

He was still handling these when Murphy came up.

"Something wrong, maybe?" the boat steerer asked.

"'Deed no. Number one. First class."

Contemptuously Murphy picked up a lance Bart had just sharpened and tried the edge against his thumb. It was a silent admonition that Jagoe should mind his own business.

"They're better than Beaufort kept them," Bart said.

"Aye. They'd better be."

"What kind of a headsman was he?"

Murphy pursed his lips. "His new job will suit him better. Running dog, for Cayley."

"I mean the dead man. Beaufort died, didn't he?"

"I mean him too. You'll see. He'll head the killer pack when the next whale comes in. Aye. And Sandy'll be with him. And he'll be a sight more useful than he was. Good headsmen are hard to come by. I don't know when we'll see one."

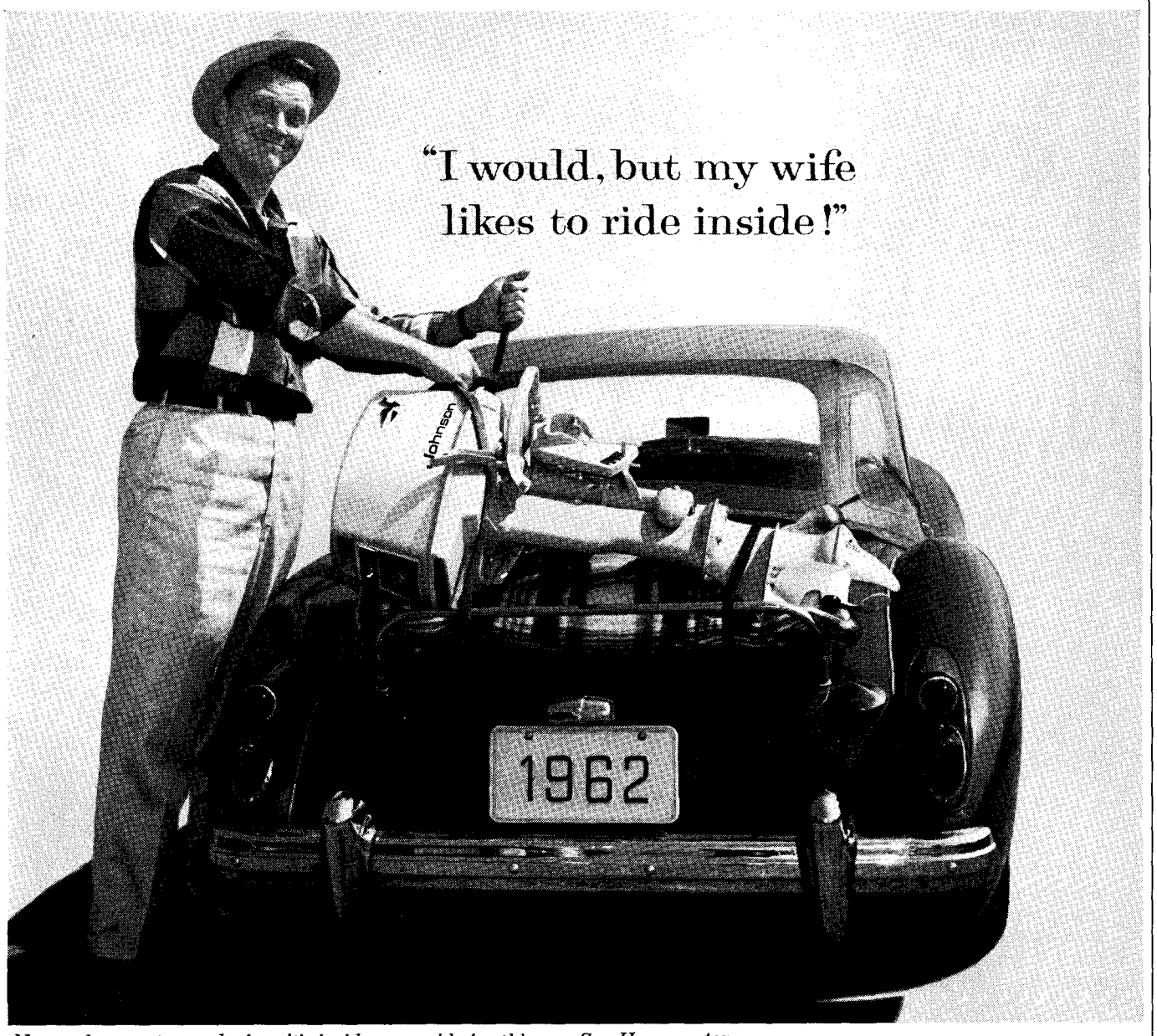
Bart let the remark go by, and Murphy turned away. But when he had a chance, Bart questioned the rest of the crew and found, without too much surprise, that all of them believed the same: A whaling man who lost his life at sea became a killer whale, following forever the chase of the big fellows, aiding the bay boats to the confounding of their quarry. Natives and Europeans alike, they all believed the same. Or all of them said they did.

They were a rough lot, these men. More than half of them were natives, dressed in assorted scraps of clothing that others had discarded. The remainder were sailormen ashore. Natives manned the cliff-top lookouts. Their capacity to see great distances was renowned but, though he had no evidence for it, Bart was inclined to attribute it to their powers of concentration. They stood or sat at their posts all day without movement, their eyes fixed always upon the horizons. Besides looking for new whales, they waited also for the sunken dead whale to rise from the sea bottom; after three days the line, buoyed and grappled to the rocks below, was still approximately in its original position.

Early in the morning of the fourth day the killers came again, racing into the shallows near the camp. This time they were observed before they began their acrobatic leaping. The cries went up from the beach: "She blows!" and "A fall! A fall!"

The crews tumbled very quickly into the boats. Bart ran through the shallows to leap to his post at the steering oar, while Murphy the boat steerer, who was also the harpooner, pulled the forward oar—his task until such time as he had an opportunity to make fast, if he could, to the whale. At that time he and Bart would change places, the headsman taking the more responsible position watching the tow and ready to lance the tired whale to its death.

It had been months since Bart had stood to at sea in the chase of the whale, and for a start he felt a thrill of pride in his new command, a pride tempered a little by the strangeness of setting out from the shore. Half a mile of line lay in the pickle tubs forward, a bight of it carried right aft round the loggerhead post at his feet, carried lightly over the oars of the rowers in its course both fore and aft. An ax



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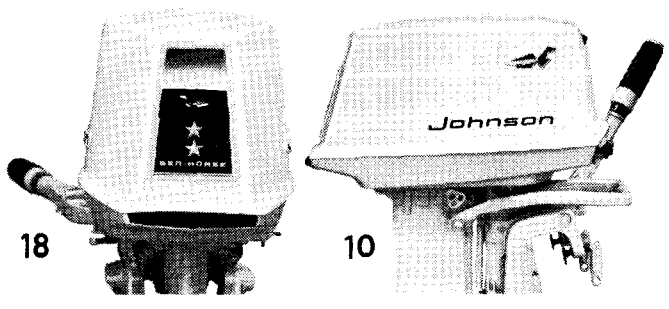

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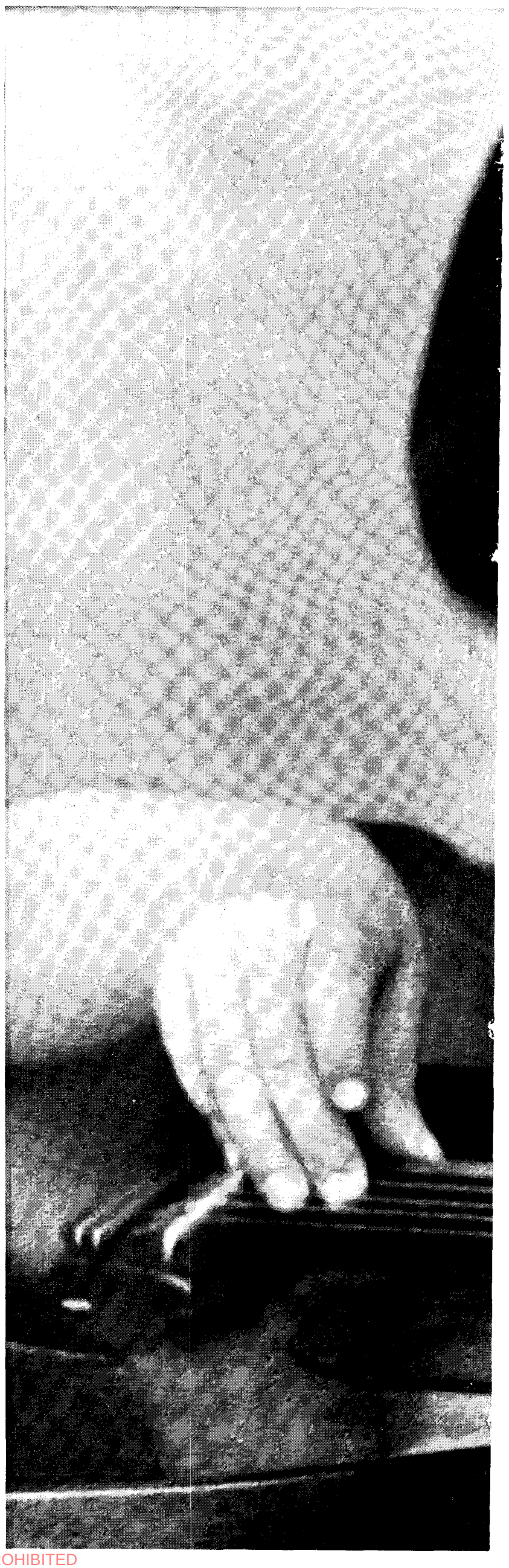

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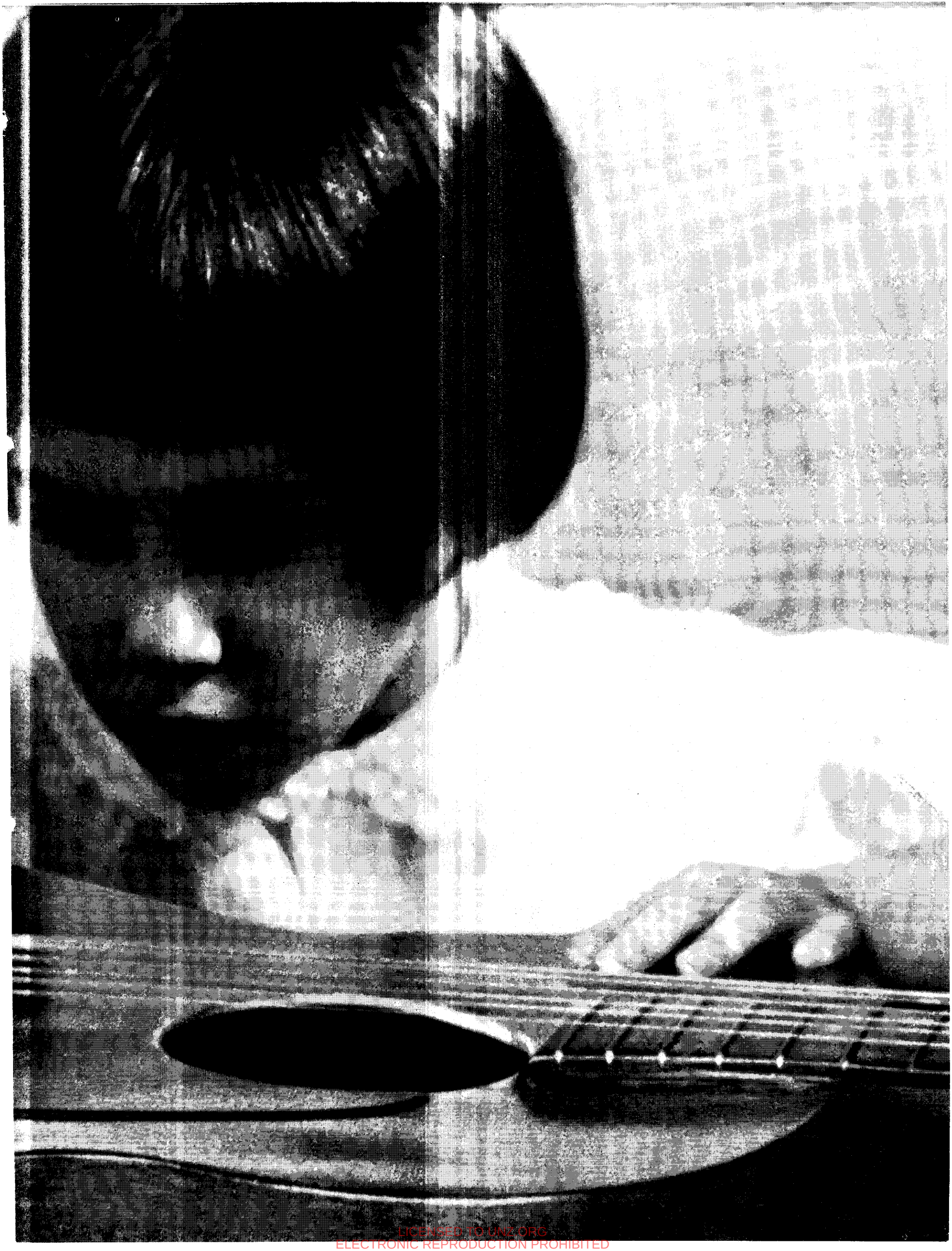

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In the May issue of

HOLIDAY

A journey through the

PACIFIC NORTH-WEST

Calvin Kentfield steeps himself in the scenic splendors of the Pacific Northwest to write a spirited report on one of the country's most varied regions.

Legendary Westchester County

Stephen Birmingham writes deftly on the grandeurs and snobberies of New York's fabulous suburb.

Pennsylvania Dutch Country

A shunpike tour through a wonderland of bounteous farms, luscious food and extraordinary people. You'll discover there really is such a dish as schnitz un gnepp.

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William Manchester adds detail and depth to his profile of our Chief Executive. Part II.

The mellowed charms of Siena . . .

An evening with pianist Vladimir Horowitz . . .

An intriguing man of the theater—Anthony Quinn . . .

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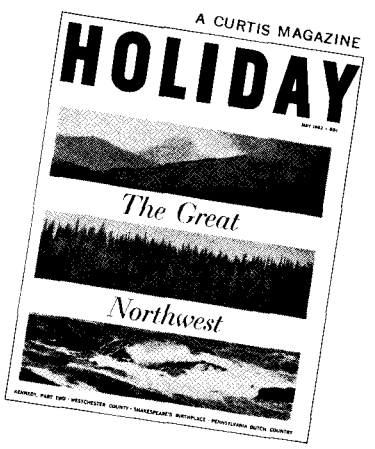

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Headsman

was socketed by the loggerhead, ready to cut the line loose in the worse kinds of emergency; another was stowed near the forward cleat through which the line would run. Two water scoops lay on the boards at his feet to damp down the heat of the line running round the wood. Three lances and three shafted harpoons were stowed forward; the whale line was already bent to the ring in the first of them.

The slim craft leaped through the water under the propulsion of the five oars. The killers raced ahead of them. There were more than a dozen this time, incredibly graceful and swift, each one longer and larger than his boat, jet-black and showing pale bellies when they leaped. His men were calling to them by name.

"Ah there, Beaufort," they cried. And, "How d'you like it, Sandy?"

They called, too, to other favorites. Jacob and Pincher and Shiner Green.

Cayley's other boat drew ahead of them, and Murphy began his traditional task of encouraging the crew. "Make her spin, blast you," he cried. "Lift her. Jump her. Pull along. Keep up with Beaufort there; he's got his eye on you."

From round the point the boats from Santow's station came on like galloping horses, like fish leaping through the waves. Seven oars here in each of them; there was small hope of keeping the lead. But the race wasn't always won by the swift in the whaling game. Nevertheless, the difference was too great for comfort. Murphy redoubled his urgings.

Bart laid a hand on the strokesman's oar, backing up strongly and adding his weight with his left hand while he continued to steer with his right. Their speed improved a trifle, but Santow's boats were coming like white horses under a squall, white bones in their teeth and whirlpools at the blade ends.

They were at the harbor mouth now; there were heavy seas running outside. He had to watch them too. "Give way in the lull!" he'd shout, or "Pull. Pull while she runs!"

A cable's length to sea the Santow boats overhauled them, two of them running neck and neck, a third tailing a little and far out to starboard.

Ahead they could see the whale. More truly, they could see the flurry of the whale's fight; for it was engaged with a herd of killers, and the dark bodies leaping sent a foaming and a splashing right up to where the cold moon still lay upon the daylight sky. Bart marveled at the tactics of the killers; their main body had engaged the whale, holding it in this place while scouts raced in for the boats. Killers had little chance of dispatching a whale; they knew that humans could and, too, that humans had no use for the tender edible parts.

The ocean here seemed full of shouting men. Bart Jagoe, more accustomed to a silent approach in the first stages of the chase, felt like protesting, but instead added his own great roaring voice to the confusion.

The Santow boats were almost upon the whale when it sounded and left them eased upon the water. From an instinct only slightly aided by his brief observation of the whale's position when it dived, Jagoe swung his craft hard out to starboard, farther toward the open sea; and after some hesitation, one of the Santow boats angled to cut his course. But turning was cumbersome in the larger boat; Jagoe gained a clear two cables' length in the maneuver. And luckily he had guessed right. He pulled well out and kept pulling. The whale came up ahead of him, no more than a quarter mile; a right whale, he thought, and a good one. Seven tuns, or eight maybe, unless she proved a dryskin.

The killers were there too, harrying and turning her, preventing her from getting her spoutings out; preventing her, that is, from getting her full and

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Headsman

necessary allowance of breathing and from replenishing the air she would carry through another dive.

The killers were heading her; they drove at her mouth and her head, evading the terrible tail and holding her to the advance of the boats. No wonder, Bart thought, that Cayley called them his sheep dogs. He came in, shouting, backing up on the stroke oar; but again the Santow boat made up its distance and cut ahead of him, deliberately crossing his bow within yards on a lifting humping sea where a touch could be disastrous. Some of the rowers slackened, fearing the crash, and Jagoe roared at them. And again the quarry dived.

This time he was sure of his direction, watching the dark mass, so close at hand, go beneath the water. With it went the most of the killers—there must have been forty of them. The first Santow boat was turning now; and he could see how much the killers advantaged Cayley's shorter craft. The five-oared boats had a turning circle almost half that of the others; the Santow men reduced this by backing water to one side or the other, but the process cost them weigh; and at every turn they slipped back. A long chase at sea would have shown their advantage; against the short turns the whale made, harried by the killers, the small boat was far the best.

Nevertheless, the Santow men were good, and they were determined. Their first boat was cutting in, the second close behind. The third was far out at sea; and Cayley's second was also a hopeless distance away. By the unchanging laws of the game the first boat whose harpoon held in the whale was its undisputed owner.

"She comes!" the bowman cried, and Murphy was taken unaware. He rose hurriedly from his oar, sliding it inboard as he did so and leaping for his harpoon. But the great black shadow of the whale rose at the side, and there was suddenly a great tail blotting out the eastern sky to the zenith and fountains of water falling away; and in a second Murphy was gone; he was not there; the tail had taken him. The boat shuddered, and a gaping stretch of the rail, touched lightly by the edge of the flukes, lay shattered just abaft the cleats.

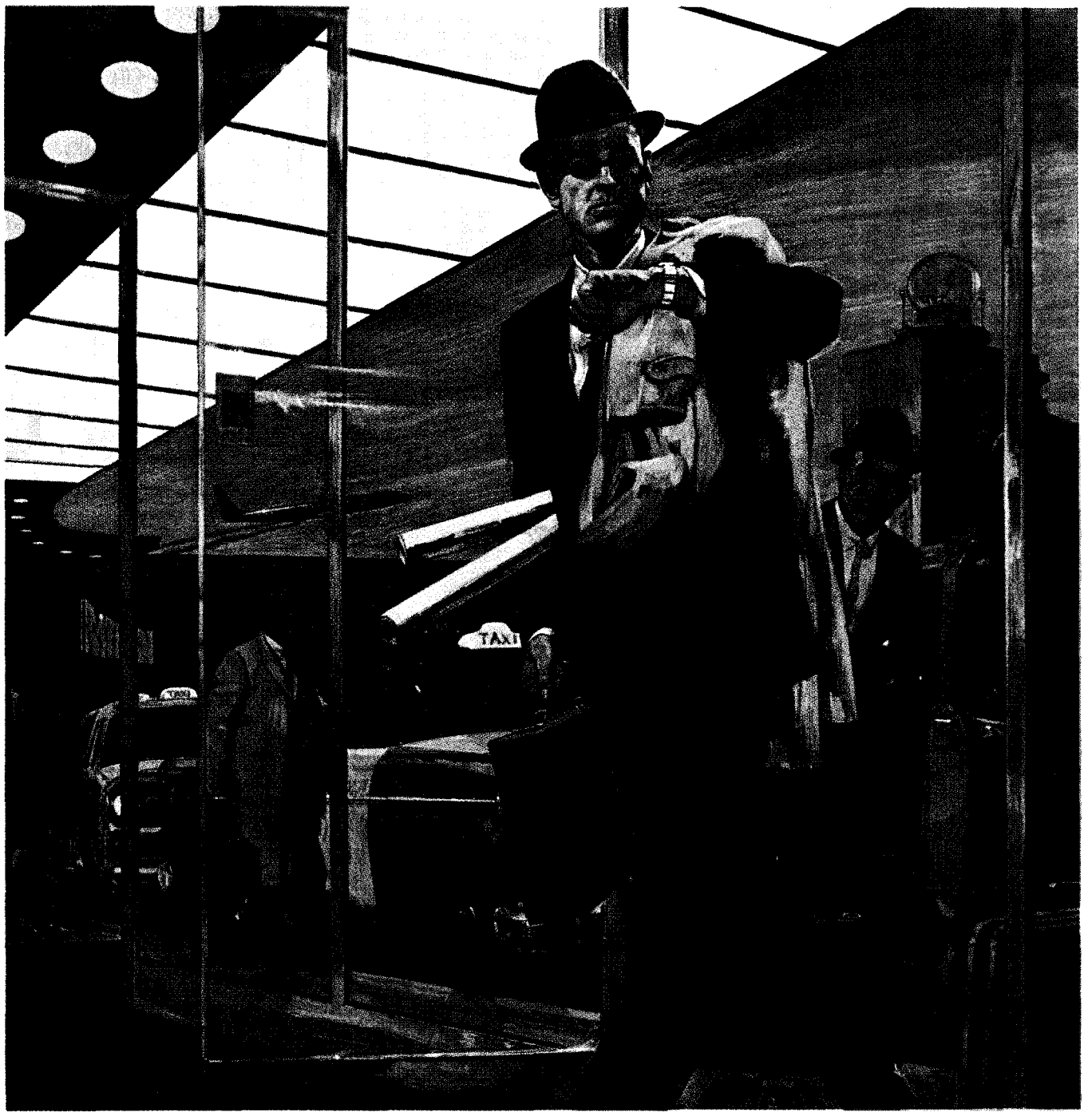
In that same instant the Santow boat cut in, angling down the side of a heavy roller toward the small of the whale's tail, driving in where Murphy had disappeared and clawing forward, cutting off Bart's boat. They did more than that; they crashed in over the oars; the Santow crew played a game that was rough indeed. It was their instant of victory, and they didn't seem to care whether it cost lives, so long as those lives were not their own. For the whale must surely linger now. If it did so only for seconds, only for the replenishment of its first lungful of air, the Santow harpoon would find its mark. Bart's chance seemed gone and, with his chance of the whale, all his chances of establishing himself.

A great resentment against Santow boiled up in him, and he shouted out loud, "I'll show you!"

He left the steering oar and leaped, actually running on the oars in the hands of his men, and went over the head of the bowman to seize the harpoon. The Santow boat was between him and his target, but he lifted that harpoon, thirty pounds and more of iron and hardwood, and lunged it like a javelin high in the air. It soared above the Santow boat and struck deep, sinking in the blubber to the ring on which the rope was bent, beating the Santow iron by seconds.

He fell as he cast, conscious as he went down that the tremendous black bulk of the whale was driving for the deeps, conscious of yells and shrieks from the Santow boat. In the next second he was jerked to his feet, his neck bleeding, his scalp ripped, flung upright by the racing line. The frightened faces of his crew looked up at him. They were fast to a running whale without a boat steerer. He shouted, and the strokesman jumped to the steering oar.

The tautened running line had snapped down over the bow of the Santow boat at a moment when it was poised in the maelstrom caused by the diving giant and thrown it upside down in the water. The surface was littered with its gear. The whale was going deep. In Bart's boat the line leaped from the pickle tubs and raced aft, made its turn of the loggerhead and raced as madly forward to the cleat. The oarsmen hugged the gunwales, letting the line skip centrally atop their oars. Stroke held the steering oar and struggled to reach the water scoop. Failing to do so, he



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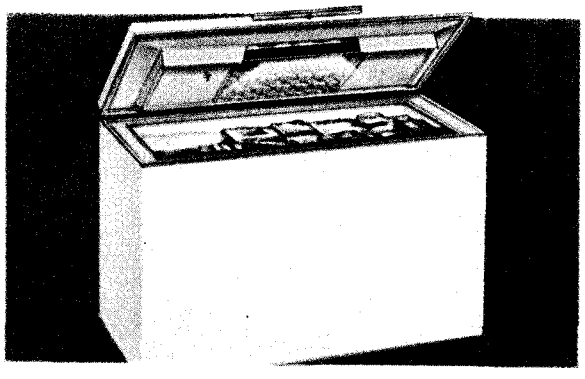

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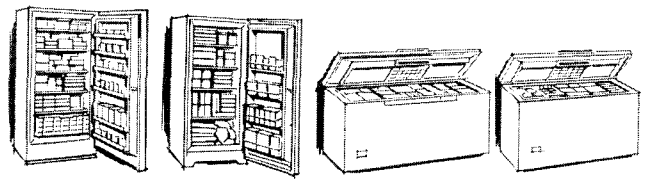

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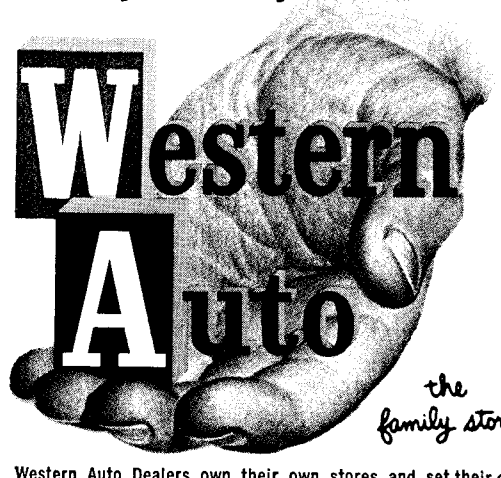

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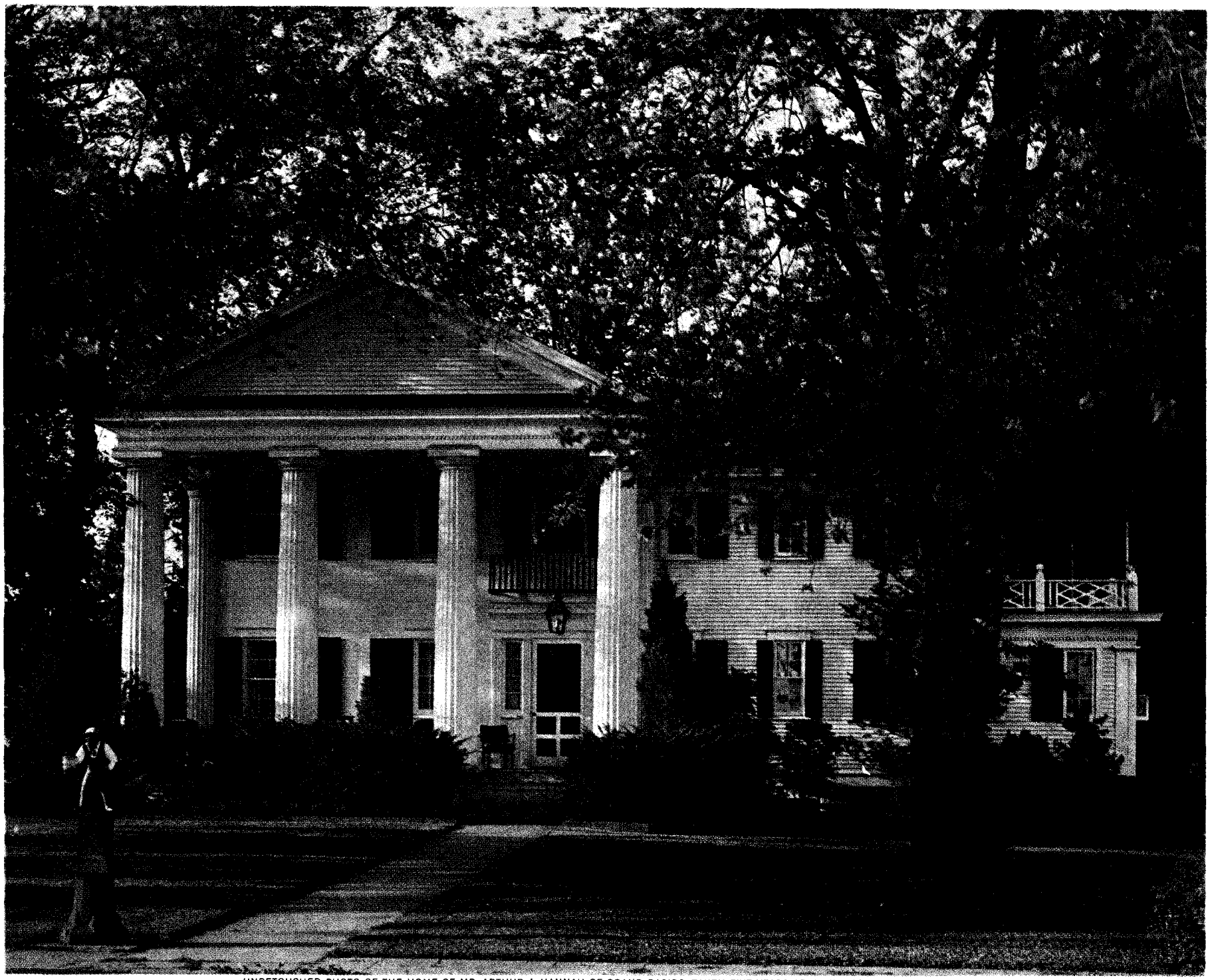

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Headsman

swept his hat overboard into the racing sea and spattered small dashes of water on the loggerhead, where smoke was already riding, thin and gray.

The second pickle tub was almost empty, and there were no boats within range to which to pass the line. Bart looked about him; they were following, but so far behind they could do him no good. They had not stopped to pick up Murphy—if he lived—nor the crew of the overturned boat. That was in the tradition; such casualties could look after themselves. But the assistance they could bring him would be too late. The whale was his to handle as he could.

The line slackened a little; somehow the second oar managed to cast another bight about the loggerhead, and the extra friction tightened the line. The gunwale dipped steeply now; the water lapped the smashed part, and his remaining oarsmen were busy bailing. And then, as suddenly as it had begun, the drag on the line stopped. The whale was coming up.

They hauled on the line. The bowman fed the increasing slack back into its exact pattern in the tubs and had one all but filled when the whale broke surface. It stayed only a moment and then raced off; but this time they were better organized. They were trim and tied in safe; and they settled down to the Nantucket sleigh ride. Five times they set out on a similar mad career; five times they lost rope and gained it again in the nick of time; and at the end of the fifth mad burst the whale stopped on the surface, struggling for breath, and they came up to it, hauling hand over hand upon the rope. A band of killers drove at its head still. They had never let up.

Bart hefted a lance and poised it; waited his moment and struck deep. They rode out the flurry while the fountaining blood colored the jetted watery breath. It was violent, but it lasted only a moment, for the searching lance had found the life.

"Buoy that line and cast it off," Bart ordered, and the crew looked at him blank, aghast at the thought. The whale was a good one and thick with blubber.

"We're going for Murphy," he explained.

They obeyed him less than half-heartedly, for it was an age when a man's life was of much less account than an oarsman's share of a seven-tun whale; but they did what he said. At the steering oar again he turned them on their tracks and put them to their best efforts. The Santow boat had been righted; the crew had recovered the wooden water scoops and were baling it out; two had already reentered it; and they were all safe. But beyond them was a circle of high black crooked fins cutting the water; a ring of killers cruised back and forth, and Bart's heart sank deeper than his boots. Nothing could live with killers; they were the fiercest animals in sea or on land; and at the sight of them, concentrated here in this place, he was minded to turn back to his whale, to make sure it was safe.

But then he looked closer and saw Murphy, lying flat on his back as on a bed, encircled by the black-pied monsters. They rowed through and hauled him aboard. Straightway he took his position in the bow.

"When I saw those fins I thought you dead," Bart said, but Murphy shook his head.

"Old Beaufort wouldn't have me," he dissented. "I gave him too much trouble when he was a headsman and walked on two legs. He just circled round and kept me safe; aye, and brought his mates to help him. But I was worried there. I thought for once he was going to let you lose the whale."

"It's safe," Bart said. "We have a line on it. It's safe."

"It better be," said Murphy. "A twentieth is mine."

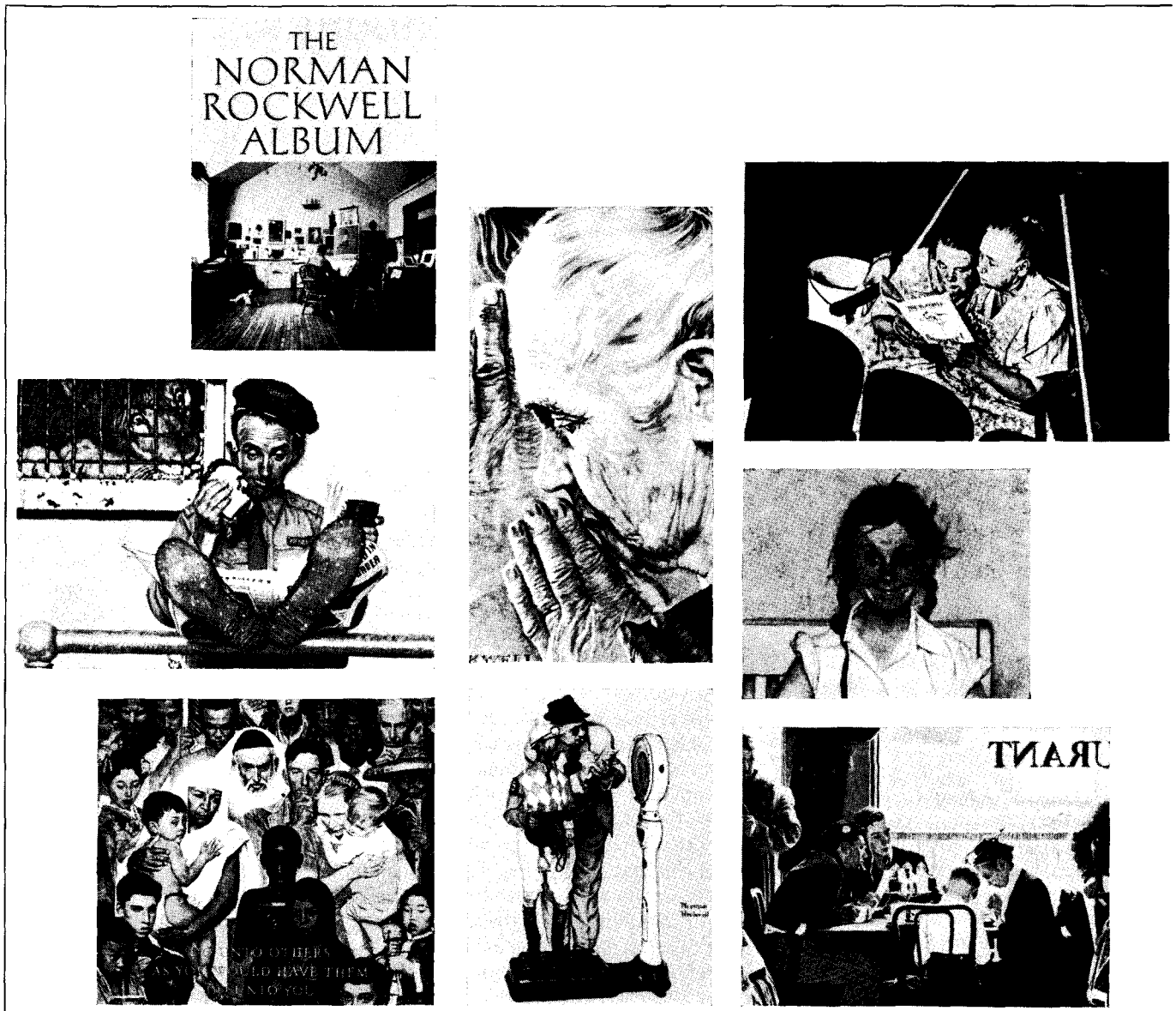
I'm going to get along all right with him, Bart thought. *I'm not going to have any trouble at all.*

It was a man's job, chasing the whale. It was strange how a man got along all right with men, following his business, making no concessions. It was strange, too, about the killers, the way they worked in concert with men, their alien allies in their war against the whales.

They rowed along and took up their line again and the Santow line, still dragging free from its harpoon, and they began the long trip home with the heavy tow of the carcass. The killers were all together again now and came along with them, tearing at the lips and tongue of the unprotesting victim.

"Old Beaufort's getting his share," said Murphy. "I guess he earned it."

THE END



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A Pulitzer-prize-winning writer examines the scientific facts behind the scare headlines and tells why we need not worry about . . .

THE NEUTRON BOMB

BY WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

You may read this article on the neutron bomb, by William L. Laurence, without risk of investigation by Federal agents. That was not the case with Laurence's first nuclear article in The Saturday Evening Post *of September 7, 1940.*

In that article Laurence pieced together bits of scientific information from the discovery of Uranium-235 to the then-recent technique of atom-splitting. The result was the first complete magazine report on the subject. Nearly five years before the atom bomb, Laurence innocently gave an outline of the terrifying potential of atomic energy. He accurately forecast that "one pound of pure U-235 would have the explosive power of 15,000 tons of TNT."

After Pearl Harbor, Army Intelligence impounded all available copies of the September 7, 1940, issue. Throughout the country, Federal agents requested librarians to list everyone who asked for that number of The Post. *Laurence had told too much too well.*

But the scoop so impressed authorities that they made Laurence virtually an "insider" in atomic development. He was the only journalist at the first actual test of an atomic bomb, in New Mexico July 16, 1945, and he flew with the mission that dropped the A-bomb on Nagasaki. His coverage won him the 1946 Pulitzer prize, his second such award.

He is an alumnus of Harvard, where he studied philosophy, not science. Born in Lithuania in 1888, he was naturalized in 1913 and served overseas with the U.S. Army in World War I.

Various scientists have been dubbed the "father of the A-bomb." Regardless of the bomb's paternity, William L. Laurence undoubtedly is the journalistic godfather of atomic energy.

THE EDITORS

People in the United States and everywhere else in the free world today are being frightened by the specter of a new doomsday weapon more terrible than any other, the neutron or N-bomb. It is described as a death-ray weapon which would kill human beings without damaging property. Unlike A-bombs and H-bombs with their massive devastation and pollution, the N-bomb in effect promises to make war pay off for the winner. It puts a bonus on aggression. That, at least, is the alarming warning sounded by those who fear it most.

After thorough study and investigation of the N-bomb, I can say with assurance that we need not worry about any such fantastic weapon now, nor enter a costly competition to create it. For that statement I may be criticized and assailed, but there is no denying the facts upon which it is based.

The N-bomb scare is founded upon some truths, but they are by no means the whole truth. At the present stage of world nuclear progress, it is scientifically unlikely that anybody can perfect an N-bomb for nearly half a century. And if they should, its military application is so limited that it would be as expensive and absurd as killing flies with a big-game rifle. Nor is it right to reach a quivering assumption that there can be no defense against an N-bomb. On the contrary, it is easier to guard against this theoretical weapon than against A-bombs or H-bombs.

Beginning of the N-Bomb Story

The first reverberating alarm over the N-bomb was sounded during the 1960 presidential election, but its story actually begins in June, 1957. At that time three eminent scientists from the Livermore Radiation Laboratory of the University of California—Dr. Edward Teller; the late Nobel laureate, Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence; and Dr. Mark M. Mills, who was killed soon afterward in a helicopter crash—appeared before a secret session of the Military Applications subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The scientists informed the lawmakers that, with further testing, they believed a small "clean" hydrogen bomb with virtually no radioactive fallout could be developed. The subcommittee was so impressed that it arranged for the scientists to tell President Eisenhower about it.

The small "clean" H-bomb was, of course, far from identical with a neutron, or N-bomb, in several respects. While the H-bomb releases relatively large quantities of neutrons, it also produces enormous blast and heat effects. Its fusion of 600 grams of tritium (hydrogen 3) and 400 grams of deuterium (hydrogen 2) produces an explosion equivalent to 80,000 tons of TNT—four times the power of World War II A-bombs used over Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Further, the small H-bomb, fusing a total of only 2.2 pounds of the heavy hydrogens, blasts and burns considerably farther than the range of the neutrons it releases, so that effectiveness of the neutrons would be lost in its general destruction.

However—and here is the start of the N-bomb concept—the range of the neutrons from any given source is independent of the quantity of hydrogen fused. Thus it becomes possible by decreasing the quantity of hydrogen to design a bomb whose neutrons would range farther than the blast and heat effects. In other words, the neutrons would serve as death-rays emanating from a minimized fusion.

Little was heard about the neutron bomb until the 1960 election. Then, while laboratory studies continued at Livermore and at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico, the subject was brought into the open by the late Thomas E. Murray, then consultant to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and a former member of the Atomic Energy Commission. Murray wrote open letters to both presidential candidates, Vice President Richard Nixon and U.S. Senator John F. Kennedy. For security reasons, Murray did not mention the N-bomb by name. But he did warn the two candidates that this nation's two-year moratorium on nuclear testing prevented the United States from being first to develop "a radically new type of weapon, a 'third-generation' weapon as radically different from the H-bomb as the H-bomb was from the Hiroshima-type A-bomb."

Scientists Criticize Alarmists

This unnamed new weapon, Murray wrote, "will not be a larger and more efficient H-bomb, nor a smaller and more efficient A-bomb. It is primarily antipersonnel in destination and effect. Hence it is apt for properly military uses. It lends itself to a new type of nuclear strategy that would be more narrowly military in character. And it need not create suicidal hazards for the country that employs it. Therefore, a moral argument for the use of the new weapon is possible, as is generally not possible in the case of the immense weapons of sheer mass-destruction."

Murray took for granted that the Soviet Union was "actively developing" a neutron bomb in secrecy, and warned that if the Soviets perfected it first, "our present symbol of strength, the old H-bomb, becomes a symbol

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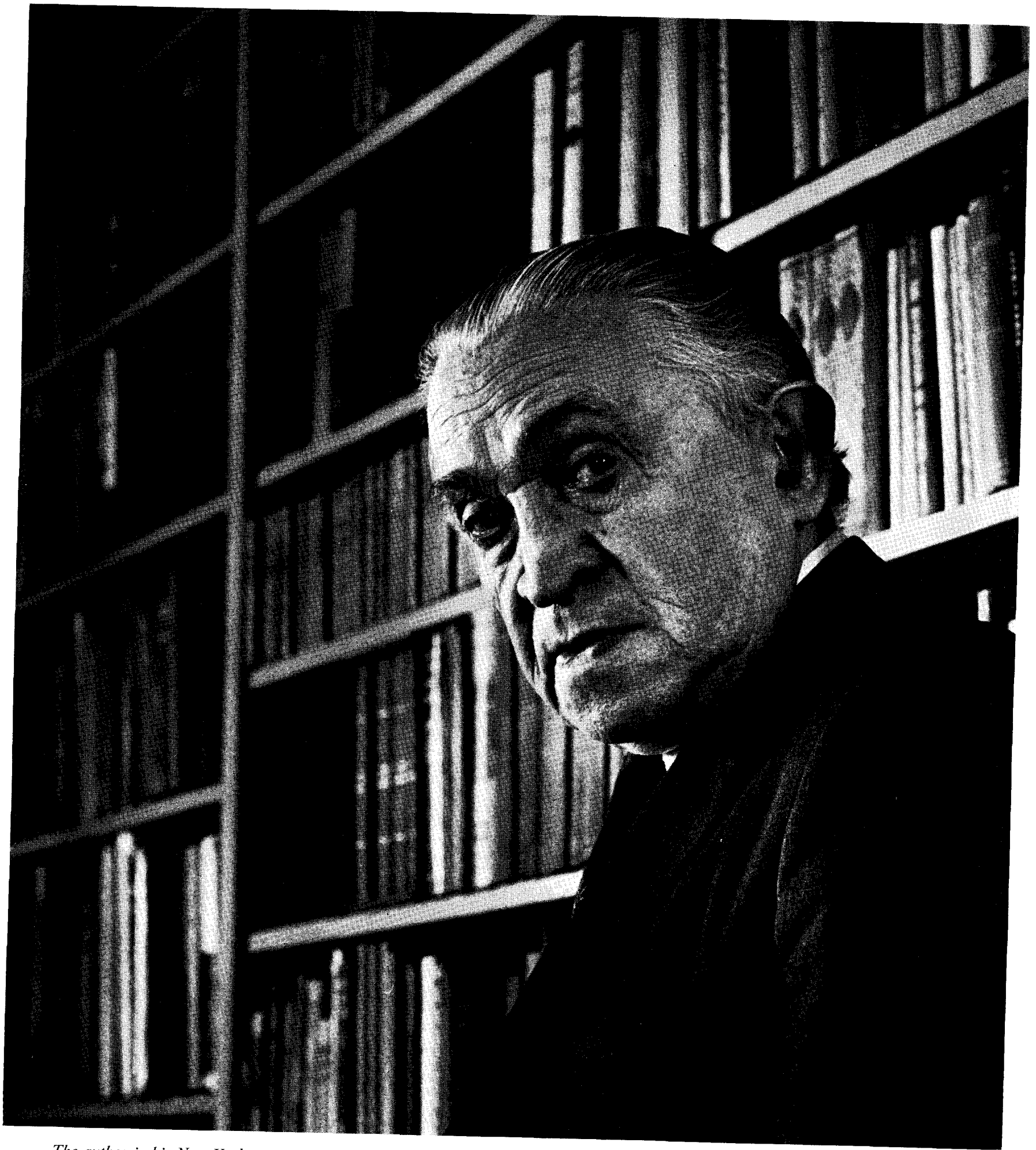

The author in his New York apartment. The N-bomb, he says, is simply a disturbing nightmare, both improbable and impracticable.

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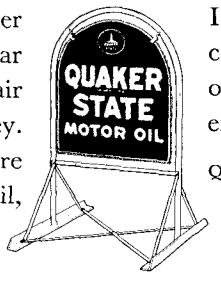

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"An N-bomb is unlikely in this century."

of weakness and inferiority. . . . Nuclear blackmail assumes a new meaning. . . ." Murray concluded that all this was "not science fiction," but "the sober calculation of men who know what the next step in nuclear technology will be."

Almost immediately four of the nation's top nuclear scientists strongly disagreed with Murray's views. They were outspoken. Dr. David R. Inglis, senior physicist of the AEC's Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, termed Murray's description of the neutron bomb "fantastically exaggerated." Prof. I. I. Rabi, Nobel-prize-winning Columbia University physicist and member of the President's Science Advisory Committee, said bluntly, "Mr. Murray doesn't know much about atomic physics and is technically not qualified to discuss such questions." Dr. Hans A. Bethe, Cornell University physicist and one of the world's leading authorities on nuclear fusion, called the neutron bomb "a gleam in the eye" of certain scientists and added that "in the remote possibility" that it could be made, it would prove "extremely clumsy and much bigger than the weapons we now have." Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, director of electronics research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and now President Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, termed the Murray statement "irresponsible."

Believable Facts About the Bomb

Notwithstanding these public views of top scientists with an intimate knowledge of neutron secrets, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, of Connecticut, asserted on the floor of the Senate last June (1961) that "we are in mortal peril" from the N-bomb. "It can be built," he asserted. "At that point, we might find ourselves confronted with the terrible choice between surrender and all-out thermonuclear war. . . . I doubt there is a single nuclear physicist of repute who would challenge the neutron bomb from the standpoint of feasibility."

In an article on the neutron bomb published last July, the Connecticut senator asserted that "it is no exaggeration to say that if the Soviets were to get it first, it might very well cost us our freedom." He repeated Murray's argument that atomic and hydrogen bombs would not be deterrents against a neutron bomb, because we would hesitate to use such devastating weapons, over allied nations especially.

To get to the heart of the matter—what we can believe about the neutron bomb—it will be useful to explain the weapon. The neutron bomb, in theory, is a hydrogen bomb with a revolutionary difference in its mechanism.

The hydrogen bomb is exploded by a fission-bomb trigger which creates the 100,000,000-degree heat required to fuse the nuclei of hydrogen atoms. As it is a blast-and-heat bomb accompanied by fallout, use of a fission-bomb, or "hot" trigger, does not matter tactically.

A successful neutron bomb, by contrast, must fuse its hydrogen without a fission-bomb trigger—certainly without great heat intensity—if it is to function effectively. Otherwise its blast, heat and fallout may outdo the "clean killing" effect of its neutrons.

Yet nature has decreed that fusion, or thermonuclear reaction, can occur only at a temperature of many millions of degrees—and nobody knows now how to create such a temperature without the explosion of a fission bomb.

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In short, the very thing needed to explode a neutron bomb would nullify its military effectiveness.

There is, as it happens, another possible technique for firing a neutron bomb. It, too, is in the far-off future as nearly as anyone can see and say.

The Atomic Energy Commission has been engaged for several years in a multimillion-dollar program, Project Sherwood, aimed at harnessing thermonuclear reaction as a source of industrial power. Its objective is to use the heavy hydrogen in the oceans, which constitutes an inexhaustible fuel great enough to serve all humanity's needs for more than a billion years.

Project Sherwood seeks to bring about the fusion of hydrogen without fission bombs by means of a fantastic device. The scientists who dreamed up this device named it the "magnetic bottle." Actually, it is a bottle only insofar as it holds or contains hydrogen elements.

The "bottles" actually consist of immensely powerful magnetic lines of force, machine-created, which surround the hydrogen gas after it is broken up into its constituent elementary particles—negatively charged electrons and positively charged protons. This disassociated form of hydrogen gas, known as plasma, can be heated to enormous temperatures by feeding into it huge quantities of electric current—*provided* the magnetic lines contain the plasma long enough for fusion to take place.

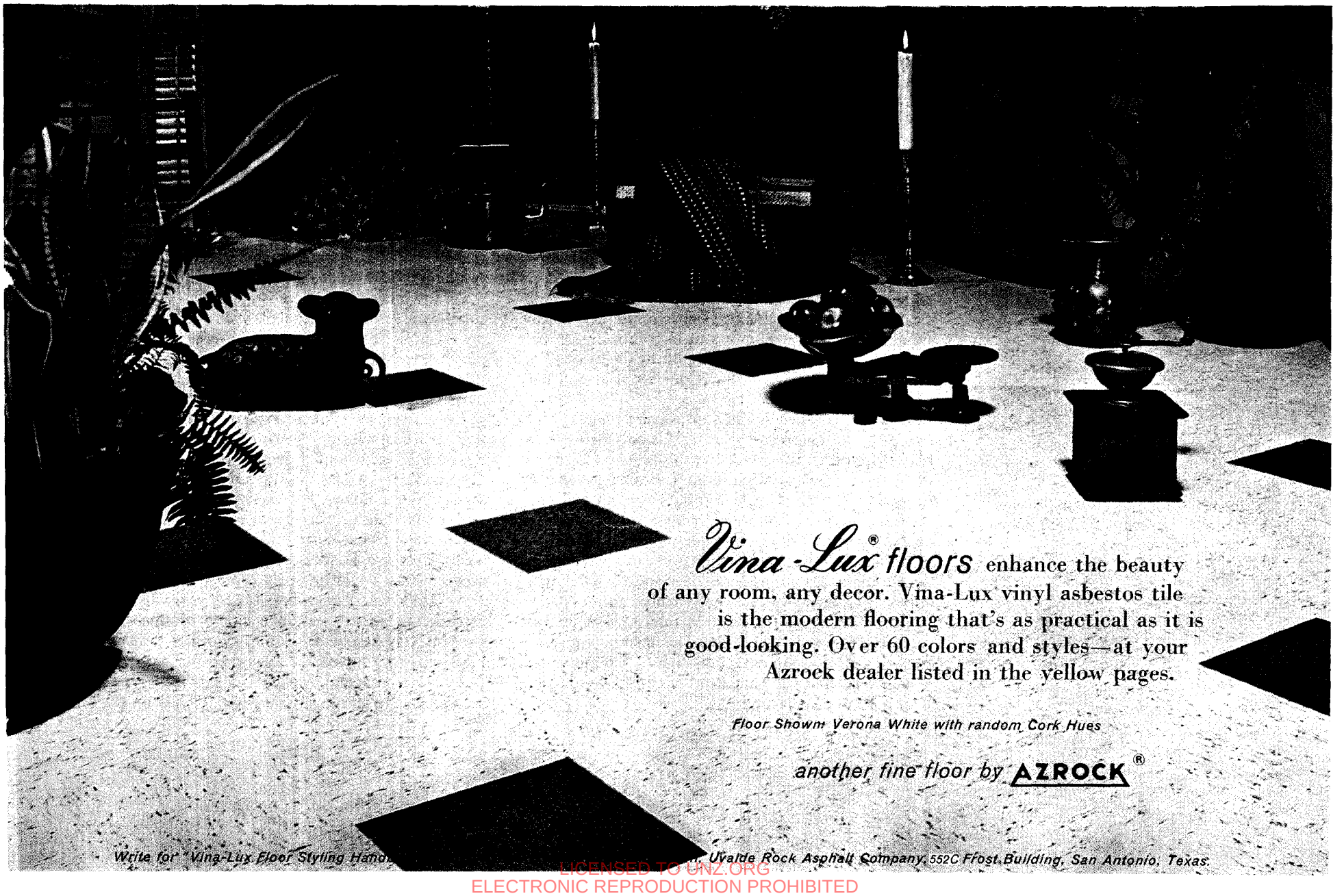
The Magnetic-Bottle Problem

So far, however, science has failed to create an efficient magnetic bottle. Many types and descriptions of bottles have been tested, by Britain and Russia as well as the United States, but all have "holes" through which the plasma leaks out before it can be fused. This obstacle to the fusing of hydrogen without fission bombs appears so formidable that no less an authority than Doctor Teller told me that he did not expect a leakproof magnetic bottle to be developed before the end of the century. Nor, for that matter, does anyone actually know whether such fusion without fission ever will be possible.

Furthermore, the use of a magnetic bottle in any form of war projectile appears totally impracticable, certainly on the basis of our present progress and concept. Even assuming that a leakproof bottle is finally developed, such a device requires tremendously powerful magnets weighing scores of tons, activated by gigantic machines for generating electric power. For example, a magnetic bottle known as the stellarator, now being built at Princeton University as part of the project for producing power from the fusion of hydrogen, weighs about 100 tons. And that is a relatively small machine for experimental purposes only. Even magnets built with so-called superconductors, which are now mere laboratory toys, would weigh many tons. Any war bomb embodying them would prove, as Doctor Bethe said, "extremely clumsy and much bigger than the weapons we now have," and, as he added, it "would not have a great advantage over the old-fashioned fission bomb, of which we have thousands."

Even assuming that an unforeseen breakthrough made it possible to build a magnetic bottle of moderate weight, it still would not make the neutron bomb the doomsday weapon that its proponents visualize. For it is entirely wrong to assume that no defense could be devised against the neutron bomb. Neutrons, no matter how high their energy, can be absorbed and made harmless by five feet of superconcrete, ten feet of earth,

"The lethal range is little more than a mile."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NOTE—Foot Specialists: Write for summary of laboratory research on effectiveness against *embedded fungi*. Address: Medical Director, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

"It is not the doomsday weapon, for it is entirely wrong to assume that no defense could be devised."

or twenty feet of water. Or they can be slowed down by a layer of graphite and then absorbed by another layer of cadmium and boron. In this manner, protection can be afforded to human beings, buildings and military equipment. It can be done, in fact, far more easily than we can protect them against the wider-ranging blast and fire of A-bombs and H-bombs.

Actually, even if the neutron bomb could be compressed into a projectile, coaxed to fuse with death-ray effects and could be delivered on totally unprotected targets, it still by its very nature would have an extremely limited scope compared with existing fission bombs. The range of even the most energetic neutrons, irrespective of number, is limited to a maximum radius of just a little more than one mile.

In truth, the neutrons that the alarmists talk about bear only a slight resemblance to neutrons as they exist in nature. Let us look at the facts:

How the Neutron Breaks Through

The nuclei of almost all the atoms in the universe are made up of two fundamental particles. One, the proton, nucleus of the hydrogen atom, carries positive electricity equal but opposite to the charge of negative electricity carried by the electron, which revolves around the nucleus like a planet around the sun. The second particle, the neutron, like the proton, amounts to one mass unit on the atomic scale—*but carries no electric charge.* The fact that it is electrically neutral enables the neutron to penetrate all matter, both living and nonliving. If the same thing were attempted with the proton, which is positively charged, it would be violently repelled by the positively charged protons in the atomic nucleus under the universal law that like charges repel each other. But the neutron, being electrically neutral, can pass through both the negative outer shell of electrons and the positive inner shell of protons and pierce the nuclei of atoms. It is this ability of the neutron that has made possible the harnessing of atomic energy for war and peace.

The discovery of nuclear fission in December, 1938, first made it possible to liberate neutrons in quantities large enough to create atomic explosives as well as nuclear reactors for producing electric power and driving submarines. Both A-bombs and H-bombs derive their explosiveness through atom-splitting neutrons, although their destructiveness is due to blast and heat rather than neutron effects.

Neutrons can be obtained on a large scale by only two possible methods, fission or fusion. Fission consists of splitting the light variety of uranium (U-235) or the man-made element plutonium. Fusion is achieved by a combination of nuclei of double-weight hydrogen of atomic mass 2 (deuterium) or by fusing the nuclei of deuterium with those of triple-weight hydrogen of atomic mass 3 (tritium). The quantity of neutrons that can be obtained from any one of these sources is definitely limited by a law of nature that science cannot change.

Fusion of one gram, or 1/28 ounce, of deuterium yields just ⅛ gram of neutrons. The most potent fusion known of a gram mixture consisting of 400 milligrams of deuterium and 600 milligrams of tritium would yield ⅛ of a gram of neutrons.

Small though these yields may seem, they are fantastically deadly within their scope. The ⅛ gram obtainable from fusing one gram of deuterium can give off enough radiation to kill 100,000,000 people. The ⅕ gram from the fusion of one gram of deuterium and tritium can radiate death to 760,000,000 people—four times the population of the United States.

But—here is the catch. The dose that could be lethal to 100,000,000 people can travel for a radius of only one kilometer, or about 3300 feet. And where can an aggressor find that many people—or any number remotely approaching it—in so small a space? The bigger dose, potentially deadly to 760,000,000, has a maximum radius of two kilometers, or a mile and a quarter. Again, where would it be useful as a personnel weapon?

It was an imperfect grasp of the most ominous figures and facts—apparently without any realization of the severe limitations and technical obstacles—that led to the alarms sounded by Murray, Dodd and others who have asserted that the neutron bomb is a doomsday weapon which the United States, in self-defense, should hasten to manufacture at any cost.

Actually, as a calm survey of the full facts shows, it would be sheer nonsense to rush into a multibillion-dollar crash program to develop a neutron bomb. Also, it is equally silly to use the neutron bomb as a reason for resuming atomic tests in the atmosphere for, so far as the neutron bomb is concerned, there is nothing now, and there may never be anything, to test. The Kremlin already has manufactured propaganda from the test situation with a statement drawing "special attention of the peoples of the world to the fact that now in the United States there is much ado about projects for developing a neutron bomb, such a bomb which would kill everything living but at the same time would not destroy material things. Only aggressors dreaming of plunder, of capturing foreign lands and foreign property, can mobilize the efforts of scientists for the development of such weapons." Well, we can cancel out that kind of propaganda simply by recognizing that the N-bomb is both improbable and impracticable.

On the other hand, there is good reason to continue small-scale atomic experiments such as those now going on. They are bound to provide useful knowledge applicable to the development of improved hydrogen weapons as well as to leakproof magnetic bottles for harnessing hydrogen as a source of power for better peaceful living everywhere. And in the remote possibility that a neutron bomb becomes feasible, as a nuclear weapon of very limited scope, its possession by the United States would counterbalance any such possession by the Soviet. For even at its best the neutron bomb would serve only as an added weapon in psychological warfare. If perfected, it could kill only within a tiny area, and all such areas vital enough to warrant attack with it could be easily protected.

As far as Americans and mankind generally are concerned, the neutron bomb is not a deadlier nuclear weapon. It is simply, because of alarmists, a disturbing nightmare in the course of other nuclear progress which, with peaceful application, may well lead to a brighter and fuller future for all humanity. THE END

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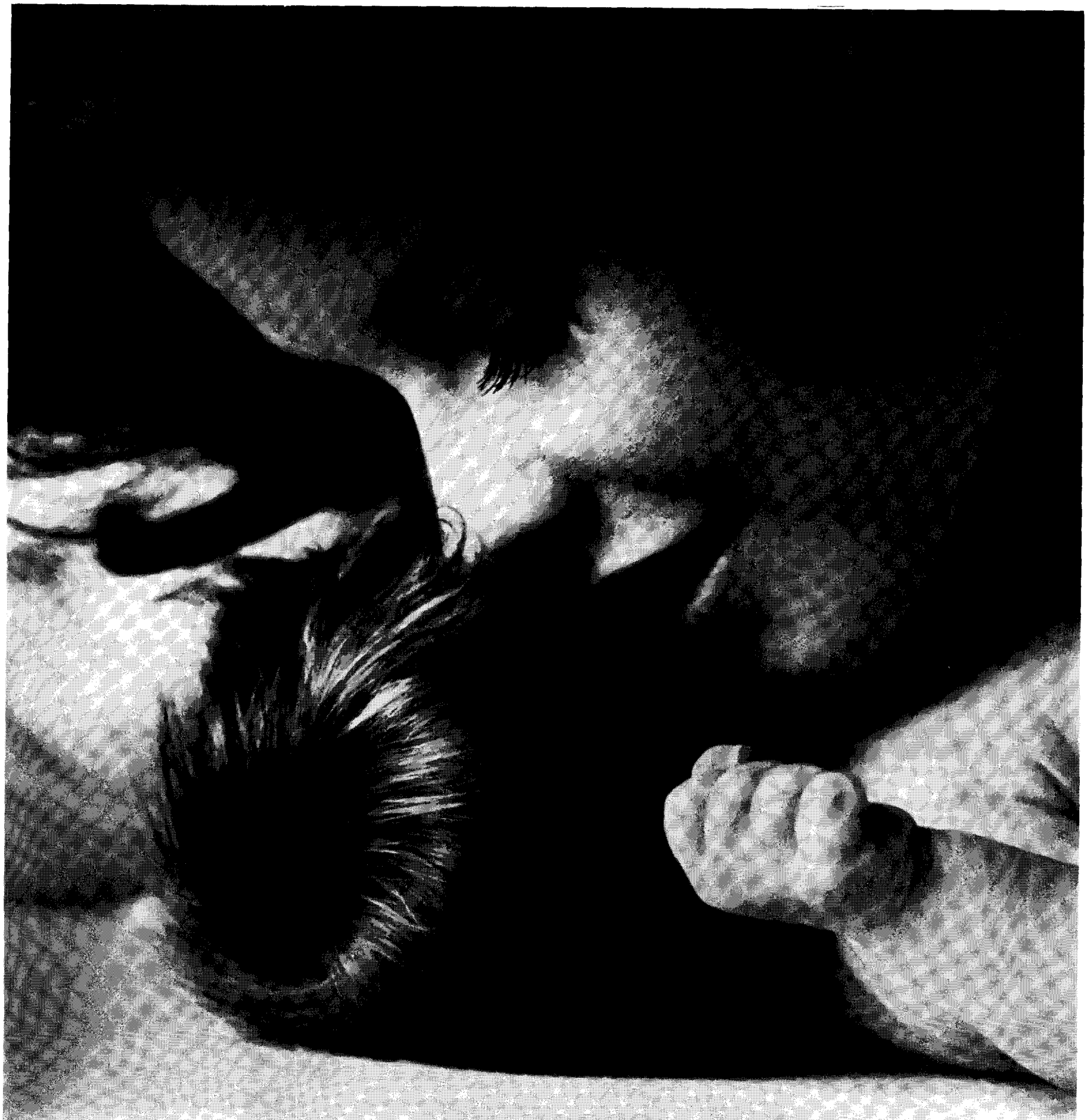

brief interlude

For these precious moments, a mother's work is child's play. The diaper is dry. The outraged cries have softened to coos. Shortly it must end; for waiting to be met and mastered are the countless schedules, myriad menus, decisions momentous and minute. Then is when a true and trusted friend is needed, like Ladies' Home Journal. Whatever the crisis, the question, the crucial need, the Journal, among all magazines, has the scope and touch of understanding to make the moment easier. *This is why so many young and intelligent women depend most on the Journal; it has more to say about the things which mean most to a woman.*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JOURNAL

NO. 1 IN NEWSSTAND SALES AMONG ALL WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

Editorial photo by Irving Penn for Ladies' Home Journal

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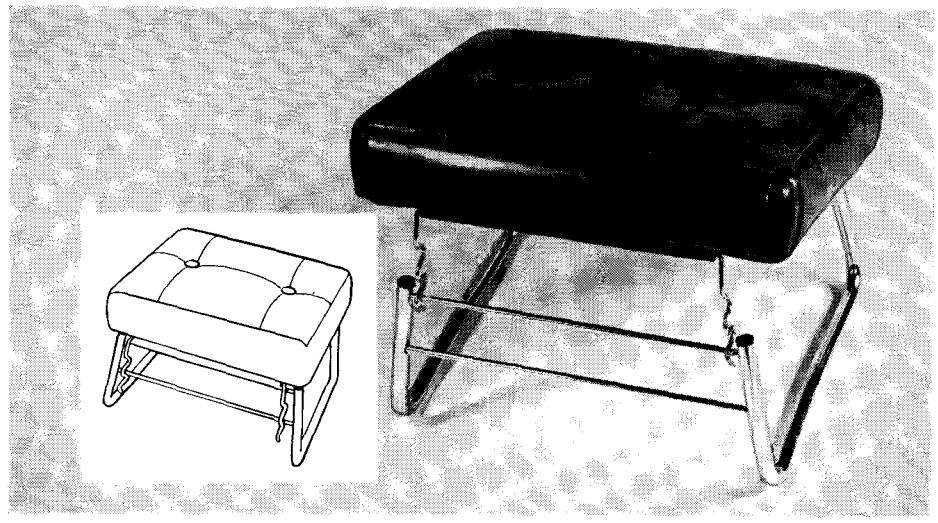
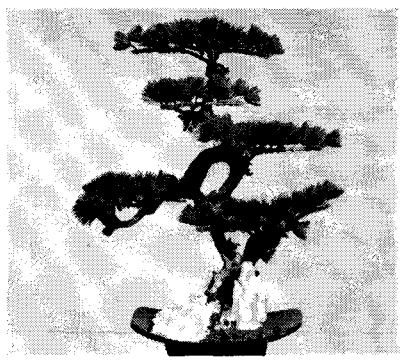


Tilt-top Leg Lounger adjusts to angle you like best

Smart double-use lounger with comfort at every angle. Add it to your favorite chair, adjust to the angle you prefer, and you have an ottoman for relaxing stretch-out leg comfort. Also used as an extra seat. Roomy 19x14½x14" seat, tufted vinyl upholstery; washable, scuff-proof, stain-resistant. East, $9.98 ppd., West of the Mississippi, $10.98 ppd.



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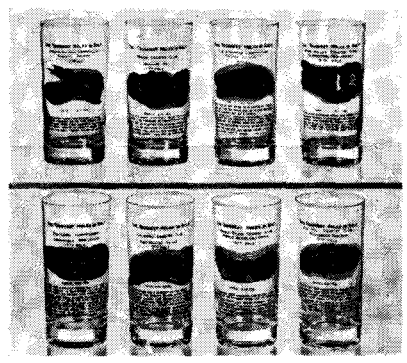
Give Mother this famed "Ming Tree" piece that represents happiness, longevity, and prosperity. Green-branched tree shades Chinese figurine in gleaming ceramic base. Exotic decorative touch for table or shelf. Approx. 13½x10". $6.98 ppd.



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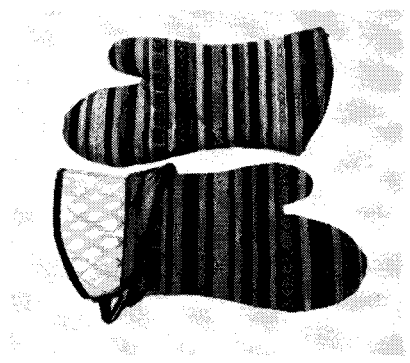

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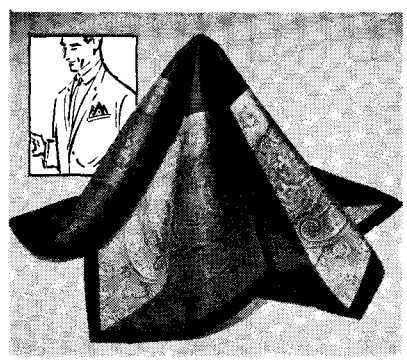

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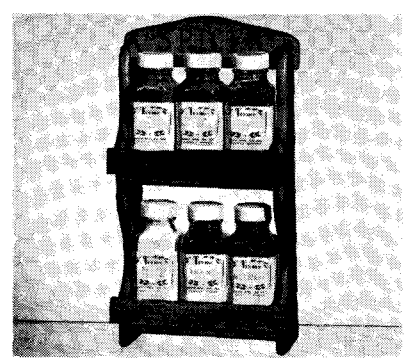

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BACKSTAGE WITH ANDY WILLIAMS

By PETE MARTIN

A visit with a popular recording star who is riding the wave of his nightclub success to a top slot in television.

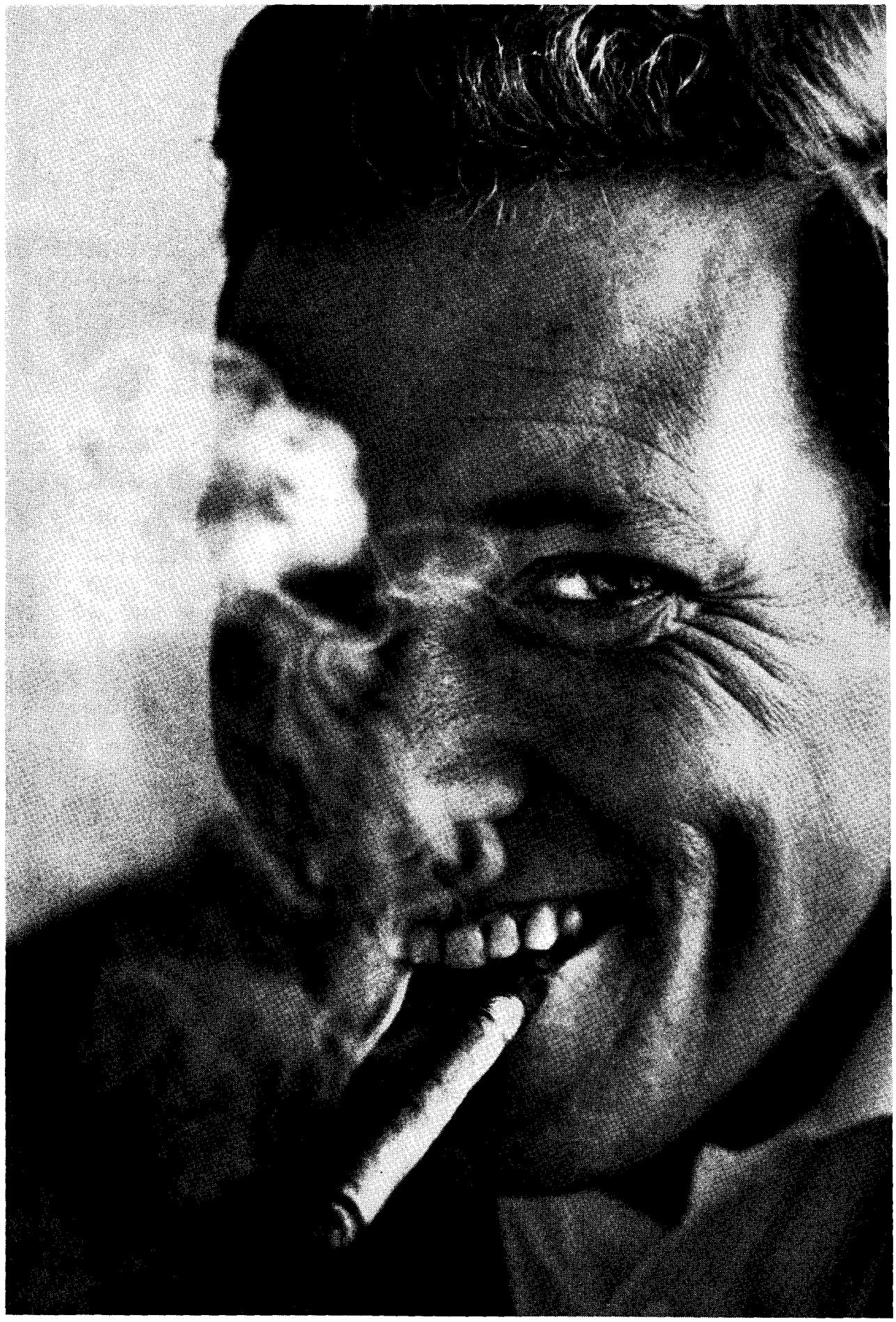
Nice guys in show business usually have a modest way of explaining success. They call their good breaks "accidents." When I interviewed Garry Moore, Bing Crosby, Perry Como, Jimmy Stewart and Fred MacMurray, they wanted me to believe that they are among the most-accident-prone entertainers who ever lived. Good fortune, so it seemed, hit them as inescapably as a falling ceiling.

Now I have discovered a nice-guy entertainer whose life story is a switch. Andy Williams is not accident prone but "assistance prone." He is so likable that all manner of people rush to further his career. That odd fact dawned on me while listening to Andy, a singer noted for his *Hawaiian Wedding Song* and other recordings, in his small New York apartment. Almost from his birth thirty-one years ago in Wall Lake, Iowa (pop. 749), Andy's friendliness has brought him dividends of kindly help. His father and three older brothers helped him. Production and vocal-department executives of movies rallied to his cause. So did booking agents, nightclub impresarios and a multitude of others not ordinarily identified as aiding their fellow man purely for his own sake.

Andy, a small-boned, slightly horse-faced vocalist, happily acknowledges all his benefactors. Unless prodded, he says hardly a word about the grinding rehearsals which pushed him along, perhaps more than any individual assists, into perfecting his easy, casual style. The wholesome naïveté of the small-town boy still comes through strong and clear despite the years spent in Las Vegas, Miami Beach, lesser nightclub circuits, sweaty recording sessions, fierce competition for record sales and mortal combat for prime TV time. At no time did Andy appear to be battling anybody or anything. He smiled his way along.

With a frankness devoid of press-agent phraseology, the Variety Club of Washington, D.C., analyzed Andy to a "T" in bestowing its Personality of the Year Award on him in 1959. It honored him for "possessing an agreeable personality rather than a dynamic one."

Andy agrees. "I guess I've never really been aggressive," he admitted, "although



Andy's easy charm has won him a nice-guy reputation "I guess I've never really been aggressive," he says.

Photographs by John Bryson

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Andy onstage. He shuns finger-snapping and rock-'n'-roll hysterics for a warm, straightforward style.

WILLIAMS

almost everybody else in show business fights and gouges and knees to get where they want to be. My trouble is, I'm not constructed temperamentally along those lines. If I hadn't been brought up as a performer, I would have done something else remote from show business. I don't mind doing a nightclub act or a TV show when I'm prepared for it, but I'm no good at bobbing up at a party like a Halloween apple and performing for the other guests, like some people I know.

"I guess that's why my favorite workbench is Las Vegas, not only because my bride, Claudine, and I became engaged there, but because Vegas is an easy place for a singer to play. In Vegas they don't have what we in the trade call 'Sunday-night audiences.' Sunday-night audiences are quiet. They go home early. A performer has to work too hard to get a reaction out of them. Every night in Vegas is Saturday night, New Year's Eve in Vegas is Saturday night doubled and redoubled. If you're a singer, you use all your up-tempoed stuff on New Year's Eve. Last year I sang *Hawaiian Wedding Song* and *Just in Time* with the same beat that night. No one was listening anyhow. At the end of each number the band hit a big whammy chord. That was the only way anyone could tell I had finished. I don't blame them. I wouldn't listen either. But nothing can drag me to a nightclub on New Year's Eve unless I'm working there.

"You can make a lot of money that way, but money isn't the most important thing in the world. The most important thing is to do what you want to do and be where you want to be. That's one of the reasons I hope my wife doesn't have a baby right away. We both like to travel."

A door in Andy Williams's apartment opened a few inches, and large, dark, long-lashed eyes regarded us. Andy said, "Come in," then said to me, "This is my wife, Claudine. She's from Paris. I found her there when I was doing an album, *Under Paris Skies*. After that we met again in Vegas."

"You look sixteen or less," I said to Claudine Williams. "Mostly less. How old are you really?"

She said proudly, "Twenty," then she protested to Andy, "He thinks I am a little girl."

Andy said, "He's right. You don't look like a little French boy."

She said, "I should hope not. Also, I heard what you told him about hoping that Claudine doesn't have a baby right away." Turning to me, she announced, "Someday we'll have many babies."

"Nowadays," Andy said, "all young married girls are going to have eight or ten babies tomorrow. I'm not against babies or motherhood. I'm a real cornball about both of them, but there are a couple of places we'd like to see before we settle down and start a family."

Claudine told me, "I've been in Vegas for the past year and a half. That's the only part of your country I really know. I expected them to have slot machines in New York on Fifth Avenue when I reach here. Since I arrive I gave a cab driver a five-dollar chip from a gambling table at the Tropicana Hotel, but he wouldn't accept it although they are accepted everywhere in Vegas. I buy food at the supermarket there with them. I paid my rent with them."

"I told you," Andy said, "I met her in Paris briefly. I saw her next in Vegas working the Tropicana. She had short hair like a boy's, and offstage she's likely to wear long black stockings and a pinafore tunic. But being very discerning, I knew that under it all was a grown woman. After all, I had seen her in the *Folies Bergères*."

Claudine informed me primly, "I was not one of the ones with no clothes on. I always wore something even if only a handkerchief. I did solo dancing, mostly modern ballet. I sang a little, too, but I'm glad I didn't have to sing the things that Andy has to sing. He sings a song called *How Can I Tell Her It's Over?* I cry when I listen to it because in it he's telling

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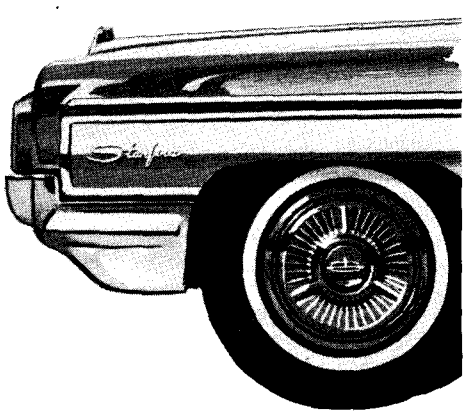

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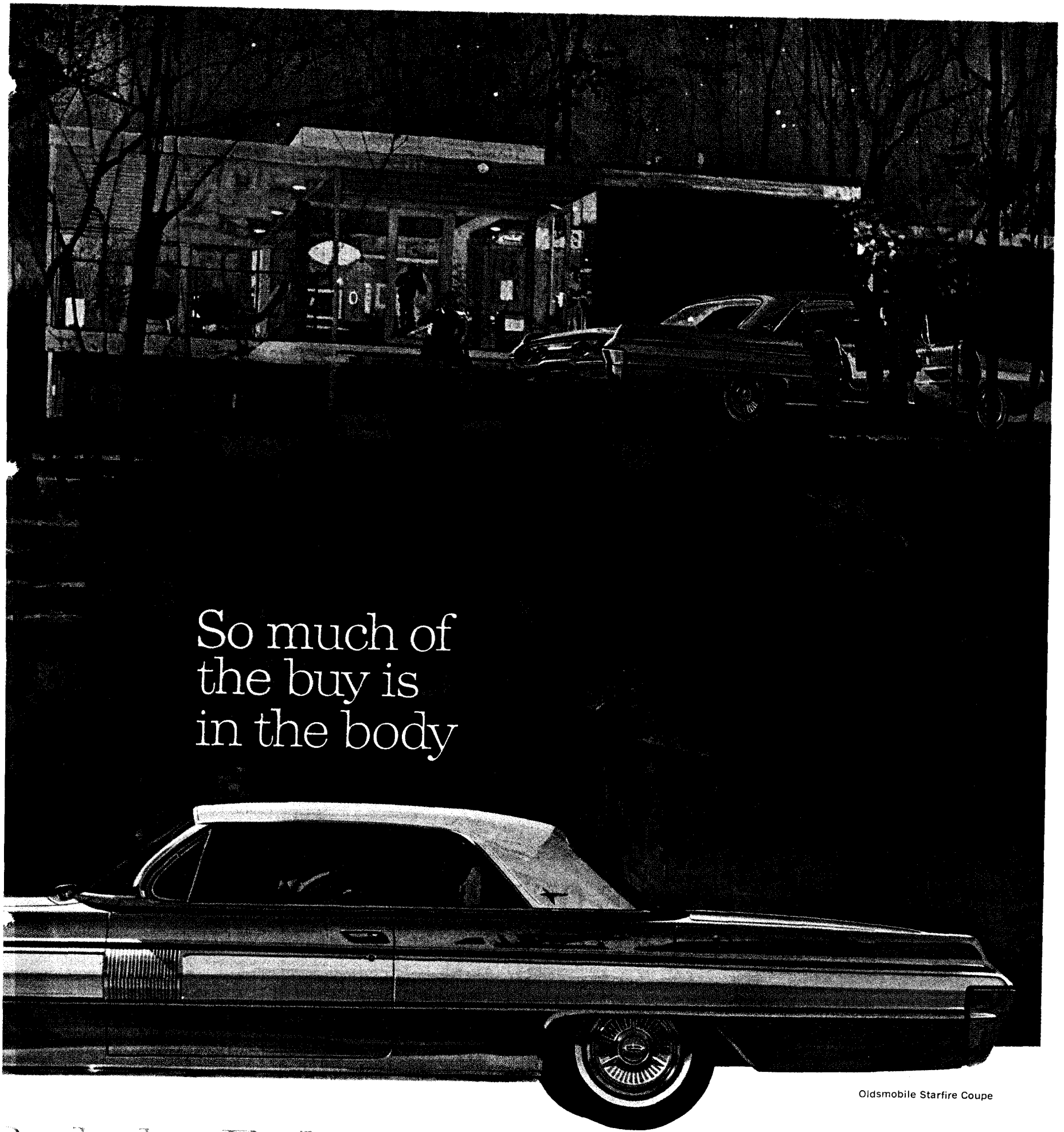

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WILLIAMS

a girl he doesn't love her anymore and he's going to leave her."

"Claudine injects herself personally into every play or movie she sees," Andy explained to me. "She's sad or happy, depending on what television soap opera she's just looked at. Not long ago she saw a woman on TV whose husband had a broken leg. When I came home, I noticed that she was looking at my leg anxiously."

Andy resumed his self-analysis. "In addition to not being very aggressive, I once said that all I want out of life is to be comfortable. I try, but I don't know if it's possible to make the business I'm in comfortable. The ideal setup for me would be to have my own weekly TV show during the regular season, but only if it's a show in which I'm allowed to do what I want to do and if I'm given enough money to do it with. In addition it would be pleasant to have a few successful recording dates and a couple of nice long nightclub engagements at Vegas set on an annual basis. I'd be interested in a top-drawer movie, too, but there's none in my immediate future. While I've signed three-year contracts to appear in Vegas and a few other spots year in and year out, the biggest thing in my life is recording."

I asked him if he ever made a record that had sold more than a million copies. He grinned and shook his head. "You've been reading my publicity releases," he said. "You should know better than to believe them. My recording of *Canadian Sunset* would have sold a million if I had made the first recording pressed of it, but the first version was instrumental, and that shrunk the sales of my vocal. I still think my platter of *Hawaiian Wedding Song* will sell a million. It's sold eight or nine hundred thousand to date, and it's still selling.

"As a singer I spend most of my time trying to find songs that are honest, and by honest I mean songs whose words I can mean when I sing them. Not long ago I ended an album with the standard, *Danny Boy*. I think that will appeal to kids. It doesn't jump, but it's honest. Young people can smell things that are phony quicker than adults. They know whether words written to be sung are true or not. If they're phony, they call them icky."

"What happens to you if you're a rock-'n'-roll singer and your audience grows up?" I asked Andy.

"You retire a rich man at twenty-two," he told me. He added seriously, "That's a problem which faces all young singers with a teen-age following. If they fail to grow up with their fans, they're in trouble. The twist has made rock-'n'-roll almost unnecessary, but although it has changed, it is still with us."

"Changed how?" I asked.

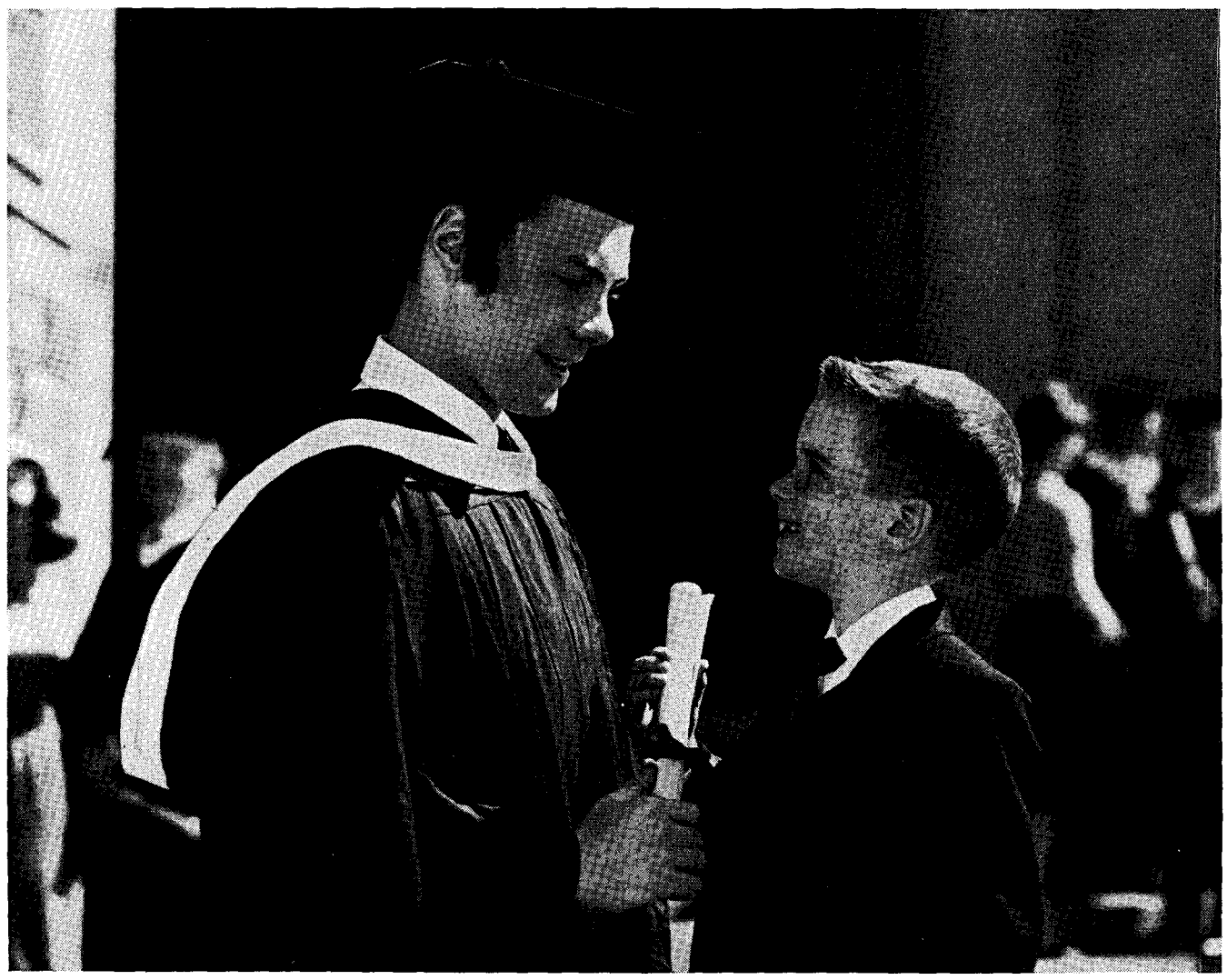
"The music is softer," Andy told me. "Not as noisy as it was. Strings are popular again. They're using violins behind rock-'n'-roll singers. It tones them down. They're not so screamy. Some ex-bobby-sox blitzers like Elvis Presley try for a new career in movies. A few of them, like Sinatra in *From Here to Eternity*, Dean Martin in *The Young Lions* and Sal Mineo in *Exodus*, really make it, although Sal was never a singer. He was a teen-age idol who more or less carried a tune. Somebody said, 'He's got to make a record.' So he made a record, *Start Movin'*. The record didn't do well, but Sal went into movies. His best work is the fine, sensitive job he did in *Exodus*."

In contrast to the "accident" that catapulted others into the entertainment world, Andy was almost literally pushed. The prime mover was his dad, Jay E. Williams, a railway mail clerk on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad and an enthusiastic church-organ player and amateur singer. When Andy was born, Jay and Florence Bell Finley Williams already had three sons, Richard, Robert and Donald. Their father recognized a ready-made quartet when he heard one. Andy began singing at age eight.

"What my brothers and I did best together was sing," he told me. "Our voices blended. That's a family trait. The King Sisters have it. The McGuire Sisters have it. And we began so young that we could sing like the King Sisters when we tried.

"We sang first in the Presbyterian Church choir loft. The congregation wasn't big enough to produce a choir, so the elders turned to my father. He had one—the four Williams brothers. He accompanied us during rehearsals."

The crowning moment of Andy's early boyhood, however, had nothing to do with music. His father playfully "delivered" him like parcel post. The father's mail train stopped at Wall Lake going one way, but not coming back. Andy once hopped a ride on it. To get his son home, the senior Williams popped him into a mailbag, arranged with the locomotive engineer to slow to ten miles an hour in passing through Wall Lake on the way back, and hung the mail bag from the side



WILL I WEAR ONE OF THOSE WHEN I GROW UP?

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Of course you want to grow up and be like your big brother—go to college, become an electronics engineer, an architect, a doctor. And we hope you do, because our country is growing and we'll need many more highly trained men and women to keep America strong and free.

Of course you want to go to college!

But, will you? Well, that depends.

It depends on you, of course. You've got to be bright, ambitious, hard-working. But it depends on something else, too. For you to go to college, there has to be a college for you to go to—or room for you in the college you select. Because in ten years—maybe less—applications to colleges and universities from bright boys and girls like you are expected to double. If you and your friends are to receive a really good education, it will mean more classrooms, libraries, up-to-date laboratories—above all, thousands more top-quality professors. And all that will mean money—a great deal of money.

If grown-ups will realize the problem and do something about it, your chances of going to college will improve. Let's hope they start now to give you the gift of knowledge—by helping to support the college of your choice.

If they want to know more about what the college crisis means to you—and to them—tell them to write for a free booklet to Higher Education, Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y.

Good luck, son!

HIGHER EDUCATION
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of the train on a swing-out bar. A metal hook in the side of the station at Wall Lake snatched the bag safely with Andy inside. The postmaster helped him out. His mother ran to greet him. "That happened only once," he says. "It was too risky even for my chance-taking father. But I haven't forgotten even one second of that bag being snatched up by the metal hook. I even remember how the canvas inside the bag smelled."

To further his singing sons, Williams took lesser postal jobs in larger cities with bigger radio stations. First stop was Des Moines, home of 50,000-watt WHO. From there, the Williamses moved to Chicago, where the boys sang over WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* Station. Their dad recorded song arrangements used by the Merry Macs and the Modernaires, and the boys imitated them patly. They had no arranger—the recordings did their arranging.

By that time the four boys worked thirteen radio shows a week for a grand total of $100. In those lean days it seemed like big money. But AFRA, the Associated Federation of Radio Artists, cried "exploitation" and demanded $500 a week for them. The station dropped them. Jay Williams, no whit downcast, moved them to Cincinnati and station WLW. AFRA soon intervened again, so in 1944 the Williamses moved to California. Jay Williams felt that his sons were ready for the movies. Hundreds of thousands of other parents have felt the same way about their children, only to be ignored.

But when the boys sang at the Hollywood Canteen, they got a quick "assist" from Ida Koverman, whose boss headed production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She heard them and set up an audition. M-G-M signed the boys almost instantly.

World War II put an end to their harmonizing. The draft took Don, the oldest. Next Bob and Dick went into the service. Andy, meanwhile, attended high school in Los Angeles. In 1946, when Andy was fifteen, his brothers came home, and the Williamses' career received a mighty push from a talented woman named Kay Thompson, plus others. Kay, who had coached M-G-M singers and written vocals as head of the studio's vocal department, wanted to get back to performing. She aimed at nightclubs.

An agent, Baron Polan, a former Army Special Services producer for whom the uniformed Williamses had sung, suggested that Kay get together with the boys. She did. Aided by Bob Alton, M-G-M's choreographer, Kay created a nightclub act. It was billed as Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. Kay wrote the songs. Alton styled a few simple steps to go with the music. They practiced ten to twelve hours a day for three months. When the boys, singing as loud as they could, added their harmonies to Kay's strong voice, the effect was overpowering.

"You're ready," Alton finally told them. "We'll have an audition. I'll ask the press over to my place for it." And a whole new crop of Williams pushers sprouted. "The fastest-paced nightclub routine ever put together," one critic proclaimed. Another hailed it as "the first intimate capsule revue." An agent booked them for the El Rancho Room in Las Vegas at $2500 a week.

The Williams boys were utter strangers to a nightclub, even as customers. "We didn't know the facts of nightclub life," Andy told me. "On our second night at El Rancho, my brother Dick jumped off-stage and belted a guy who kept talking while we were on. Alton grabbed Dick and said, 'You can't do that! You're performers. These people pay their money.' Dick blazed. 'That guy was talking while Kay sang.' 'Ignore him,' Alton said. I'll never forget Dick's reply, 'It doesn't seem enough.'

"That was a long time ago, so perhaps I can discuss it without sounding like an egotistical jerk," Andy continued. "But the truth is, people didn't know what hit them on our opening night. They stood up and cheered when we were through. Looking back, the main thing that made us click must have been our pace. Somehow we managed to work up and sustain an almost unbearable pitch of speed and rhythm."

The act held together for five years, and its price zoomed to $15,000 a week. But Andy and the others found it harder and harder "to do exactly the same things exactly the same way in places we had done them many times before." With a deep sigh of relief they abandoned the act. "A more practical reason for calling it quits," Andy adds, "was that TV was just coming in strong. Many places suited for our act had closed up."

Don Williams decided to try acting. Brother Bob went into a business disconnected from entertainment so he could stay home and get acquainted with his family. Jay Williams, the boys' father, already had gone into real estate. Kay

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With his French wife Claudine. They became engaged while she was in Las Vegas with the Folies Bergères.

WILLIAMS

Thompson later turned her many-faceted talents to writing a book about a girl named Eloise who lived in a New York hotel with a nurse while her mother jaunted around Europe with a series of gents known to Eloise as "mother's lawyers." The book, *Eloise*, exploded with a sonic bang of laughter that landed it among the best sellers.

Andy began recording. He made his first record in 1954 and went to New York to market it. There he auditioned for Steve Allen's *Tonight* show. He was signed on for two weeks, but nobody told him to stop, so he sang on the Allen show for two and a half years. In 1958 he did a thirteen-week summer replacement for Pat Boone—a lazy, good-natured show in which he made no attempts to overpower with his personality. In 1959 his one-hour variety program, *The Andy Williams Show*, summer-subbed for *The Garry Moore Show*.

Both of Andy's summer efforts brought plaudits. Replacement-show ratings usually plummet; people are outdoors, traveling. "But my ratings kept climbing," Andy says. "Near the end of that 1959 summer they were very good indeed. NBC wanted to slot me opposite *Gunsmoke*, but I had sense enough to know I wasn't ready to take on the champ. Come summer they'd drop me and I'd be through at the tender age of twenty-eight. There's still talk of my having my own regular TV show, but I'm not fretting."

As it turned out after our interview, Andy saved himself a lot of nerve strain by not fretting. What happened to him recently should be a wholesome restorative of faith for those who want to believe that nice guys in show biz can still finish first.

On Friday evening of this week Andy is due to stroll toward a TV camera pouring out soothing words in his own hour-long NBC Chrysler-special show. They will be warm, schmaltzy, upbeat words. The song will be *Now Is the Time*. Few vocalists can mix these ingredients just right, but Andy will deliver with ease. It will be the hard-earned ease that comes from unrelenting rehearsal, at one point forty-eight hours at a stretch.

More emphatic proof that nice guys can succeed came from Music Corporation of America, Andy's agent, on March fifth. MCA announced a deal with NBC-TV whereby next fall Andy, heading a variety show, will take over Mitch Miller's *Sing Along* slot at ten to eleven P.M. Thursdays. Miller is moving to a Friday hour.

Whenever Williams sings on his own programs, his viewers can count on him to refrain from belting his listeners over their heads with his voice. Andy has achieved success without eardrum beating and without such gimmickry as rock-'n'-roll howling, finger snapping and pelvic writhing.

In a New York restaurant not long ago I met a gravelly voiced entertainment spokesman who knows singers the way racetrack handicappers know horses. I asked what he thought of Andy and his chances for staying on top.

"Sinatra and Andy," he told me, "are the only two singers I know who can make the verse of a song as exciting as its chorus. Then there's the matter of class. Hope has class. Sinatra has class. Benny has class. Entertainers who have it instinctively do and say the right thing at the right time. Andy Williams has class."

THE END

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There are certain things you want to be able to count *before* they hatch. One good example: your savings. You want to know they're safe. You want to know their growth is sure. And when you collect your funds, you want exactly what you ordered — with no disappointments, no delays. When it comes to your nest egg, you want one thing: *a bank.*

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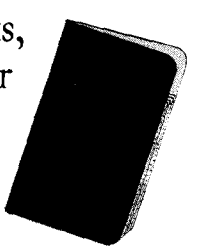

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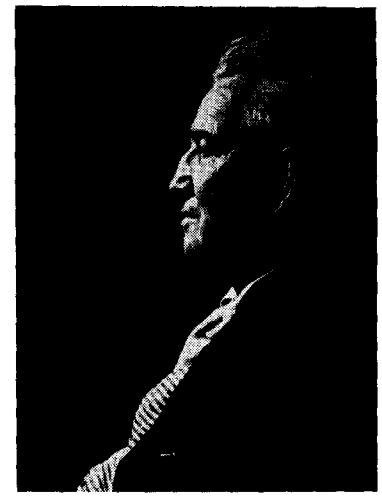
THREE NEW POEMS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

The poems presented on this page are the last of a group of eight by Mr. Graves to appear in The Post.



THE LION LOVER

You chose a lion to be your lover—
Me, who in joy such doom greeting
Dared jealously undertake
Cruel ordeals long foreseen and known,
Springing a trap baited with flesh: my own.

Nor would I now exchange this lion heart
For a less furious other,
Though by the moon possessed
I gnaw at dry bones in a lost lair
And, when clouds cover her, roar my despair.

Gratitude and affection I disdain
As cheap in any market:
Your naked feet upon my scarred shoulders,
Your eyes naked with love,
Are all the gifts my beasthood can approve.

THE RECOGNITION

When on the cliffs we met, by chance,
  I startled at your quiet voice
And watched the swallows round you dance
  Like children that had made a choice.

Simple it was, as I stood there,
  To penetrate the mask you wore,
Your secret lineage to declare
  And your lost dignities restore.

Yet thus I earned a poet's fee
  So far outdistancing desire
That swallows yell in rage at me
  As who would set their world on fire.

NOT AT HOME

Her house loomed at the end of a Berkshire lane,
Tall but retired. She was expecting me;
And I approached with light heart and quick tread,
Having already seen from the garden gate
How bright the knocker shone—in readiness
For my confident rap?—and the steps holystoned.
I ran the last few paces, rapped and listened
Intently for the rustle of her approach . . .

No reply, no movement. I waited three long minutes,
Then, in surprise, went down the path again
To observe the chimney stacks. No smoke from either.
And the curtains: Were they drawn against the sun?
Or against what, then? I glanced over a wall
At her well-tended orchard, heavy with bloom
(Easter fell late that year, spring had come early),
And found the gardener, bent over cold frames.

"Her ladyship is not at home?"
"No, sir."
"She was expecting me. My name is Lion.
Did she leave a note?"
"No, sir, she left no note."
"I trust nothing has happened? . . ."
"No, sir, nothing . . .
And yet she seemed preoccupied: We guess
Some family reason."
"*Has* she a family?"
"That, sir, I could not say . . . She seemed distressed—
Not quite herself, if I may venture so."
"But she left no note?"
"Only a verbal message:
Her ladyship will be away some weeks
Or months, hopes to return before midsummer,
And, please, you are not to communicate.
There was something else: about the need for patience."

The sun went in, a bleak wind shook the blossom,
Dust flew, the windows glared in a blank row . . .
And yet I felt, when I turned slowly away,
Her eyes boring my back, as it might be posted
Behind a curtain slit, and still in love.

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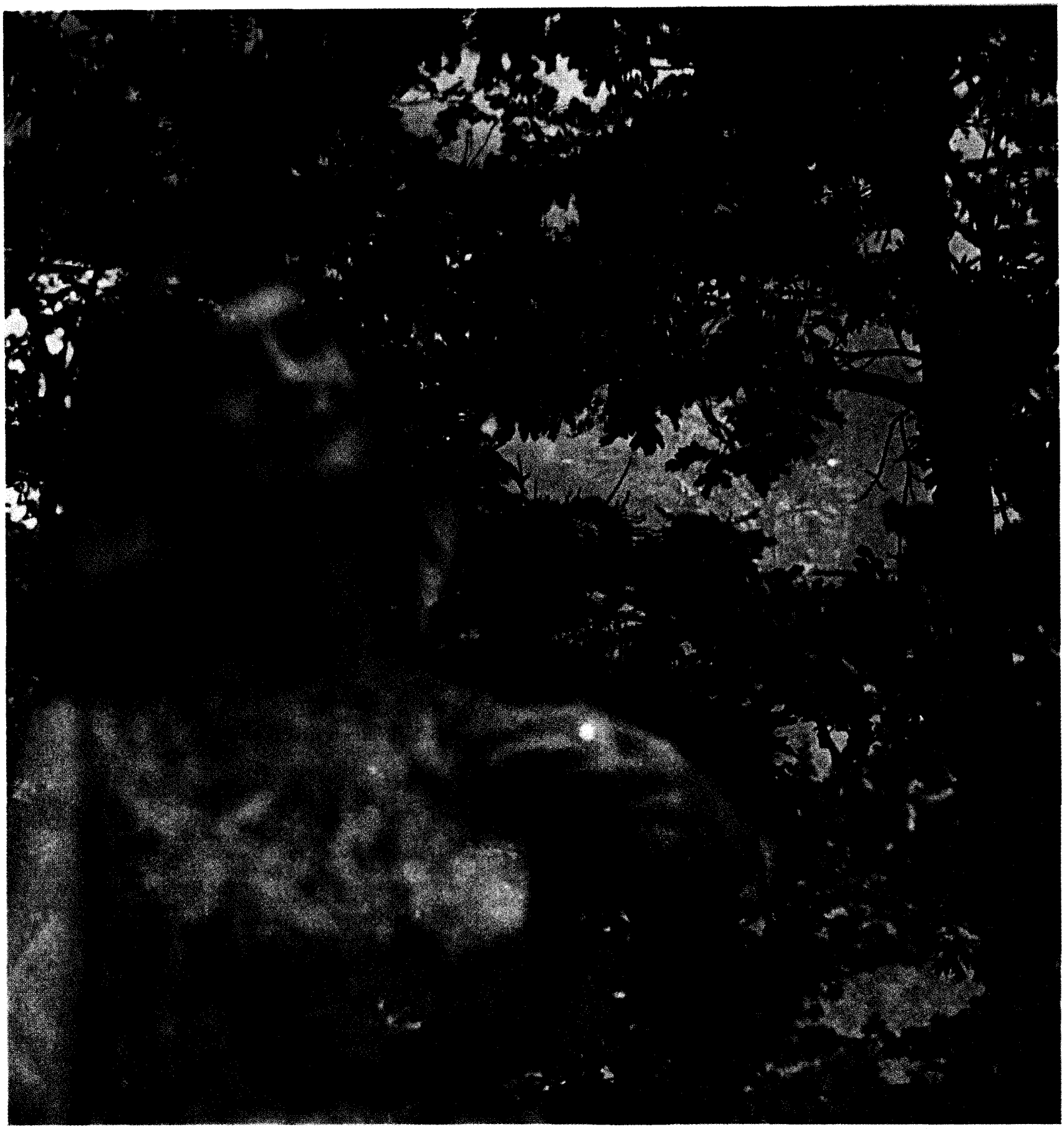

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Engagement wish . . . photograph by Bert Stern

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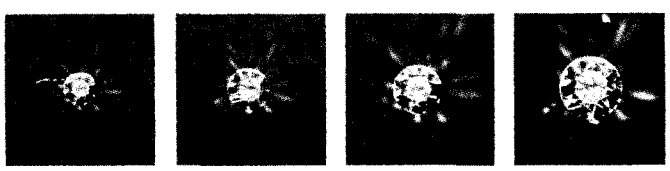

25 points (1/4 carat) $65 to $320 | 50 points (1/2 carat) $160 to $500 | 1 carat (100 points) $455 to $1500 | 2 carats (200 points) $1200 to $4365

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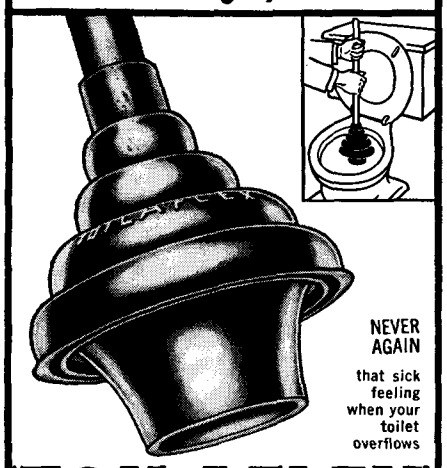

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THE LOVELIEST DAY

continued from page 31

She almost did not remember how she had got to her bedroom, the small room she shared with two other girls. She heard their sleepy cursing as she stumbled in. And that was all. She slept hard and desperately and woke with the sun falling on her face.

She had seen him again in the morning by the pool. Almost everyone was there, nursing their hangovers, not talking, not liking each other very much. A couple of tables of cards were going, one of bridge, one of poker, but nobody seemed to care, and the tables were littered with glasses and ash trays and empty packs of cigarettes. There was a bar set up in one corner, and a white-coated butler. She went over and stood looking at the selection. Whisky and soda and tomato juice and hot pepper sauce. "Do you think I could get a sandwich?" she asked.

The butler's impassive black face said, "Yes, ma'am." And somebody else said, "That's the silliest thing I've heard yet."

The same eyes were looking at her, only they weren't luminous now; they were ordinary brown eyes, rather large in an ordinary brown face and an ordinary bristly brown crew cut. "Hi," he said, "I'm Bill Weblen."

"Margaret Lee Collins."

"I come from the other side of the wedding," he said.

She laughed, and he came and leaned on the bar beside her, touching her shoulder lightly. There had indeed been two sides to the wedding. Mary Sue's sister had taken herself a husband from Little Rock, and he had brought his family and their friends in a great caravan of cars.

"I don't think I've even met you," she said.

"I don't think I've met half the people in the house."

"You were on the hunt last night, weren't you?"

"You saw me?"

She did not want to say yes. Her sandwich came and she did not have to. But she did see the flicker in his eyes.

They swam lazily that morning. The pool water was warm and heavy with chlorine. The card players watched and seemed too tired to comment. They rode that afternoon, dull solid horses that had had too many riders already.

They seemed to be the only ones of the group who were able to move, and it had seemed entirely natural that they should find themselves together so much of the time—and so much of it alone.

Margaret turned in her bed and brushed her fingers over her face. The pleasant soft memories ended. "Good Lord," her father thundered, "tell me who it is." Her stubborn head shaking no. And another scene seared into her memory.

She had gone to Little Rock one weekend while her parents were away. She looked up Bill Weblen in the phone book and went to his apartment, the second floor in a neat stucco building.

There was no bell. She knocked—lightly so that the door barely shook in its frame. She tried again, using the heel of her hand now. It made a flat official sound, too loud.

She heard him walk to the door, felt the boards under her own feet shake with his weight. He had latched the door and he yanked at it impatiently, finally popping it wide open.

"Well," he said. "Well, gracious sakes—it's the wedding girl."

"Hi," she said. "Good morning."

"What brings you up here?"

She walked past him into the living room. Wicker chairs painted a china blue, triangular tables with spool legs, cushions of pastel chintz, its fresh glaze gone. Cottage curtains at the windows. Organdy not quite fresh and not quite dirty either—uneven at the hems, as if they had been hanging too long in the damp hot weather.

The room was scrupulously neat; not even a newspaper folded carelessly or dropped behind a chair and overlooked. Her shoes squeaked on the tan matting as she turned back to him.

"You look like you've been up all night."

"Always look this way in the morning. You want a cup of coffee?"

"No," she said.

"Come watch me then." He went into the tiny kitchen and poured a mugful, added four spoons of sugar.

Looking at him, she wondered what it would be like to see him every morning of the world, head on a pillow, face over a breakfast table.

"You look serious," he said.

"I am," she said, "sort of."

She had forgotten the rest, had forgotten the words and the details, remembering only hard bright bits like pieces of broken glass. And a quiet emotionless face. The one she had seen across the lightwood fire. So quiet, so final.

She took the afternoon plane home, a patched and battered DC-3 that thumped and ground its way over the red fields. She looked out the stained scratched window and thought, *I wish it would fall. It wouldn't be so bad. It would be quick and it would be settled.*

They bounced under clouds and her heart sang grimly: *Maybe now.*

Margaret lay on her bed and breathed the flower-heavy air. Even without opening her eyes she could see them clearly—the tall white vase of blue lilac on her dressing table. Where did you get lilac in the South in the summer? On the table under the window there was a great low bowl of rhododendron—and where would they have come from? California, probably. Everyone was sending strange foreign flowers. She had never liked the smell of flowers indoors anyway. And the vases were top-heavy.

Her father had upset a vase of flowers on one of his angry turns through the living room. "Oh, really, Andrew," her mother said. "There is absolutely no need to shout." They all stopped talking while the butler mopped up the water and carried out the broken stalks of the peonies and the cracked vase. "It isn't broken," her mother said to nobody in particular. "We'll have it repaired at the little place downtown."

"Janet, will you make sense!"

Her mother fixed three bourbons quickly. "You're upset, Andrew dear. And it has been a shock to all of us." She gave a smooth blue glance to Margaret that might have meant anything or nothing. "It will be fine, you'll see."

She left him with his drink and motioned Margaret to follow. They went into the small downstairs study. Her mother sat at the long slender desk where she sat every morning, checking bills, telephoning. Her fingers tapped a stack of unopened letters waiting for tomorrow's consideration. "Your father is hurt because you won't confide in him."

"I'm sorry," Margaret said. "It wouldn't be any use."

"You obviously have got to get married at once."

"Yes," she said. "I guess so."

The phone rang. Her mother shrugged and answered. "Why hello, Howard. No, she's not here, but I'll have her call you."

She hung up. "A nice boy, good family. I always thought you were fond of him—in a way."

"I am."

"He would make a good husband, I think."

"Yes, I guess he would."

Her mother sat staring at the small Rouault on the white wall. "I've always thought those colors were hideous," she said. "I wonder sometimes why we bought it."

"Would you have thought of Howard," Margaret asked, "if he hadn't called?"

"I rather thought he wanted to marry you."

"He did."

"Well," her mother said, "it's time he settled down. He must be twenty-four or twenty-five at least."

"I think he's twenty-five."

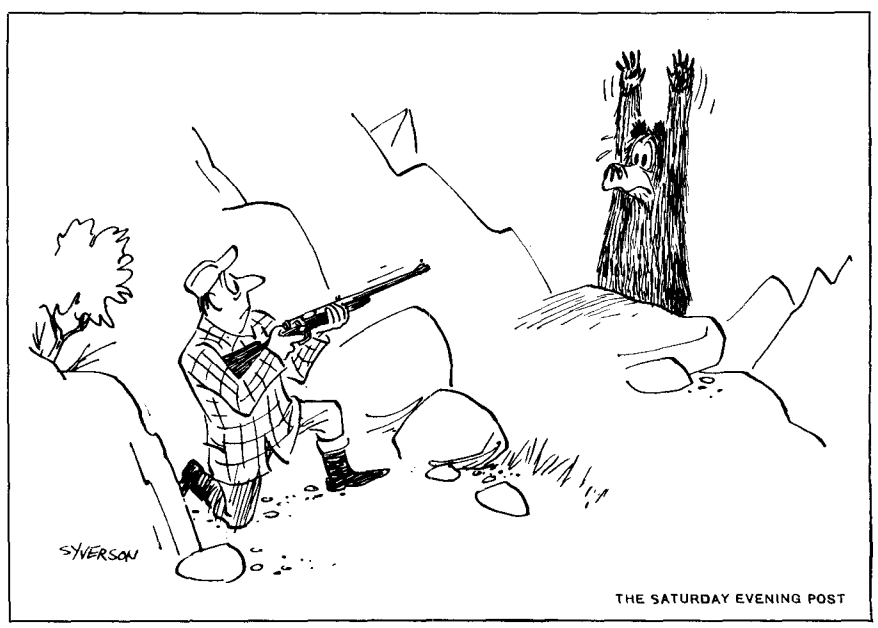
"Oh," her mother said and went back to her reflective staring at the Rouault. After a bit she asked, "Could he believe the child is his?"

"Yes. I guess so."

"It's not the sort of thing I would be aware of," her mother said politely.

The side of Margaret's face began to twitch. She lifted a hand and covered it.

"Well, now," her mother said, "do you think daddy should have a talk with him?"



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"Poor old Howard," Margaret said, "all because he phoned at the wrong time."

"No," her mother said, not listening. "Andrew would lose his temper and shout—only if we absolutely must."

"Oh," Margaret said.

"You are really not much help. We'll do this: Call him back. Have him over tonight—or tomorrow at the latest. If he wanted to marry you once, he can be talked into it again."

"Yes," Margaret said, "I'm sure he can."

Her mother was looking at her directly—those clear, level, blue eyes. "I'll start with the wedding plans tomorrow—there's such a lot to do."

"I know," Margaret said. "I know all about it." And she stared at the Rouault until the strong dark colors blurred and shifted before her eyes.

Someone walked down the hall. Margaret heard the heels distinctly, even through the closed door. Who would be up this time of morning? But maybe it wasn't really that early. *I could open my eyes and look at the clock*, she thought. *But I won't.* A few steps and the heels were no longer audible. Margaret had a vision of their disappearing in a quick whiff of smoke.

She rubbed her head deeper into the pillow. It could be almost anyone. The house was full of people. All her aunts and uncles had come down. Her grandfather had driven over from Pass Christian, a withered old man in a wheel chair pushed by a tall stiff red-headed nurse. And there were cousins in every single room. *I wish*, she thought irritably, *they'd stay in bed and not go prowling around the house.*

There was another sound now—a very faint sound of china. The breakfast trays were beginning to come. She had seen them stacked and waiting in the pantry last night. "Oh, dear," her mother had been counting nervously. "I do hope we're going to have enough trays. The house has never been this crowded before."

And for no reason at all, just looking at the silly sets of china lined up methodically on the steel counters, Margaret began to cry. Furiously, she slipped out the door into the back garden.

Her grandfather was there, smoking a thick black cigar, guarded by the indistinct glow of the white uniform of his nurse. "Missy," he said, "what brings you flying out?"

She walked over to him, sniffling openly. In the half dark he couldn't see much of her face. And even if he did—even if he saw some sign of tears—that was only proper for a bride on the eve of her wedding. The happiest day, the loveliest day of her life.

"You're still smoking the same cigar," she said. "And it still smells wonderful."

He leaned forward stiffly, his crippled arm flopping across his lap. "Another military wedding, missy?"

She knew what he meant. It was the term she had first heard, the old-fashioned term. Proudly, she deliberately misunderstood.

"No," she said. "Howard did his service ages ago. I don't even think he's in the Reserve."

"Oh," the old man said. "Oh."

She managed a laugh, though it tore at the sides of her chest and hurt all through her body. "I do believe you have a dirty mind, grandfather," she heard herself saying calmly, "and you've been reading about the population explosion."

He was chuckling asthmatically as she walked away. And he said something she did not quite hear, but it sounded ridiculously like "Good girl."

Margaret reached for the peignoir that was slung across the foot of her bed. She held it in her fingers briefly, looking at it. It was new, and it was beautiful. She admired it and slipped it on. *I've never had so many*, she thought.

In the past weeks she had bought dozens of them, sets mostly. Her father would be furious when he saw the bills. And she had never liked fussy gowns before. Only now that she knew where the business of the affair was to be conducted —— She shrugged and got up. There was a vacuum jug of coffee next to the big chair under the window. She poured a cup and drank it as she wandered around the room, waiting for the day to pass.

She could hear the hum of crowds and the sound of laughter. Peeping out the window—last time now—she could see that the house radiated soft light from every window. Glowed like a Christmas tree in the night, she thought.

Her mother said, "Now that is simply lovely."

Margaret glanced in the mirror. She studied herself carefully, the fitter and the hairdresser moving restlessly across the back plane of the glass. She nodded slowly to herself. "Yes," she said. "I look prettier than I am, but that's good, because I want Howard to remember that."

"Howard is nervous," her mother said. "He's having a drink with daddy right now."

"Don't let him get too drunk."

A maid brought a small tray, two glasses and a bottle.

"A sip," her mother said.

"I don't like champagne."

"Good for the nerves."

"I'm not nervous."

"Drink it, child," her mother said.

She did. They checked her dress for the twentieth time and fussed briefly with a fold of the veil; then the hairdresser and the fitter clucked their satisfaction and went away.

"I feel kind of like I'm going to be sacrificed," she said. She walked to the door, just to be moving, and glanced into the hall. Even here it was colored by flowers and lighted by the soft glow of candles.

"Aren't there any electric lights on?" she asked.

"A few," her mother said.

"I feel sort of like a candle too—tall and white."

Her father came slowly up the stairs. There was a pink glow to his tanned cheeks and a sparkling brightness to his eyes, and she knew that he had had more than just a few drinks. He was more handsome than ever.

"Now then," her mother said. "Everything is ready." And it was.

Margaret did not even recognize the garden with the strange new flowers and the muted spotlights and the soft, dry, cool air flowing gently from the plastic hoses in the trees. Inside the cover of her veil she felt isolated and far away. Only once panic came scrambling up into her throat, and the fingers holding her flowers tightened spasmodically. But then, propelled by her desperation, the poor, tired, ragged ghost of her pride drifted back. And she was safe. As she moved slowly down the grass corridor, radiating soft light from her shining dress, she began to sing—silently—a lullaby to the infinitesimal child in her body. THE END

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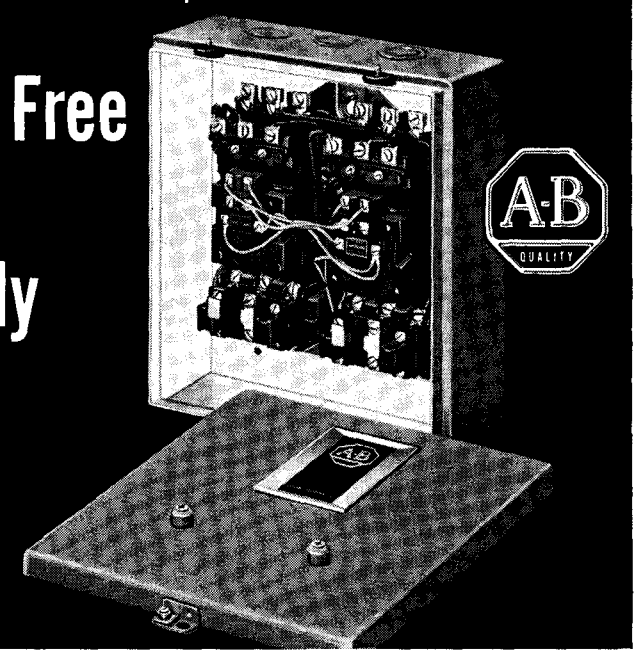

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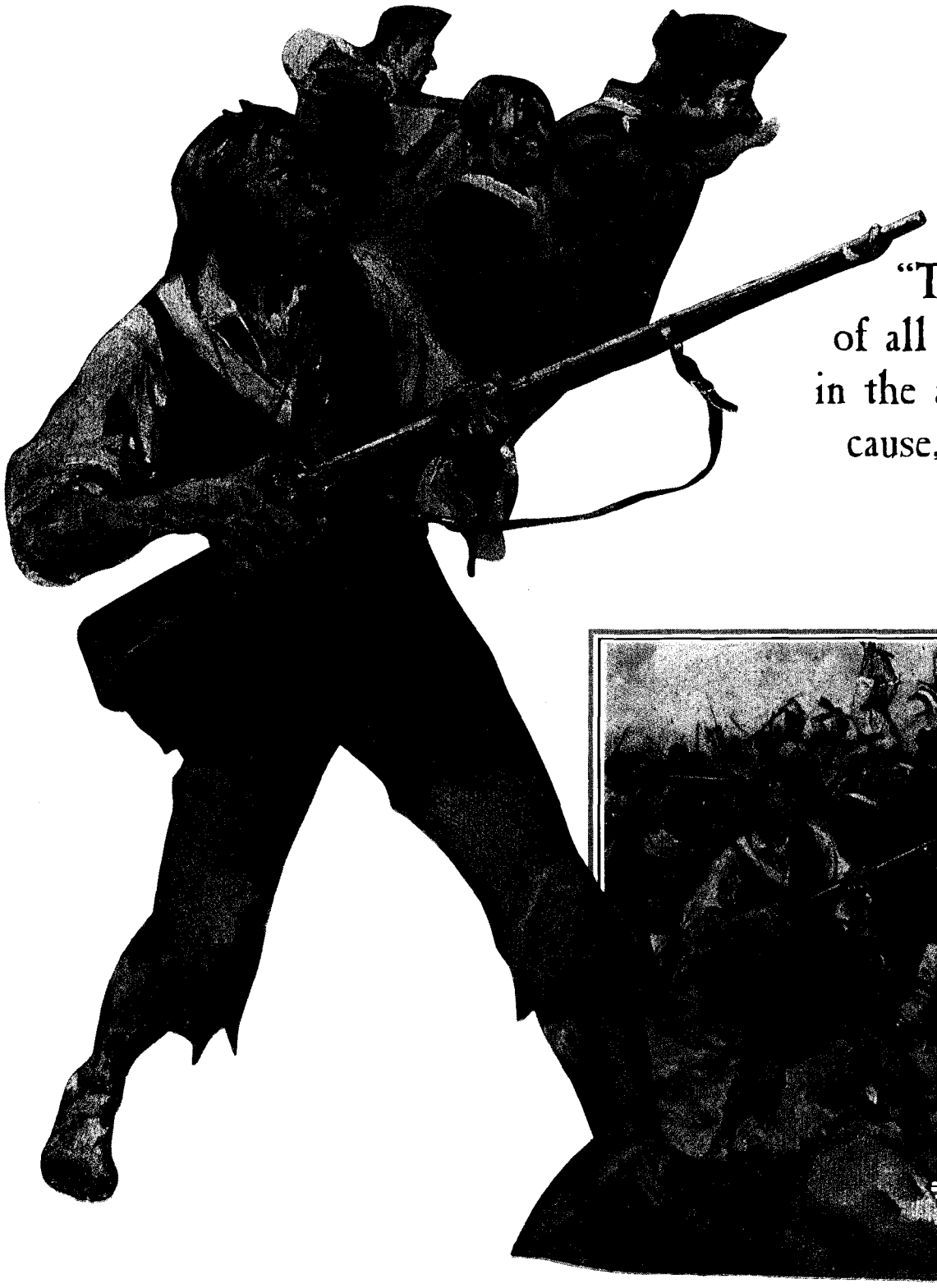

"The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error."

—William Jennings Bryan

General John Stark's untrained militia routs British regulars at Battle of Bennington, Vermont, 1777. Painting by F. C. Yohn.

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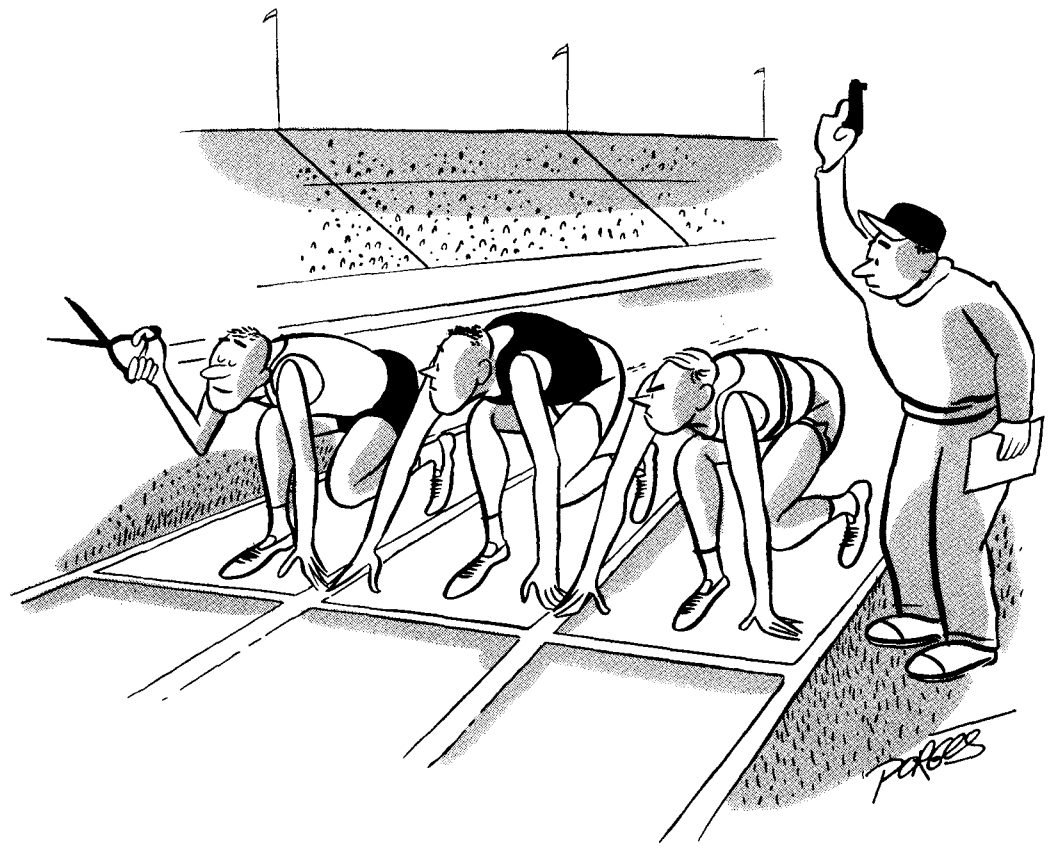


TV-DRAMA IDENTIFICATIONS

"Who is it on the phone, Maria?"
"Your husband, ma'am—the Chairman of the Board of the City National Bank."

"You and I, Hendrick, are the only two people who know the combination of the safe—right to 14, left to 27, right to 31, left to 16."
"Not only that, Brubaker, but we're the only two who know the safe is located behind Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*."

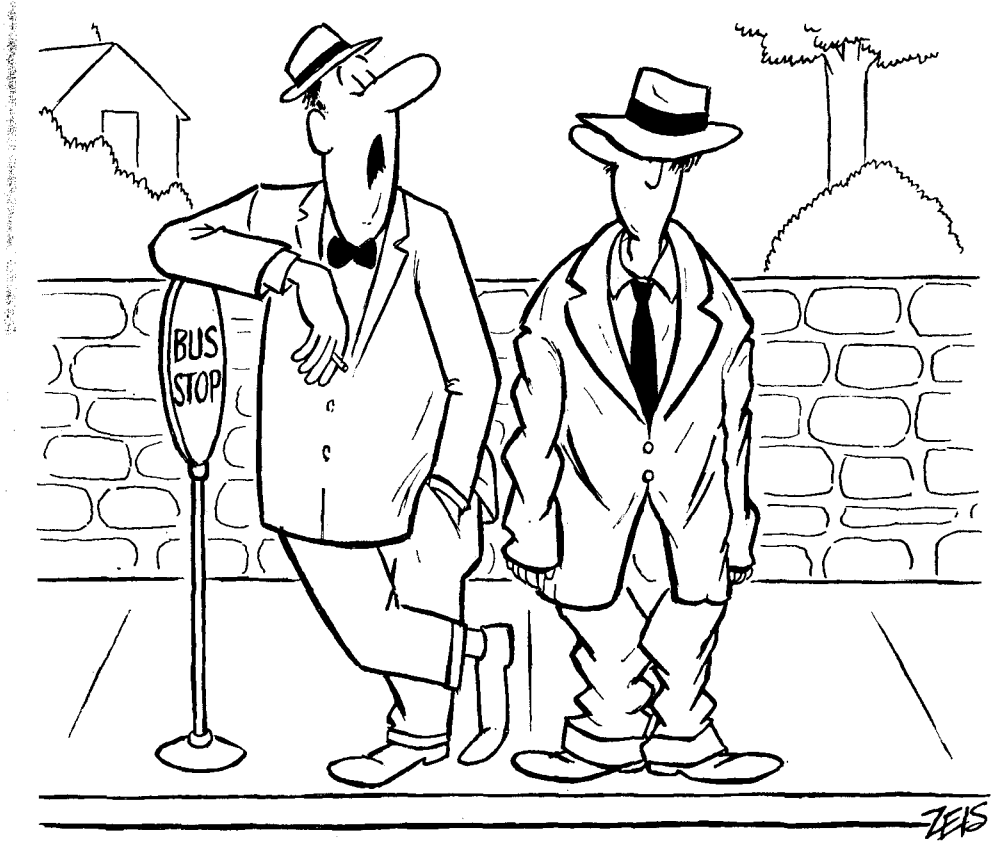
"Well, well! Imagine seeing *you*—my Uncle Dan—the owner of the Bar-X Ranch!"

"In addition, of course, to being the administrator of your late Aunt Lottie's estate."

"Son, I want to have a little talk with you about Martha Fenwick."
"You mean the girl I'm going to marry next week?"

"Harry! Harry Carruthers! You old Indian Scout you!"
"Matt Purvis! You old Sheriff of Garland County for the past five years!"

VERNON H. KURTZ



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"Hello, operator! Give me the Ajax Dog-Obedience School!"

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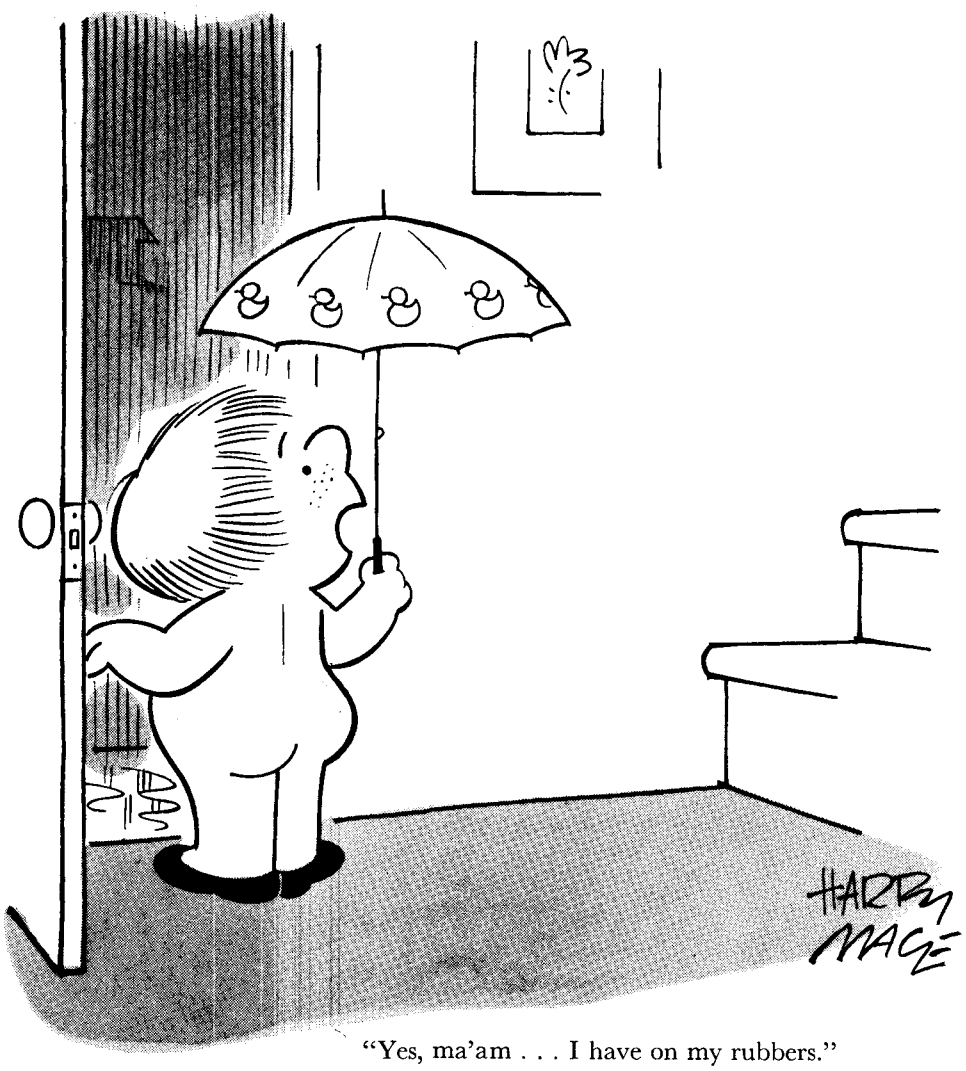
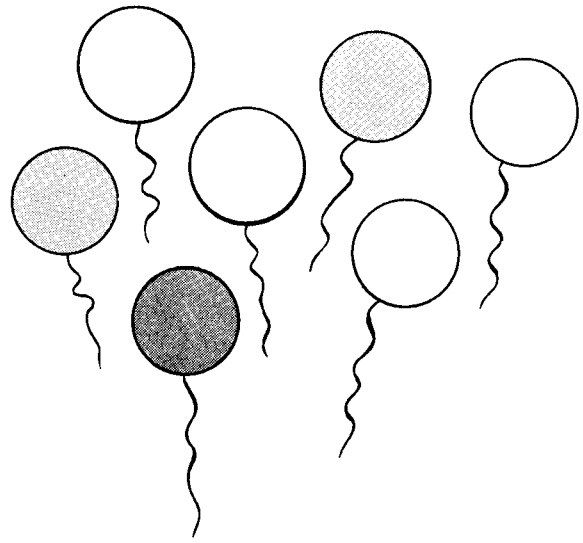
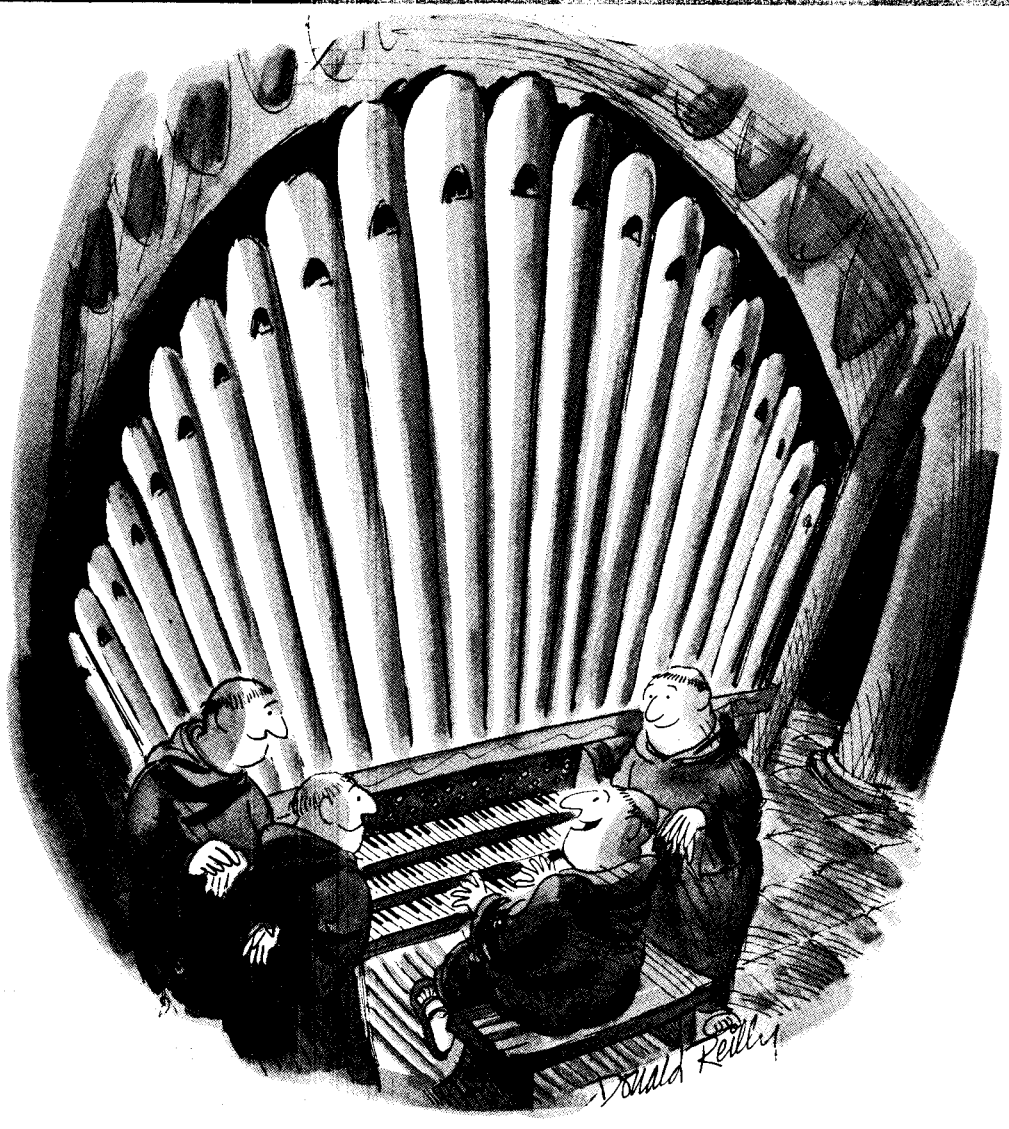


"Yes, ma'am . . . I have on my rubbers."





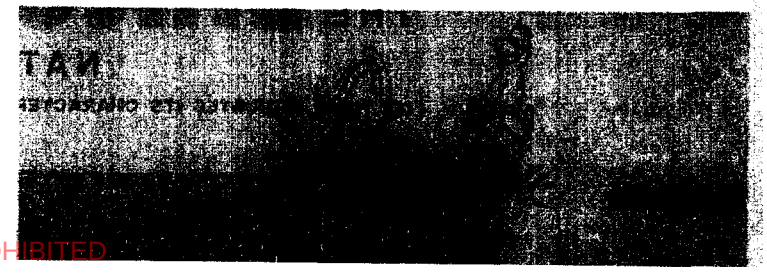
". . . and then I wrote . . ."

"Apologize to the man, Herbie!"

MY WIFE ISN'T THAT BAD OFF!

Crowds always make her nervous,
Yet at parties where we've gone
They've never rattled her so much
She couldn't rattle on.

HAL CHADWICK



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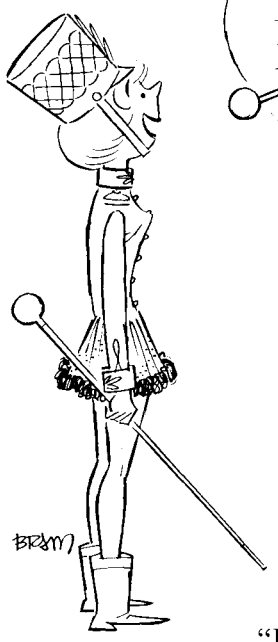
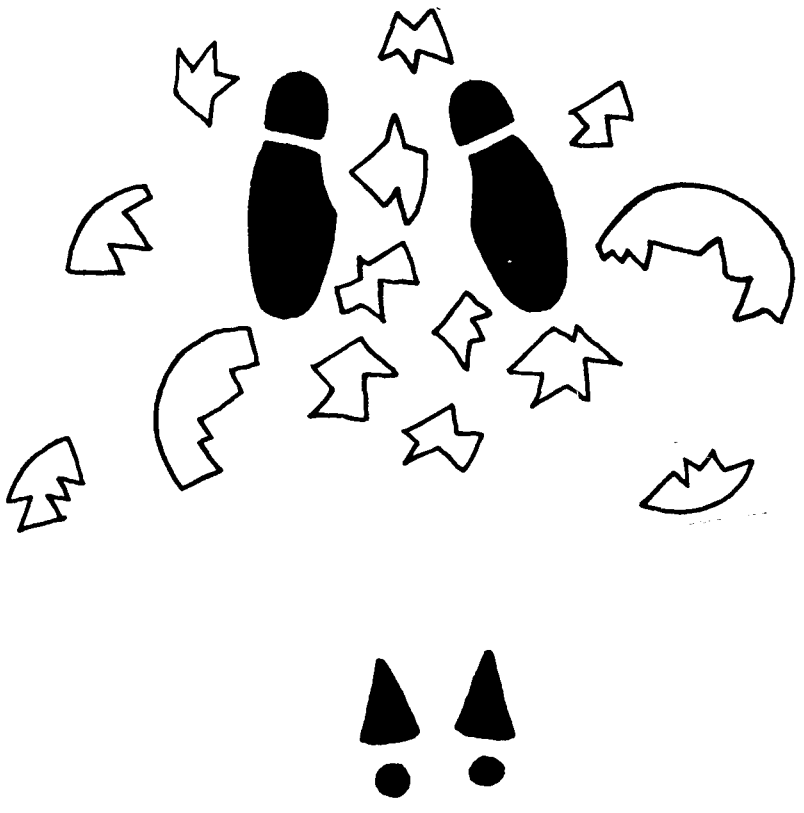
And ditto Mary Jane on Wed.,
And Thursday Peter has the flu,
And Johnny Martin gets it too,
Then how come seven kids revive,
Like MAGIC on the day I drive?

BETTY BILLIPP

"Would you mind making an extra set of prints for me?"



"How's it coming?"



"On second thought, Henry, you wash and I'll dry!"

BILL SHELLY

"Is it all right for an abstract expressionist to order a New England Boiled Dinner?"

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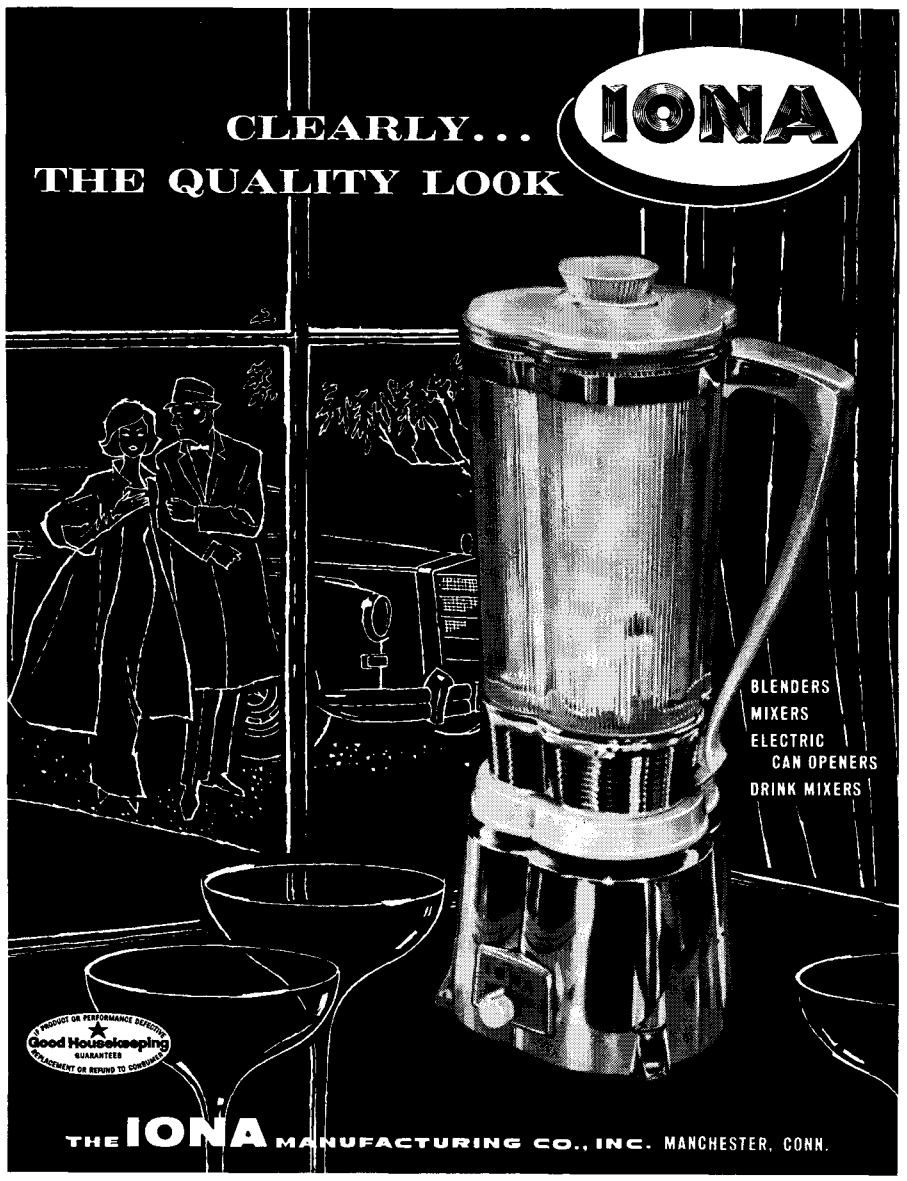

THE SPELL OF THE DISTANT DRUM

continued from page 25

When the third morning came, his rigid limbs stirred stiffly, his head turned, his nostrils dilated because he smelled food. A betrayal, although she had meant it well. The old woman had crept up to the hut door in the night and left a bowl of goat milk and a dish of fried plantains. Adamo, sobbing despair at his body, rose shakily from the hut floor and bolted the food.

So his belly committed him to life. He went to the river and washed. Then he talked to the old woman and spent the rest of the day gathering firewood for her. When he had accumulated a large pile of dry branches, she assured him it would be enough, for she would not live long. Adamo took both her withered hands in his, looked one last time into the vague and watery eyes that were nonetheless the eyes of one of his people, and walked back into the forest.

He never knew how far he went or where. He drank from brackish pools, scooping the lime-green scum away. Fevered, he shouted and burned, and when the evil yielded, he lay down and covered himself with palm boughs while the sweat lasted.

A bush rat crossed his path, and he killed it with his machete and ate it, sucking even the frail red bones. He came to villages where he was fed as a madman, but no one had seen his people—they had not passed this way. Adamo found a stony road and followed it until his feet were crusted with hard mud formed of the dust and his blood.

When finally he came to a town, his weariness was overcome by his astonishment, for the full streets jangled with lorries, and the shops shone with a greater wealth of new knives and patterned cloth than Adamo had known existed. He strolled and gazed. A few people laughed, but he did not realize they were laughing at him, wide-eyed and filthy, his loincloth in shreds.

In an open field at the edge of the town men were walking to and fro with guns. At dusk, when the soldiers were sitting outside the long huts, gossiping and rolling dice, Adamo ventured closer. One of the men was cleaning a white leather strap fixed to a drum. The drum was fascinating to Adamo. He knew many drums used by his people, but this kind he had never seen before. He touched it curiously with his fingertips, and the soldier, laughing, handed him the sticks and showed him how to use them.

Adamo and the drum found each other. His fingers sensed some way of expressing what his mind and speech could only grope after and fail to grasp. The strange drum uttered to him the voice he now heard only in dreams—the sorrowing of someone once inexpressibly dear to him, someone whose face he could not now visualize, however hard he tried.

When the soldier reached out for the sticks, Adamo would not relinquish them, and the soldier grew angry and alarmed, for he could see that an officer was approaching. He grabbed Adamo roughly by the shoulder.

"Here—wait a moment," Captain Fossey said. "He's not bad. Who is he?"

Adamo was startled by the alien voice, for he knew no English. He had seen white men before, but only at a distance. He wanted to run, but the soldier caught his wrist.

"He thinks you would make a drummer. He would teach you. How would you like to stay with us, bushboy?"

So it was that Adamo, who was not aware that he was an African, found himself a private in a West African regiment, having agreed to serve for five years his country, whose name he did not know.

He was given khaki shorts, a jacket with brass buttons, heavy boots, a red fez with a black tassel. He was given food, too, three times each day. But he had no idea what was expected of him, so he did everything wrong, and the men who gave commands became angry. Adamo slept badly, and his dreams filled him with

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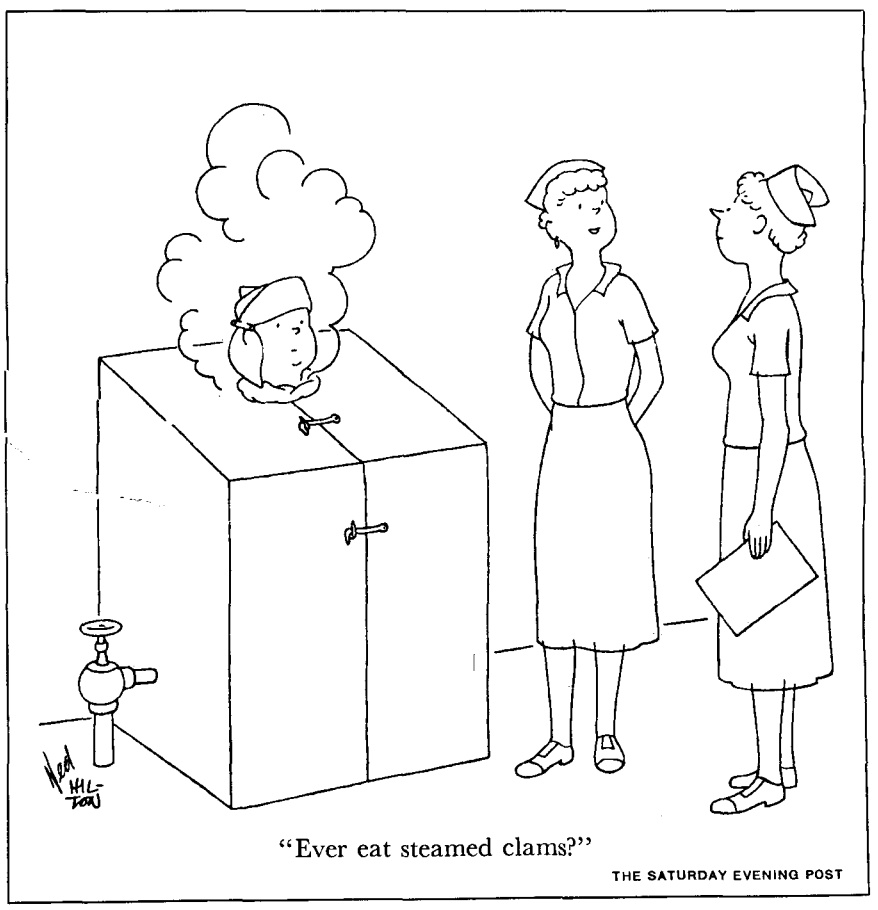

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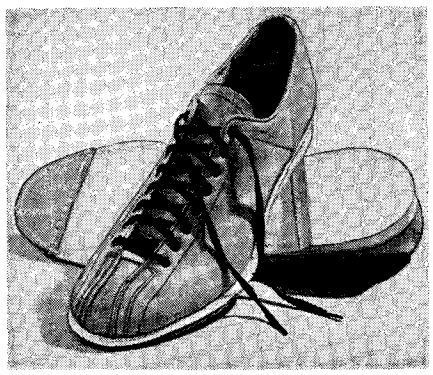

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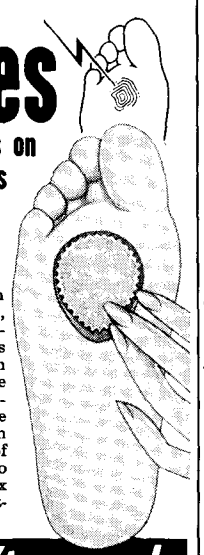

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DISTANT DRUM

emptiness, like a starving man's belly bloated with air.

One evening a short sturdy man with an enormous stomach clumped into the barracks and unslung his pack onto the cot beside Adamo's. He gave the boy a quizzical glance.

"Where from you?"

Adamo did not speak any pidgin, so he could only shake his head. The other man laughed and spoke in his own tongue, which was Adamo's as well.

"We have men of ten different tongues in this army, bushboy. And the white officers don't speak any of them. You must learn English now if you want to get along. I myself will teach you."

Adamo's stiff smile loosened, became real. He rose, stretched, towered, held out both his hands.

"Yes—you will teach me," he said, still shyly but with certainty, for now he saw this was what was meant to happen. "You will tell me, and I will learn everything that must be done."

The others yelped with laughter. "Manu is the clever one! Hear the Big Drum who drums his own praises. . . . Watch out, boy, he'll have you cleaning his kit and thanking him for the privilege."

Manu was the regimental bass drummer. His nickname came not only from his instrument but from his paunch and his jovial pomposity. He had just come back from leave. He told them the news of his family, and Adamo listened, too, for the hearty voice and belched laughter seemed to be for him as well. Then Manu began to scold the others.

"What have you done for this boy, scoundrels? Nothing. . . . Lartey, when you joined the army, I saved you a thousand times—have you forgotten? Listen to the Big Drum, you small and little drummers. . . ."

And so, with their duties assigned by Manu, they began to show Adamo what to do, and to protect him from his mistakes. When he did not understand Captain Fossey or Sergeant Sarpong, the others translated unobtrusively, and after a while he recognized the standard commands himself. He cleaned Manu's boots and even polished the brass on the great drum. The bandsmen took this as a joke, and Manu himself sometimes chortled in the depths of his throat, but Adamo did not mind. "Big Drum" seemed too familiar a name, so he called Manu "uncle."

From Captain Fossey, who in Adamo's eyes was the head of the army, the boy learned how to play the parade drum. From Sergeant Sarpong, the regimental drum major, a gaunt and haughty giant of a man, he learned how to march, how to sling his drum at the proper angle, how to watch the baton signal without appearing to do so. The daily drill was not boring to him. With each repetition, Adamo became more confident.

When he finished his basic training and was proficient enough as a drummer, Adamo was issued the bandsman's scarlet bolero trimmed with gold and the square leopard-skin apron the regimental drummers wore. He took fanatical care of his uniform and spent hours in cleaning and polishing.

The day came when Adamo was permitted to march with the regimental band, a drummer among the drummers. First came Sergeant Sarpong, tall as a tree, his baton aloft; then the ranks of drummers, Adamo marching beside rangy Afutu and Botsio with his wrinkled face. Behind them came the Big Drum, Manu wearing atop his uniform his magnificent mottled leopard skin. Then came the brass section, the horns blaring and bursting with the march tunes. And after the band, the close ranks of soldiers, the clacking boots, the bright bayonets. All the young warriors who now were not strangers to Adamo.

Captain Fossey was pleased at the speed with which Adamo learned.

"I can always tell a promising youngster," he confided to his colleagues. "Keen as mustard, he is."

Captain Fossey's tour of duty here had not been particularly encouraging. He was a ginger-haired, slightly plump Englishman of lower middle-class origin, a man who had risen from the ranks. This in itself was bad enough, but the bandmaster also had the uncomfortable suspicion that his fellow officers regarded his branch of military activity as not quite manly.

Sometimes Captain Fossey looked at the lanky, loose-limbed African bandsmen and thought that they would never in their hearts understand precision. When he heard their deep laughter, he wondered

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DISTANT DRUM

uneasily what they were laughing at; and when he went back to his quarters, he would strip to his pink flesh and weigh himself on his bathroom scales.

He was a bachelor. The alternate complaining and tittering of the wives at the club filled him with alarm. How could a man commit himself to regular performance with one of those? A duty, even if only for pride's sake—that was the appalling thing. He did not intend to marry.

Adamo became Captain Fossey's prize. He gave the boy encouragement and praise, for he was under the impression that this was what Adamo needed. Adamo, who had picked up a fair amount of pidgin English, would beam in evident gratitude and produce the first phrase Manu had taught him, a phrase of exceptional efficacy.

"I t'ank you, sah," he would say in his heavy voice, so much at odds with his watchful, uncertain eyes. "I t'ank you too much."

And Captain Fossey would smile, his pale mouth parting slightly, his ginger mustache upturned.

The bandmaster often detailed Adamo to do some little job for him—an hour's work in his garden or an evening spent in helping Fossey's old stewardboy to beat the carpets. These tasks Adamo performed eagerly. He never refused Captain Fossey's shilling or two, but the Englishman had the feeling that the money was not important. Loyalty was the word that rose to Fossey's mind, a sense of personal loyalty. Captain Fossey had never had loyalty directed toward his person before.

He so far relaxed his guard as to mention Adamo to Captain Appiah. Appiah was one of the few African officers in the regiment. He did not like the British officers to make conversation with him, for he felt they were being patronizing. But if they did not speak, he resented their snobbishness.

"That young drummer of mine—Adamo," Captain Fossey said. "Lot of your people must be like that, Appiah. No education, coming straight from the bush; but by gum, all he needed was a chance in life."

Captain Appiah's tense face brooded. He had grown up in the city and had done extremely well in secondary school. He did not like to hear himself equated, as he fancied Fossey was doing, with Adamo. Your people, indeed.

"I do not think he was looking for a chance in life," Captain Appiah said.

"What do you mean?"

Appiah was not sure himself what he meant. He had observed Adamo on the parade ground and seen the boy's pleasure in the endless repetitions of the drill. He knew that Adamo followed regulations to the letter. But he could not help wondering how Adamo interpreted the rules he so scrupulously obeyed.

Once when Captain Fossey was ill, Captain Appiah took kit inspection for him. When he came to Adamo, he nodded in satisfaction. Everything was neat, in order, polished. Appiah was about to walk on, when his own curiosity or some obscure malice against Captain Fossey made him stop. He spoke in Adamo's tongue so there would be no misunderstanding.

"This"—indicating the buckle on Adamo's pack—"and the boots and the brass buttons. You clean these things. Do you know why you must do so?"

"Sah?" Adamo's eyes widened.

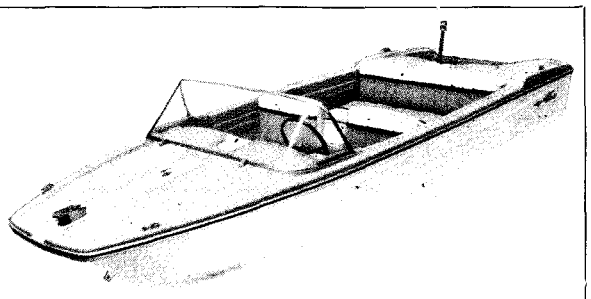
Captain Appiah repeated his words. He did not, as Captain Fossey might have done, imagine that Adamo would make some remark about discipline or the smartness of the company. On the contrary, he expected Adamo to reply that he did not know or that he merely did what he was told. But the young drummer, standing tall in his flawless uniform, did not answer in this way either.

"So all things will go well," Adamo said calmly, as though there could have been no possible doubt about the matter.

Less and less did Adamo inquire in the palm-wine bars and thronged streets for word of his family. He did not often think of them now. At night in the barracks, after he took off his boots and folded his clothes carefully in the prescribed way, Adamo would lie on his cot and listen to the breathing of men all around him. Then, reassured, he would sleep.

Adamo was not talkative, but he liked it when the others talked to him. Lartey, restless as a scurrying cockroach, always searching for morsels of gossip, sometimes settled briefly beside Adamo while he worked. One afternoon Lartey began to complain about Captain Fossey.

"Again he tells me I am no good, not a soldier. I don't say I am the bravest man in the regiment. I play a drum. I am not a man for rifles. But what is he? Remember when a detachment was sent to stop the riots upcountry? Our big man heard that the band was going to be sent too, and you should have heard him. What if a spear happened to slit a drum? Terrible! He was so worried about the drums he would place his hands over his own belly



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whenever he spoke of it. Then, when we were not sent, he said what a pity—we would have given heart to the men."

Lartey spluttered with laughter, and Adamo laughed, too, companionably. Although he and Lartey had the same mother tongue, Adamo was never quite clear about the other man's meaning, but he took it on faith, sensing from the voice tone what response was expected. Lartey gave him an oblique glance.

"I don't see you in trouble with Captain Fossey, Adamo. You are always trying to please him. You like him so much?"

Adamo looked up, perplexed. "Like him?"

He had never considered the question. Fossey's skin, which was the palpitating pink of a fresh-killed animal's vital organs, the sour smell his body exuded, the voice so oddly high-pitched compared to the low hoarseness of African voices, the reddish hair which seemed to Adamo a particularly offensive color, for he associated it with forest demons who were said to be covered with red hair—all these things were unpleasant and even repulsive, but in no way significant. Adamo shrugged and resumed his work.

"He spoke, and many listened," he said, "and then I was a drummer among the drummers. His word has power—that I know."

Lartey looked at Adamo strangely and went away to talk to someone else.

Now, when Adamo heard, as he still occasionally did in sleep, the muttering river, the soft slow woman voice, the voices of gods and grandsires, he would be frightened by their questioning and mourning, until they faded and a new voice, high and metallic, alien but not unknown, gained command.

"*Here, Adamo. You are here.*"

And the man Adamo, sleeping with his legs clenched up to his belly and his long hard arms wrapped tightly around his chest, would sigh, his limbs and muscles unfolding like leaves, and would mercifully cease to dream.

Captain Fossey went on leave each year, but he returned. Once, coming back with a resurgence of ambition, he decided that the regimental band could play at club dances, and for months he sweated with his troops through campaigns of waltzes, slow fox trots and even the African high-life tunes. Dutifully the bandsmen blew and beat a dreary path through the ballroom music, but when they played high life, their verve astounded the officers and wives. Captain Fossey was plied with compliments, which he accepted as his basic due although he was aware that the troops had actually taken over while he acted merely as an armchair general.

Adamo developed a skill in high life which became the boast of the entire band. When a number was finished, he would throw down his sticks and collapse over the kettledrum in laughter and exhaustion, while Manu clapped him on the shoulder and Lartey whistled, and in the background Captain Fossey's voice tinkled high above the hubbub—"Jolly good, Adamo. Well done." In the years of Adamo's service, the learning of high life was the most important innovation that occurred.

One afternoon Captain Fossey sent for Adamo. The bandmaster sat in his office, his puffy hands fiddling with an assortment of papers on his desk. Adamo stood smartly to attention.

"I wanted to see you," Captain Fossey began, pulling a few hairs out of his ginger mustache, "because I'll be leaving soon—posted back to England."

He wondered if Adamo would express regret at his leaving. The boy looked puzzled, but that was all. Annoyed at himself for having bothered to think of it, Captain Fossey continued more brusquely. "A lot of officers are being posted, with independence coming up. You'll have your own chaps as officers, God help you. Thought I'd better get this settled before I go. Your five years' service time is up this month."

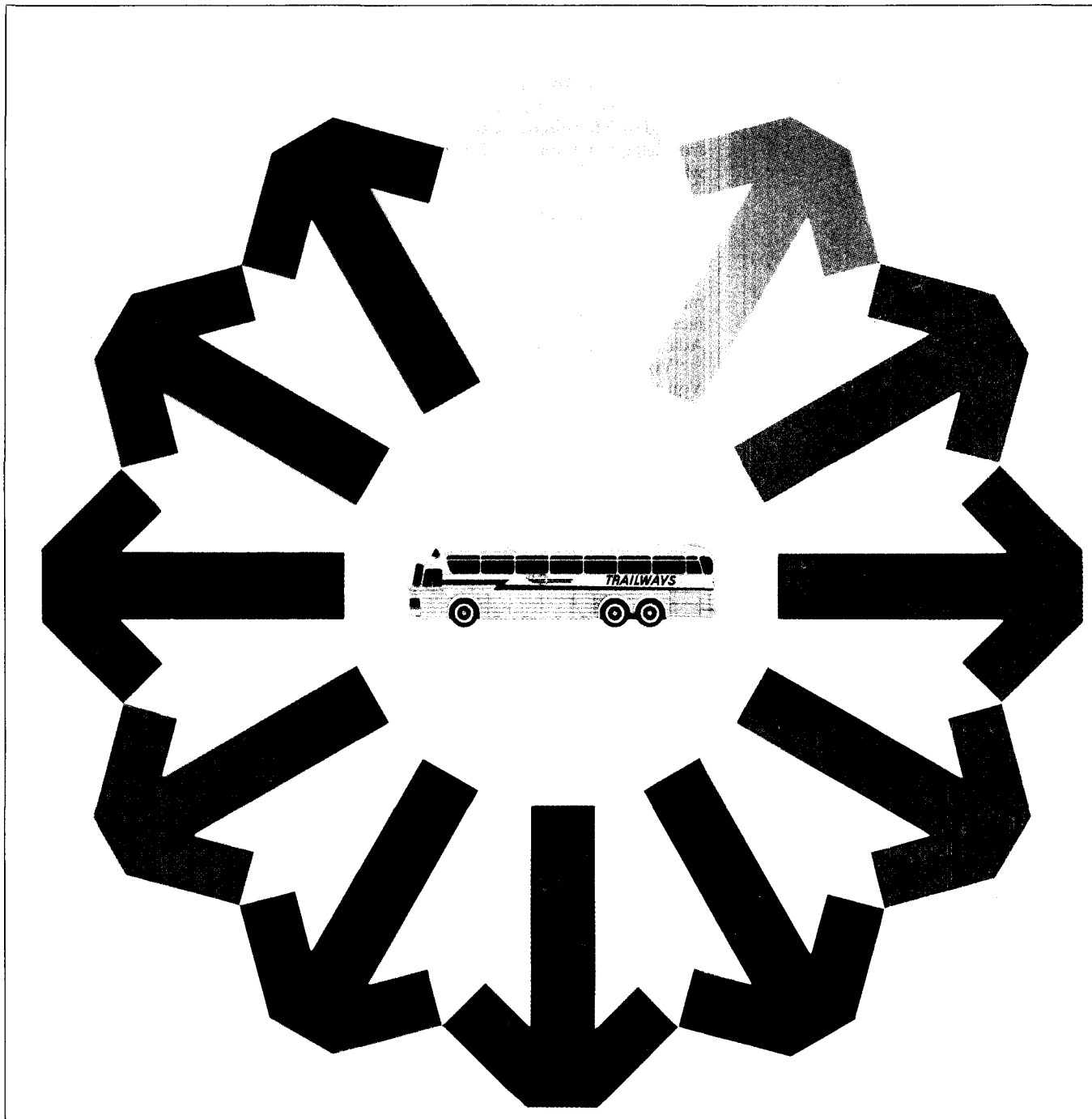
Adamo's face retained its composure. He stood very straight, his big hands loose at his sides, his patient eyes looking into Captain Fossey's, waiting.

"Yes, sah."

Adamo's comprehension of English was slight at the best of times, but now, with Captain Fossey's apparent agitation, he could not understand one word. He was anxious and upset because he sensed these feelings in the bandmaster. But he was still confident that the way would be revealed and he would discover what was expected, what task would be required to restore the harmonious order of things.

Captain Fossey sighed. Having hankered for England so long, he now found he did not want to return. He remembered the damp and the cold, the cockiness and terrifying poise of the English bandsmen. Nostalgically he recalled the ease of his life here, the devotion of men like Adamo. Would Adamo show the same loyalty to the next bandmaster?

"You can always sign up again, but I don't know that I'd advise it, Adamo. Army's liable to undergo all sorts of changes. One just doesn't know what will



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DISTANT DRUM

happen. Men promoted far too fast from the ranks. I shouldn't say it, perhaps, but there it is. You've shown a talent for high life. Not long ago I met the leader of a local high-life band, and—well, actually, I put in a word for you. He's short a drummer. You can find him any evening at the Moon Club."

It seemed to Adamo that the matter could not be such a heavy one after all, for Captain Fossey had calmed now. Adamo relaxed also and was enabled to catch words, here and there, like small slippery fish in the hands.

Moon Club—he knew that place. It was full of soft, mocking girls and gaudy men whose knife eyes Adamo did not trust. Then he understood the command. That place, he thought, was to be henceforth forbidden.

Captain Fossey glanced up expectantly. "Well, what do you say?"

"Yes, sah," Adamo said agreeably—then, after a pause and because the officer seemed to be waiting for something more, "I t'ank you, sah."

The bandmaster smiled and waved a nonchalant hand. "Oh, that's all right. You deserve it, Adamo."

When Appiah, who was now a major, handed over the discharge papers, Adamo frowned questioningly. "I beg you, sah—what dis t'ing?"

"Discharge papers," Appiah said irritably, for he was overworked these days. "You know, you applied for them through Captain Fossey."

He looked up, about to dismiss the man curtly, but when he saw Adamo's face, he changed his mind and spoke in Adamo's own language.

"You are free to leave the army now. You signed on for five years, and the time is over. Captain Fossey said he thought you could get work with a high-life band. That's all. You can go."

Slowly Adamo put the papers in his pocket. Then he saluted and left Major Appiah's office without a word.

He walked back to the barracks, and it was almost night. Tribes of white egrets were flying back to the baobab trees where they slept. Through the clash and clatter of the city's cars and voices, the families of frogs in the nearby lagoon could be heard beginning the throaty trilling that would go on until morning. The thin screeching of the cicada clan came from the neem branches now stirring with the first breeze of evening. The bandsmen had left the barracks for dinner. Adamo entered quietly, walked over to his cot and sat down.

He sat without moving, his arms limp at his sides. Finally he rose and pulled out his kitbag. He went through it, touching its contents lightly with his hands, pocketing a few things apparently at random, leaving others. Then, as though tiring of it, he shoved it away and went out of the barracks, as deliberately as he had entered. And now, outside, it was dark.

Adamo walked across the parade ground, down a road fringed with well-trimmed bougainvillaea and gardens that boasted weak-colored zinnias. His feet seemed heavy to him, not from his boots, for he had somehow forgotten that he wore boots, but as though they were encrusted with mud formed of dust and his own blood. His head hurt, and his shoulders ached. No wonder, for he had been walking such a long time. He reached out one of his hands—that hard-skinned hand was Adamo's—and the plumed neem leaves came away in his fingers. He scattered the leaves on the road, some on this side, some on that side, as though they had been the sacred *summe* leaves scattered in the grove. He thought he cried out, but his voice made no sound.

There were no voices to be heard, neither around him nor inside his head. There were no people in this place, no known voices. None to tell or guide, none even to mourn. Only his own voice which had strangely lost the power of sound, his silent voice splitting his lungs with its cry.

Captain Fossey's bungalow was set in a slight hollow, surrounded by flowering hibiscus with pink, tonguelike petals. Adamo knocked, and when the steward-boy came, Adamo asked to see the officer.

Fossey came to the door in his bathrobe, a flowing sea-green silk. He was annoyed at being disturbed while dressing, but when he saw it was Adamo, his expression became a little milder, even anticipatory.

His first thought was that Adamo had obtained the job and that he was coming now to express his gratitude.

It was his last thought as well, for within a second, Adamo's knife had pierced the pink flesh of Captain Fossey's throat.

Major Appiah touched with distaste the iron bars of the cell door. *Iron, cold iron, is master of men all*—a line from something in school. This iron was slimily warm to the fingers. The whole place was stifling, the damp air foul with the stench of sweat and urine. Major Appiah tapped on the cell bars once more. The man lying in the cell lifted his head.

The officer searched Adamo's face, but Adamo was not there. The face might have been shaped of inert clay. All at once it mattered to Major Appiah to know.

"Adamo—why? Why?"

Adamo's voice was slow and even, and he spoke in his own tongue. "He would have made me go. Now he is gone."

Then Adamo's face, curiously striped by the iron bars, lost its empty look, and his voice was a quick high cry of pain. "What did I not do? All he spoke was done, that no evil would come. Was it not enough?"

Appiah could not reply, for Adamo's desolation was unreachable. Adamo stood silently for a moment. Then he cried out again, almost incredulously, as though he refused what he spoke.

"My father's knife—to spill his power? My hand, mine?"

The voice faltered and then continued. "Oh, what may follow? You will tell me what I must do. I would not bring harm upon them all—tell Manu I would not do that. I will do whatever you say, whatever must be done. Only ——"

In the anguished eyes a question burned and trembled. Finally he was able to express it. "I will stay?"

Major Appiah had come to tell Adamo when the trial would be held, perhaps even to prepare the man for the inevitability of the verdict. But he said none of these things, for he saw now that they could make no difference at all. Adamo would discover soon enough what ritual would be required for restitution. Perhaps even that made little difference. It was not death that Adamo feared.

"Yes," Major Appiah said, and as he spoke he became aware of a crippling sense of weariness, as though an accumulation of centuries had been foisted upon himself, to deal with somehow. "You can stay, Adamo, as long as you live."

He turned away abruptly, and his boots drummed on the concrete corridor. He could bear anything, he felt, except the relief in Adamo's eyes. THE END

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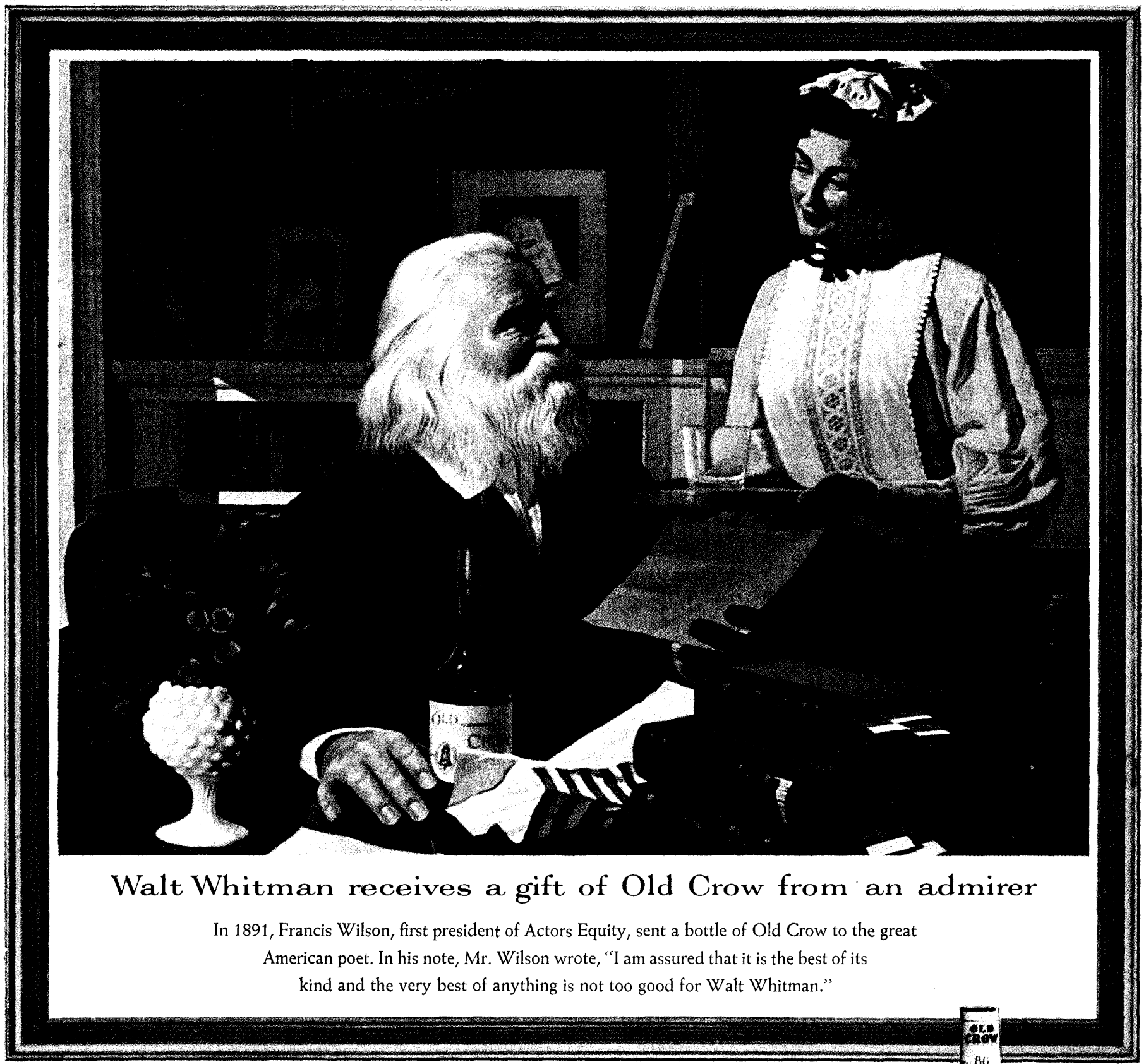

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During July and August, 1962, **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** will be issued five times during the ten-week period covering the Independence Day through Labor Day issues. The first such combined issue will be dated June 30–July 7. Regular weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 8 (on sale September 4, 1962). As in previous years, we shall combine the last two issues in December into a single issue. Beginning in 1963 we shall also combine the first two issues in January into a single issue. Altogether, this means 45 issues in a normal year.

The July and August, 1962 issues of **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** will be combined into a single Summer issue. The January and February, 1963 issues will be combined into a single Winter issue.

THE AMERICAN HOME will be issued in a new and larger page size effective with the Summer, 1962 issue, which replaces the July and August issues. In 1963 the January and February issues will also be combined into a single Winter issue.

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A vivid portrait of Harrison Storms, the uncanny boss of Project Apollo, our multibillion-dollar space drive to beat the Russians to the moon.

By ART SEIDENBAUM

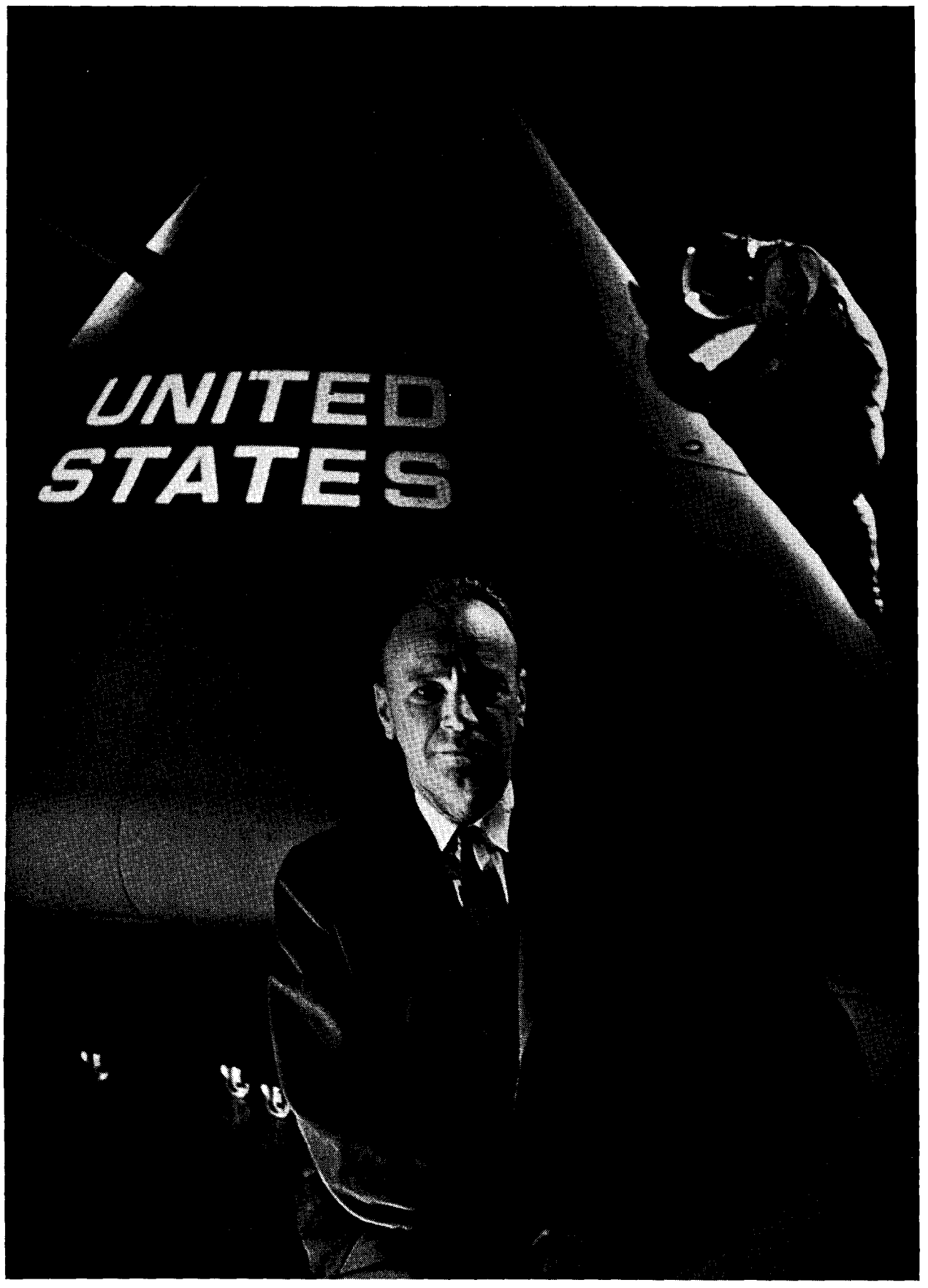
The most brilliant symbol of man's romantic aspirations has always been his moon. Hanging there in the night sky one-quarter-million miles away, the moon has inspired awe and imagination and has encouraged man in love. The moon's distance, which has lent mystery, has also made it heretofore unapproachable. Now, suddenly, after being bound to his earth for more than 1,000,000 years, man is making ready to set foot in space. The moon is a mission.

The Americans now nearest the moon occupy one of the least romantic landscapes in the United States—Downey, California, a flat, dry, often smog-blighted industrial area thirteen miles southeast of Los Angeles. There a team of 1000 American engineers oversees the building of two compartments—called modules—which will sustain three men on a voyage to the moon. One of the modules to be made in Downey is called the command center. It will be the living room-bedroom for the trio of astronauts sent off on a two-week round-trip cruise to the moon. The other compartment, a service module, is to be the boiler room-basement of the spacecraft, with fuel and propulsion units to power men back home.

Charged with leading the module makers in their novel assignment is a 46-year-old argumentative, bare-fisted sort of boss with the properly tempestuous name of Harrison Storms. His official title is president of the Space and Information Systems Division of North American Aviation. For his unique technological work force, wiry (five feet ten, 150 pounds) Harrison Allen Storms Jr. is a unique manager, with a mixed-up mandate that involves profit and patriotism, exploratory science and expedient speed, hard labor and human life.

Storm's men are building Apollo, the crowning spacecraft of a gigantic rocket vehicle designed to reach the moon. In terms of money Storms and company will operate with the largest single contract ever granted by the Government's National Aeronautics and Space Administration, $400,000,000 to start with, and an assurance of more money if necessary. But even $400,000,000 is small change compared to the total cost of whooshing an American to the moon, an endeavor in rocketry and support facilities that will cost taxpayers as little as $20,000,000,000, as much as $40,000,000,000, before the decade is done.

The vehicle will tower above its predecessors. Standing on the launch pad, Apollo will reach 300 feet toward its destination, rising twenty-five stories above Cape Canaveral. At its base will be a monster Saturn booster, with engines capable of generating 7,500,000 pounds of thrust at launch, twenty times more powerful than the ICBM used to lift off astronaut John Glenn. Atop the first Saturn stage will be a second booster,



Storms seated before a mock-up of the capsule scheduled to carry three Americans to the moon by 1970.

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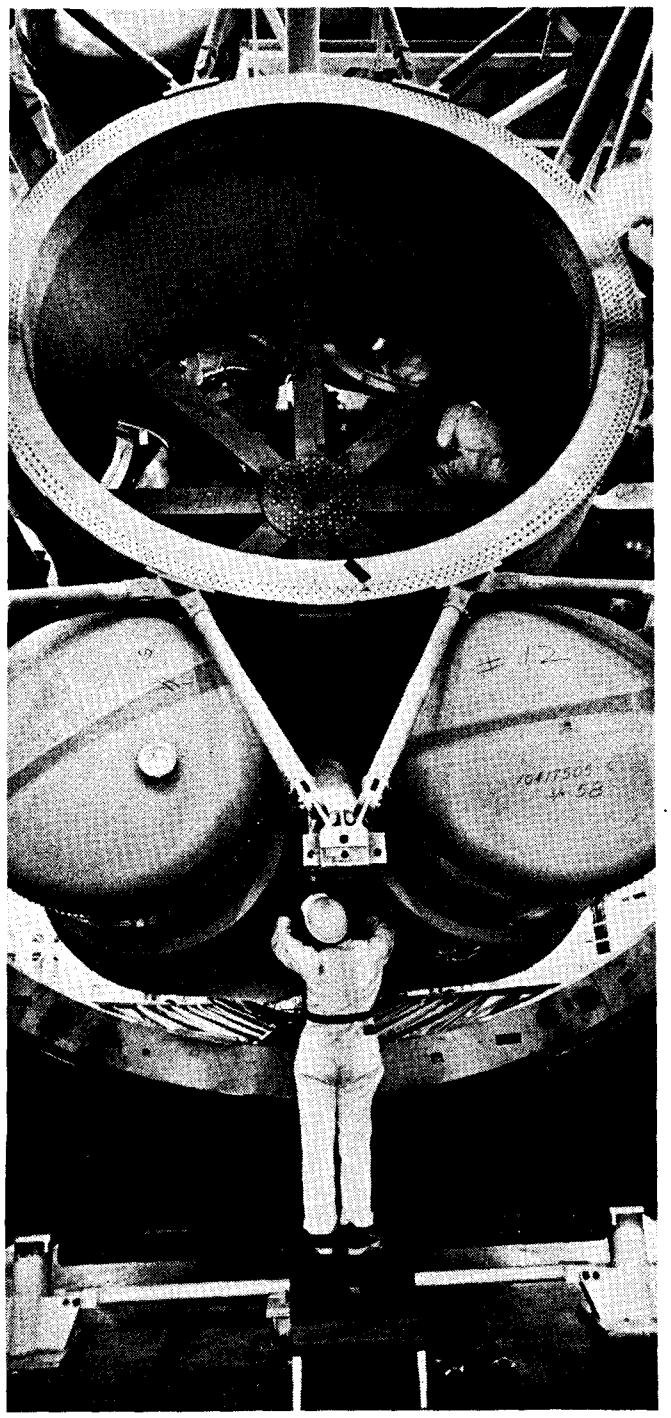

At Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama, workers piece together a prototype of the Saturn rocket which will blast Apollo moonward.

powered by hydrogen and belching 1,000,000 pounds of thrust. It has the unglamorous name of S-II, and will be built by another Storms crew at Downey. At the top, in a conical chamber, will be the manned Apollo module. This little compartment about twelve feet high and slightly more than thirteen feet in diameter is what all the billions and all the boosting are about. Inside, three men will sit side by side—the pilots, the pioneers.

It is in aspiration that Apollo achieves its most mind-boggling proportions. "Remember," cautions Storms, "it took man thousands of years to roll himself over the earth on a wheel; thousands more to power that wheel under an automobile. Only in this century have we been able to lash an engine to an airfoil so man can fly." Now, a mere sixty years since man powered himself into the sky, he intends to pay an exploratory call on another portion of the universe.

"Our job," says Storms, "is building a few chunks that will fit perfectly into NASA's grand design. The modules must be integrated with the Saturn stages. The Saturn stages must be integrated with the launch complex. The launch facilities must be locked into a world-wide tracking system."

Storms hasn't always been so definitive about his goals. He became an engineer because, as a youth in Wilmette, Illinois, he was convinced by his father that he could better survive the joblessness of the depression years if he would pursue professional training. As for ever dreaming that he someday would be building spaceship components, he says, "Hell, at one time in my life I'd have guessed that I'd be a farmer. And when I started in this business, I just wanted to build airplanes."

There are many who argue that a lunar cruise borders on lunacy. Some medical men claim that we do not know enough about the dangers of radiation or the hazards of weightlessness to schedule man to the moon. Research engineers are uncertain whether this space needle, Apollo, can precisely thread its way to a lunar landing, a small and elusive target by spatial standards. And even if Apollo arrives, there are no precedents to prove that it can make a safe return. Budget-minded officials question whether getting there is worth the staggering fare.

Harrison Storms and his NASA sponsors are not among the doubters. Performance-oriented, rather than problem-oriented, these moon shooters are a throwback to the old American notion that you can't know you'll fail until you try. D. Brainerd Holmes, NASA's overall director of Manned Space Flight, puts it more urgently: "This nation cannot afford to lose by default at something it has the technology to do."

Dr. Hugh Dryden, NASA's deputy administrator, illustrates the point: "One day in April last year a distinguished group of medical men called on me to argue that men still didn't have the basic research needed to risk launching astronaut Alan Shepard. Manned space flight, they claimed, was just not feasible yet. When I tried to explain that we had to learn by doing, they threatened to go over NASA's head to the President. The next day cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin went into orbit."

Storms uses history in his argument: "There are always barriers. Now we have weightlessness and radiation; it used to be the sound barrier, then the heat barrier, this barrier, that barrier. But we got past them all. I'm convinced NASA has set a sensible goal. What's required is mainly new engineering and vastly improved reliability. The test isn't true-false; it's multiple choice, with several possible ways to solve the problems. Right now the job is to find and choose the best means for going, and then, unless somebody has proved it can't be done, you go."

NASA set its sights on the moon two years ago. Looking past the Mercury orbital flights, NASA centers all over the country began boning up on the cost and capability of manned lunar exploration. Three study contracts were let out to private industry to bolster and expand the Government research. NASA came up with more than 2000 problems to be conquered, including: a booster that could rocket thirty to forty tons off Cape Canaveral; in-flight guidance to intercept the moving moon; a technique for landing on the moon; astronaut survival both in transit and on the moon; heat shielding necessary to prevent a spacecraft from burning itself up in atmosphere at velocities up to 25,000 miles per hour; a sure way to get back down to earth.

In July, 1961, NASA briefed private industry on its findings and invited sixteen companies to make proposals for building the Apollo modules. In early October five proposals were submitted for evaluation. Three of them were team efforts, in which several giants of industrial technology pooled their capabilities and capacities. Only the Martin-Marietta Company and North American Aviation made solo presentations.

NASA held court in a ballroom of the Chamberlin Hotel at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. The jury consisted of 200 Government engineers and scientists, divided into teams of evaluation specialists to grade and weigh all aspects of the proposals—technological competence, management, money estimates, physical resources and past performance.

Storms had been priming for a contest like this since the tag end of 1960, when he assumed the presidency of North American's Space and Information Systems Division. "This design business is a little like an A-bomb; you need a critical mass. Our critical mass is people. With corporate approval we took a calculated gamble, went out and hired the best technical force available. We paid people salaries for jobs we didn't even have yet. By the time we were working on our Apollo proposal, we had the finest engineering-management team I've ever seen."

Technically the presentation stayed pretty close to what NASA studies had outlined in advance. Its management notions were streamlined, concentrating decision-making and responsibility in a small group of executives.

NASA took a hard look at past performance. Men like Bob Gilruth, the director of NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center, and Walt Williams, his associate director, know what kind of hard-nosed leader Storms can be. They knew he'd been in the middle or at the top of North American's most advanced research and engineering projects:

Technicians prime an experimental Saturn booster clamped in a Huntsville gantry for preliminary tests. The Apollo Saturn will generate twenty times more thrust than the Atlas ICBM which orbited John Glenn.

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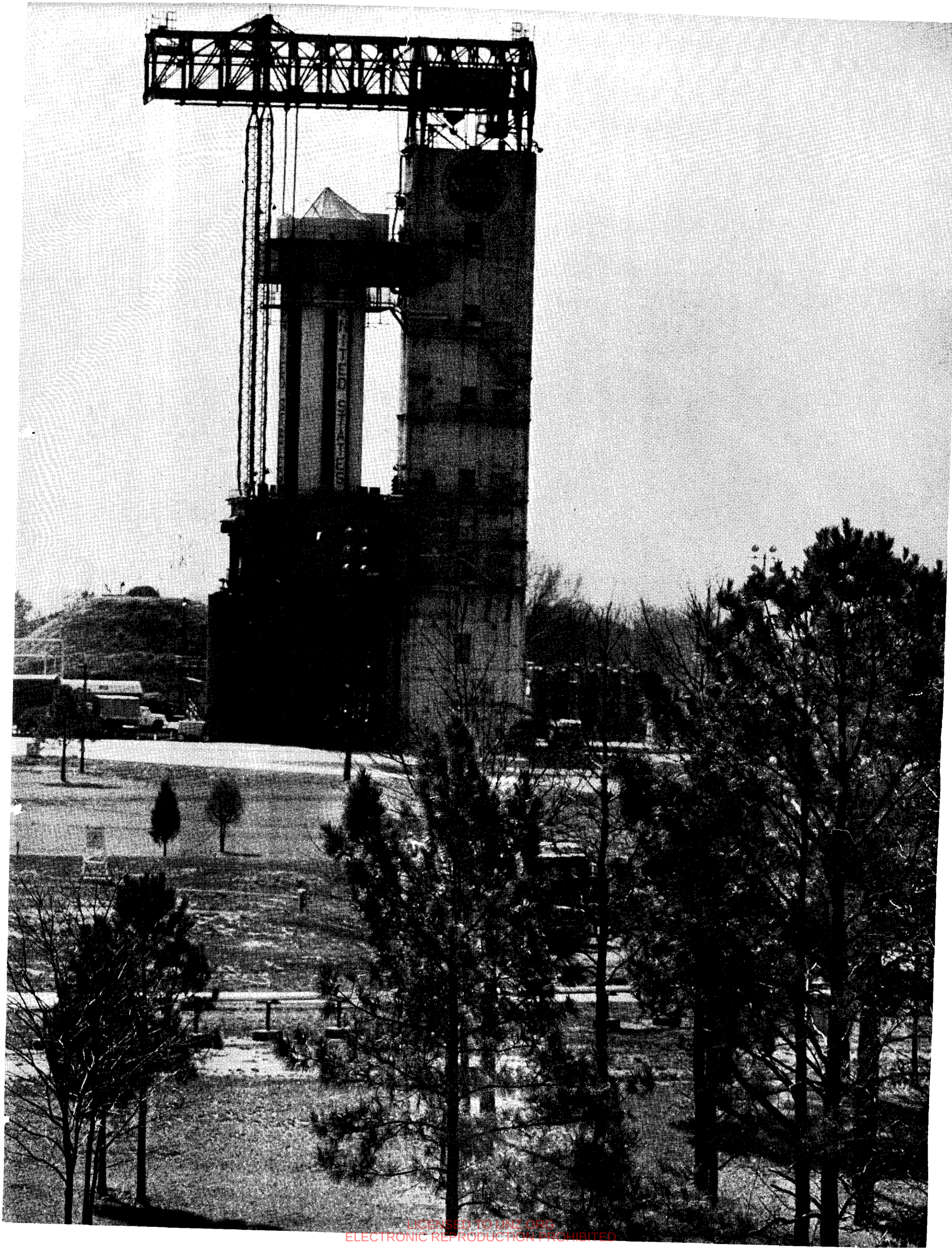

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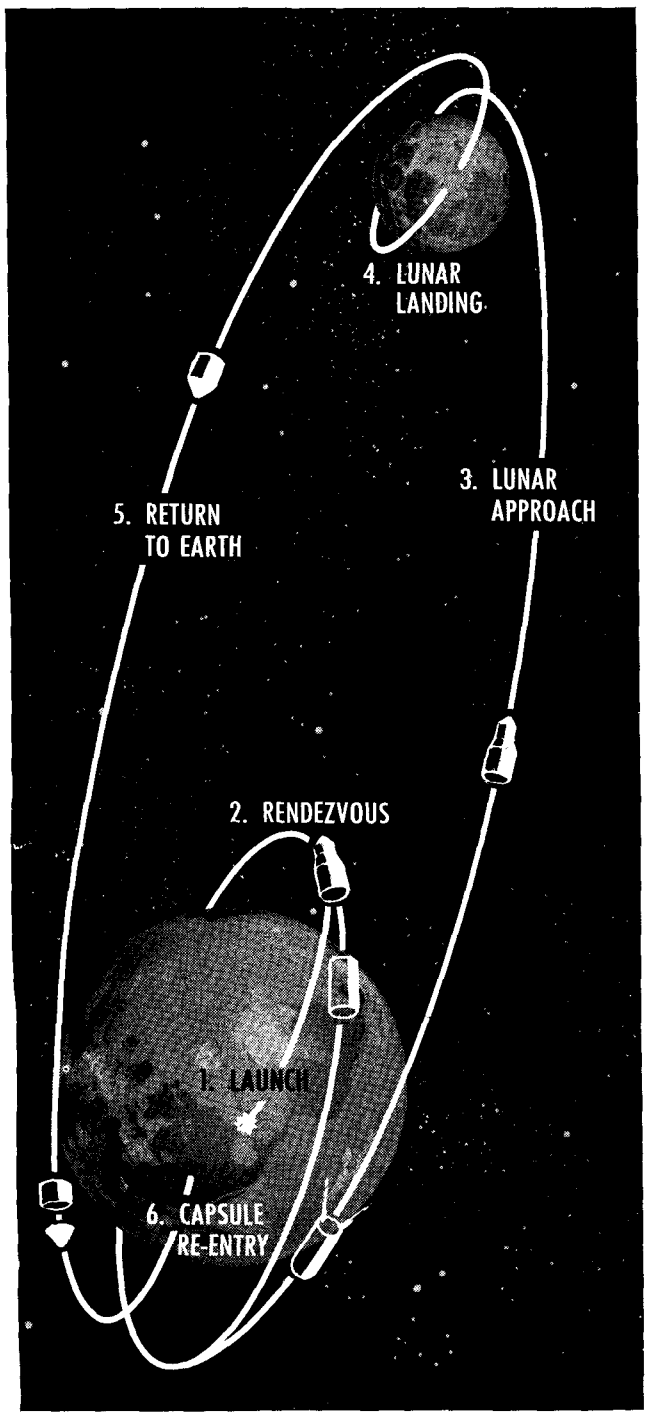

Proposed moon voyage: Manned Apollo orbits, making rendezvous with previously orbited extra engine which provides boost for the long jump to the moon. Manned capsule with fuel for return trip to earth orbits moon, then lands (see opposite page). On return trip, after lunar launch, capsule first orbits moon, then earth before final re-entry.

the F-100, our first supersonic fighter plane; the RS-70, to be the world's first Mach 3 bomber; the X-15, the first manned vehicle to rocket out of the atmosphere.

By his record, Storms was a man who not only proposed but delivered. Williams had worked with him on X-15: "Stormy is a constructive thinker; I've never left a problem session with him without coming to a workable decision. But as a competitor or a fighter, Stormy can be an ornery little bastard. We respect him for it."

NASA deputy administrator Dryden admits that NASA was also impressed by the tight controls of North American's solo proposal. The associated-contractor approach—a team effort by several firms—sometimes tends to dilute responsibility, and to gum up decision-making. In November, 1961, the modules contract went to the team from Downey.

The Downey team now, under NASA supervision, is exploring many of the multiple choices Storms talks about. Four mock-ups of the command center have been fabricated, and a final configuration will be agreed upon this summer. Construction will begin before the year is out. Ways to shield the astronauts from radiation and heat are being tested; one possibility is water—injected into either the compartment or the men's space suits. "Everything from instrumentation to seating arrangement," says Storms, "is being studied without preconceptions—as if this were the first flying machine."

Concurrently other Apollo engineers are studying the best method of lunar landing. Because the moon is without atmosphere, the parachute systems used for Mercury recovery will not be applicable. Some form of retrorocket, an engine that fires to slow the approach speed of Apollo, will be necessary. The retro system can be built into a third module not yet contracted for by NASA. The baffling business of launching from the moon is also in the works, both at Downey and in NASA centers. The service module is to be the booster engine for Apollo's return. And the third module will serve as the launch pad. "In effect," says Storms, "the ground facilities of a launch complex will have to be built into the Apollo. The engine will use storable propellant, either a solid fuel or liquid. Without atmosphere to fight, the thrust required will be small."

Every couple of months Storms's team briefs NASA, and new step-by-step decisions are made, based on wind-tunnel tests, laboratory findings, computer data and other flights in the overall NASA space program. "Many details," says Storms, "change daily, like a woman's hair color. There's an old mountaineer's saying that 'you don't know the route until you stick your nose in it.' What stays constant is the objective: Lunar landing within eight years."

Meanwhile NASA looks toward flight milestones along the way. The unmanned Ranger and Surveyor programs will yield significant data on the going and on what man will find when he gets there. The Gemini program, a 1963 follow on to Project Mercury, will put two men in orbit for periods up to seven days. Gemini will provide further information on the hazards of radiation and weightlessness; it will also test an untried technique called "rendezvous," which would enable the Apollo crew to hitch themselves to another vehicle in space.

A working rendezvous will help solve the weight problems of readying one vehicle which will not only boost Apollo into space but also contain the systems to speed it out of gravity's pull into translunar flight. Rendezvous calls for one Saturn to boost the translunar engine, called S-IVB, into earth orbit. A second Saturn will shove the Apollo modules into orbit. Whirling around in space, the Apollo trio will intercept the engine package, lash themselves to it, then rocket out of earth orbit. If rendezvous does not prove practical, the Nova vehicle, a Brobdingnagian follow on to Saturn, will be ready before 1970 to carry Apollo to the moon in one launch.

Before the middle of the decade, the Apollo command center should have a test flight into earth orbit atop Saturn. Next would come a manned flight to orbit the moon, during which the pilots will study the lunar real estate for hospitable landing sites. Finally, sometime after 1967, two pilots and an engineer-scientist will fly their modules to the moon.

A simplified lunar flight plan will likely read something like this: Boost into earth orbit; rendezvous; boost into translunar trajectory; course corrections (made within Apollo by the astronauts); lunar orbit; retrorockets fired to approach a preselected lunar landing area; landing and manned exploration; takeoff from the moon; lunar orbit; boost into transearth flight; return.

In their travels the astronauts will have extended scientific frontiers in medicine, rocketry and astronomy. From the uninhabited surface of the moon we may learn much about how the earth was formed. The exploring astronauts may even bring back commercial information about minerals and other deposits that lie untapped and unexploited on the moon. "It is conceivable," says Storms, "that this trio may launch the colonization of the moon, the same way Columbus beat a trade path to the New World."

Admittedly the astronauts become an instrument of United States policy. Not only does a flight to the moon engage the imaginations of men everywhere but the all-expenses-paid Government trip will be made to put the United States firmly in the forefront of the world's technological revolution. Russia, as well as the moon, was in mind when NASA launched the Apollo program. Lunar landing and return was picked as a goal because it represents an objective toward which both sides race from a relatively equal start. Until international space cooperation becomes a fact, both sides will keep racing. NASA has confidence that in this giant step we can be first.

And the astronauts will carry with them the concern for our own survival. The United States has stopped pretending that space flight is an isolated endeavor that has no direct bearing on the military posture of the country. NASA freely acknowledges that the Department of Defense has been invited to share in the discoveries of the Apollo program. And NASA, in turn, will call upon the military for aerospace medical information, for astronaut candidates and for logistical

After initial earth orbit and translunar voyage (top), capsule orbits moon, then backs in for landing, retrorockets blazing (center, right). The capsule remains in upright position for lunar launch.

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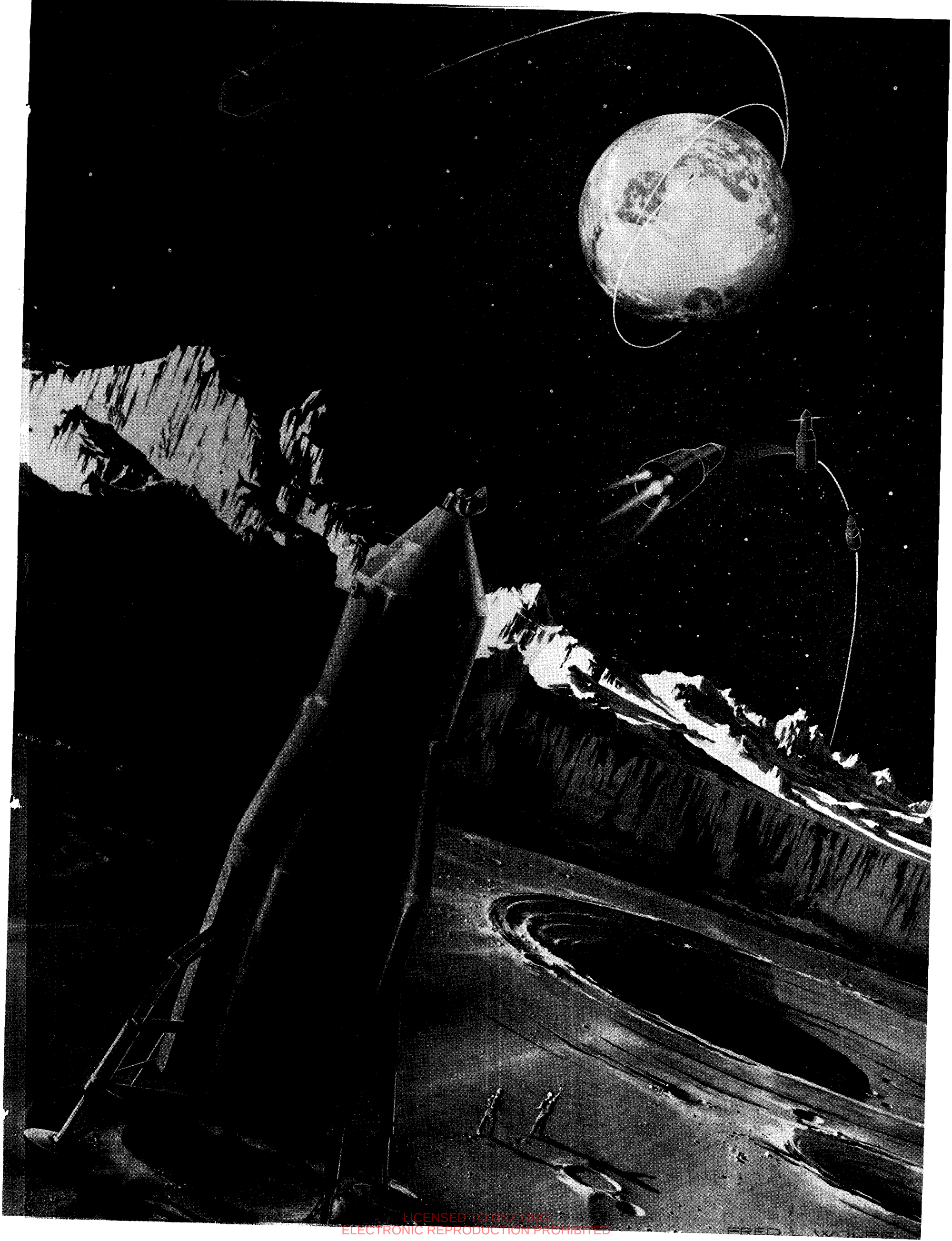

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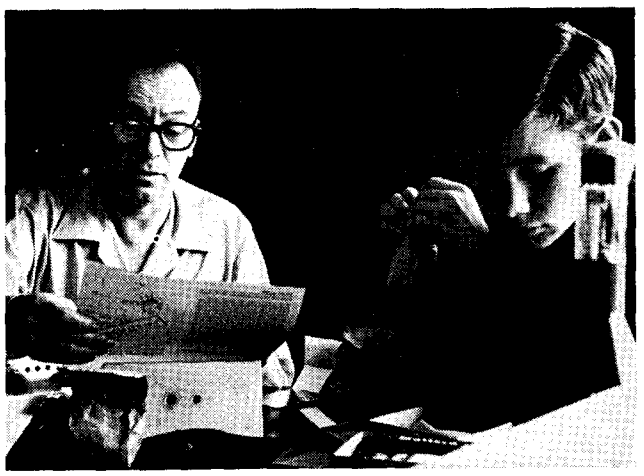

Preoccupied with a smaller project, Storms collaborates with his son Ricky on assembly of hi-fi set at their home in Rolling Hills, California.

Storms with rocket test pilot Scott Crossfield who shifted from the X-15 project to a key engineering management position with Project Apollo.

support. "No one yet has catalogued the military applications of space," admits Storms, "but it is fact that all technological advancements have contributed to man's arsenals as well as to his knowledge."

In unsophisticated fashion Storms drives his sophisticated team; he reminds them of the urgency and the loyalty required by the project. Last January, Harrison Storms took eleven of his top Downey managers on a field trip. "I wanted them to get the sniff of Cape Canaveral," he explains. "They're going to be shipping their wares down there for the next eight years. They ought to know the place.

"I took them down hoping to see John Glenn's flight, so that they'd realize the pressure that the launch team is under, with 600 press people on hand to relay every rumor, to report every delay. Most of all I wanted to remind every one of our people that human beings will have to get aboard the modules we build. In Downey you can forget that our kind of manufacturing is, above all, a life-and-death operation."

Included in Storms's guided tour were John Paup, Space Division vice president and manager of the Apollo project; Charlie Feltz, chief engineer of the project; Scott Crossfield, the first X-15 pilot and now Storms's director of quality assurance and component reliability; Bill Parker, the man in charge of building the S-II stage of the Saturn; and Dr. Toby Freedman, North American's flight surgeon and expert on life sciences.

During North American's three-day stay, weather postponed John Glenn's historic ride. But Storms's team traveled all over the cape. They had a complete tour of the Mercury complex and the capsule; they examined the NASA launch pads.

"In a way," said Storms on the trip home, "this visit paid off better than if we'd seen the Mercury go. Now we have a taste of the troubles, not just a look at a triumph. I want you guys to go back to Downey and tell all our people about it in the first person."

In the Downey Space Division plant the day begins promptly at eight A.M. Harrison Storms is one of the first workers to arrive. If he drops in to visit one of his executives and finds an empty office, Storms scrawls on the man's blotter: "Wanted to see you at 8:12. Where were you? H.A.S." Each morning the top Apollo managers get a ten-minute stand-up briefing to acquaint the team with Apollo problems and progress of the previous workday. And each week Storms holds a leisurely executive-council meeting which takes a long look at current and future objectives. In those sessions he can be a slashing, superdemanding boss. As one employee punned: "While some men fiddle, Harrison Storms."

"NASA has admitted," says John Paup, "that they give contracts to people. To men like Gilruth and Williams, Storms is the face of this division and he's also the guts of what's going on here."

Scott Crossfield expands the theme: "The key to this whole place, our success, is Storms himself. One, he doesn't know when or how to quit. Two, he manages to get people, no matter how good to begin with, to work beyond their capacity, beyond what they thought was their endurance. It's all part of a contagion spread by this tenacious little man who thrives on controversy and who wants to be graded only by accomplishment.

"He has what you might call technical arrogance," continues Crossfield; "but sometimes I wonder in my own mind whether, when he finally goes home to sleep at night, Stormy still has all the confidence he exudes."

For Harrison Storms, home is a place to rest up. He drives a company car twenty-seven miles to a couple of lovely acres in Rolling Hills, California. Rolling Hills is green, woodsy and overlooks the Pacific Ocean west of the city of Long Beach. The Storms home on Pine Tree Lane is a long, low, white ranch house.

Four other Stormses live there. Phyllis Storms is an attractive redhead whom Stormy met at Northwestern University in 1935, married in 1940. Pat Storms, twenty, has her mother's red hair and majors in journalism. Skip—Harrison Allen Storms III—is an articulate seventeen-year-old with interests in photography and public relations. Ricky is sixteen, appears to have the same desire to design and build things as his dad.

"We all try to be very patient with Stormy," says Phyllis Storms. "He has taken only one vacation in twenty years. He forgets to get haircuts or buy new suits. But he has infused us with the importance and excitement of everything he's done all the years. For me, it started when I typed his papers in college."

As a scholar, Harrison Storms was only so-so, just another engineering student admitted to Northwestern in 1934. He had a respectable, if not spectacular, undergraduate career, majoring in mechanical engineering. But out of the classroom he organized an aviation club, lured guest lecturers to the campus to talk flying, and became the first president of a student chapter of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

He stayed at Northwestern for five years to get a master's, then—with his father's urging and blessing—went to the California Institute of Technology to get an additional degree in aeronautics. When he left school in 1941, his starting pay at North American was $195 per month. But he liked the airplanes, liked the aggressive attitude of the company. Color blindness kept him out of service during World War II, so Storms's contribution was as an engineer on the P-51, probably the best American fighter plane of its time.

In 1957 Storms became chief engineer for North American's Los Angeles Division. As an administrator he was also an innovator. Charlie Feltz, then X-15 project engineer, gives Storms full credit for dreaming up the radical cruciform-shaped tail that gave the X-15 necessary flight stability. The RS-70, a plane which may evolve into the world's first supersonic passenger transport, was a Storms pet program, and had his ideas incorporated into the design.

This, then, is the man who has the moon on his mind. And this is the decade with the moon as a mission. And because of the performance of such men with such missions, our old romantic symbol will soon get some earth visitors. From enthusiasts like Harrison Storms, it all sounds quite plausible. Even magnificent. THE END

In his Downey, California, office, Storms ponders his prime objective: a manned lunar landing within eight years. "He doesn't know when or how to quit."

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EDITORIAL

The Court Steps In

The state constitution of Tennessee requires the legislature to reapportion the election districts every ten years strictly on the basis of population in order that every citizen may be fairly represented. But the rural legislators in control at the state house refused to give up their places or power to the city slickers. They decided to "outslick" them. For more than sixty years the makers of the laws in Tennessee have simply ignored their own legal responsibility to make changes in the voting districts to accord with the shifting population.

The rigid boundaries of the voting districts on a political map of the state, of course, did not stop a single Tennessean from picking up and moving to the city. The result is wildly lopsided representation. A farmer's vote in a rural county in one of the ancient voting districts is twenty times more effective than the ballot of his brother in a growing city. "Pigs and cows . . . have better representation in the Tennessee legislature than the citizens of Nashville," the city's mayor, Ben West, complains.

On March twenty-sixth the justices of the United States Supreme Court, having studied this troublesome situation, handed down a historic decision. They decided by a vote of six to two that such malapportioned voting districts could be unfair enough to violate the United States Constitution's fourteenth Amendment, which provides that no state shall "deny to any person . . . equal protection of the laws." Now the case goes back to a three-judge Federal court in Tennessee, which will decide how to remedy the failures of the members of the legislature.

This Supreme Court decision has sent a mighty tremor through the American political structure, because no one thinks for a moment that the high court's reasoning can be confined to Tennessee. The difficulty in that state provides no isolated example. The fact is that more than half of all the state legislatures have not been redistricted now for at least a quarter of a century, despite vast shifts in population. Millions of families left the farms. Skyscraper apartments and office buildings sprouted in the cities. Suburban pasturelands almost overnight popped out with countless rows of small homes where citizens pay their taxes and care about their government no less than their fellows in the country. But in many a statehouse a majority of lawmakers pretended that nothing at all had changed. The result is a strange travesty on democracy, the more curious in a land where "taxation without representation" was once the passionate battle cry of its Founding Fathers.

H. L. Mencken predicted in 1928 that the anomaly of malapportionment would surely soon dissolve. "That can't last," he wrote. "It is not only unjust and undemocratic; it is absurd." Mencken was overoptimistic. The absurdity not only has lasted but has intensified. A 1955 study concluded that legislatures in three fourths of the states were even less representative of their population than they had been twenty years before.

The essential pattern has been clear enough all along, even to the Supreme Court. As long as there seemed to be any hope that the legislatures would reform themselves, the high court justifiably refrained from acting. The judges were mindful of the enormous practical difficulties: A court can declare that a division of the election districts is unfair and illegal, but how can it force an adamant legislature to compose a fair division? In a famous 1946 decision denying relief to some short-changed voters in Illinois, the high court announced that the apportionment problem was too much of a "political thicket" for judges to become entangled in.

No one outside the inner sanctum of the court itself can tell for sure what convinced the present court to reverse the earlier decision. Apparently the judges concluded that the Supreme Court should function occasionally as a tribunal of last resort for the American system after all the other political processes fail. (In countries where there is no safety valve against frustration and stalemate, more drastic solutions are found.) Perhaps increasing public clamor about the inequality of present apportionment turned the trick. Perhaps it was simply that the present judges thought the earlier legal pronouncements to be wrong in their interpretation of the meaning of the Constitution.

Whatever the reason, it is interesting to note that a young journalist was as important as any lawyer in preparing the legal climate for the decision. Anthony Lewis, a reporter for *The New York Times*, was bothered by what seemed to him to be the clear injustice of the 1946 ruling. While on a nine-month journalistic fellowship at Harvard Law School in 1956–57, he dug deeply into the law books for arguments to prove the high court wrong.

His research paper, later published in the *Harvard Law Review*, was cited by the Tennessee plaintiffs, the United States Government lawyers backing them and—on decision day—by the Supreme Court majority itself. Over the years Lewis also spotlighted the malapportionment in articles for his newspaper. When Finley Peter Dunne said the Supreme Court justices followed the "illiction" returns, he might have added that they read the rest of the paper too.

The Supreme Court decision should not be expected to change our governmental structures overnight. What the court has really done is to open a vista for a more complete democratic process through fairer representation. Thoughtful observers, from the President on down, feel that this new road should be traveled with wisdom and restraint. Now that the court has pointed the way, we hope that those travelers will be legislators, not judges. The "mathematical quagmire" which Justice Frankfurter feared would result from the decision can surely be avoided if common sense prevails.

In this the citizen-constituents of the many lopsided legislatures can play a vital role. Public pressure for fair and reasonable solutions can help the legislators meet their responsibilities. Furthermore, not even the most exquisitely fair distribution of voting districts can in itself insure adequate representation. That depends on electing responsible and intelligent men to public office. The high court and legislative redistricting can perform as a branch of electoral fair weights and standards, keeping political thumbs off the scale as each citizen's ballot is being weighed. But important as it is to have an honest count, this is not enough. As usual in a democracy, the critical choices are ultimately in the hands of the voters on Election Day.

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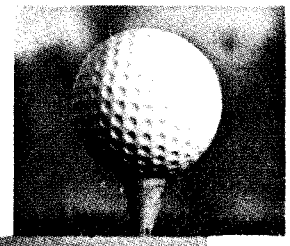

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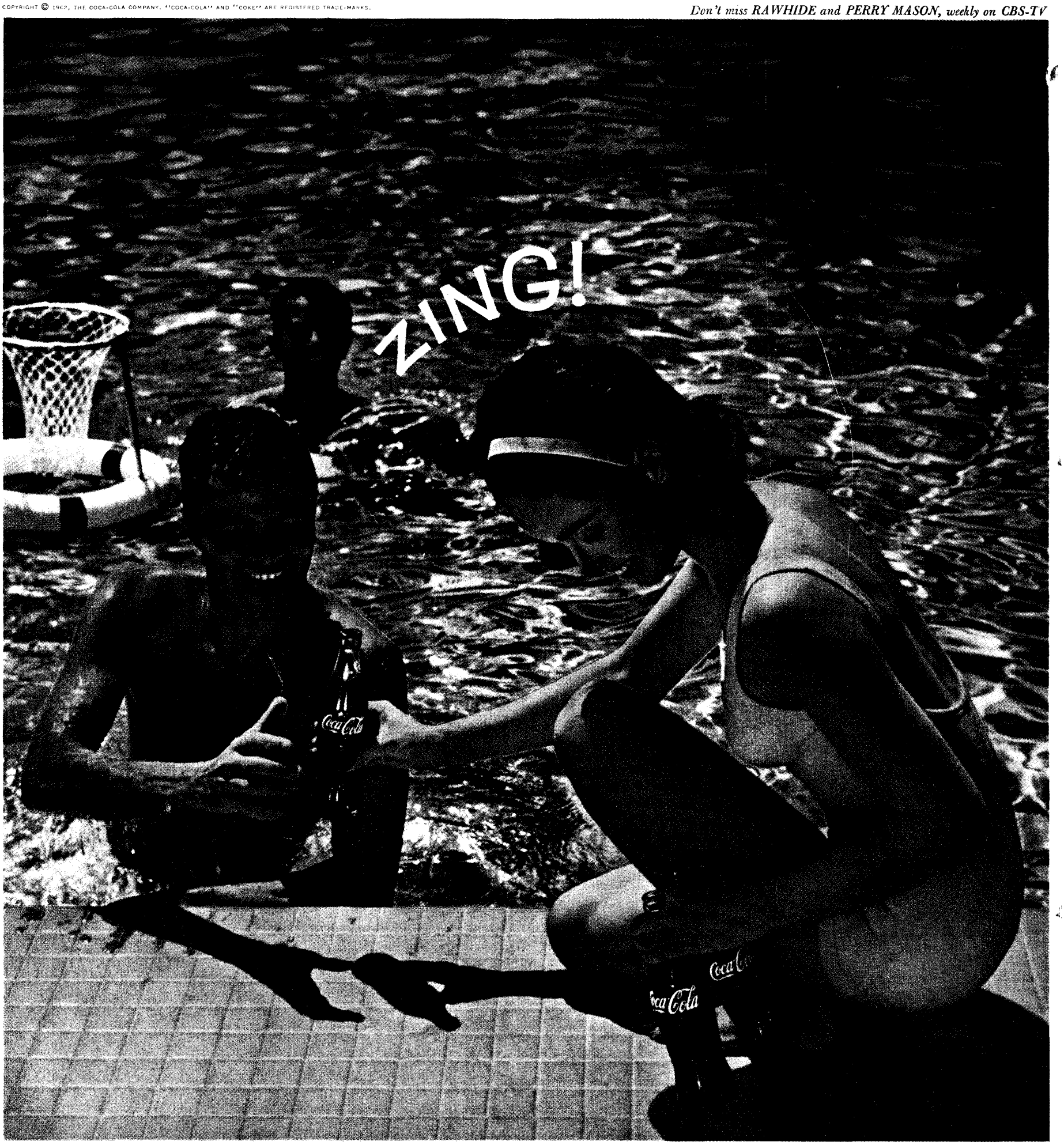

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...that tingling zing...bracing as a cooling swim. Enjoy the cold, crisp taste of sparkling Coke...the lively life it gives. Sip and *zip*!

Coca-Cola refreshes you best!

Regular or King Size

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